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I have perused yᵉ very ingenious Theory of Vision
w^ch (to be free with you as a friend should be) where
seems to be some things more solid & satisfactory, others
more disputable but yᵗ plausibly suggested & well
deserving yᵉ consideration of yᵉ ingenious. The more
satisfactory I take to be your asserting yᵗ we see
w^th both eyes at once, yᵉ speculation about yᵉ use
of yᵉ musculus obliquus inferior, yᵒᵘ assigning every
point in yᵉ optick nerve of one eye to have its
correspondent in yᵗ of yᵉ other, both wch make all
things appear to both eyes in one & yᵉ same place
& yᵒᵘ solving thereby yᵉ duplicity of yᵉ object in
distorted eyes & confuting yᵉ childish opinion about yᵉ
splitting yᵗ optick cone.

Js. Newton.

From Coll Cambridge
June 20th 1682

HOME OF ISAAC NEWTON AND SPECIMEN OF WRITING

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MASTERPIECES OF THE WORLD'S LITERATURE ANCIENT AND MODERN

THE GREAT AUTHORS OF THE WORLD WITH THEIR MASTER PRODUCTIONS

HARRY THURSTON PECK, A. M.
PH.D., L.H.D., EDITOR IN CHIEF
FRANK R. STOCKTON, JULIAN HAWTHORNE
ASSOCIATE EDITORS

INTRODUCTION BY
JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG
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OVER FIVE HUNDRED FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME XVI

NEW YORK ·:· AMERICAN LITERARY SOCIETY ·:· PUBLISHERS

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HENRI MURGER.

Murger, Henri, a French novelist; born at Paris, March 24, 1822; died there, January 28, 1861. His father placed him in the office of a notary, but he soon obtained employment as secretary to Count Leo Tolstoï, and gave himself up to the pursuit of literature. For about ten years he was comparatively unknown; and is supposed to have been himself plunged into the life of dissipation which he has pictured in his "Scènes de la Vie de Bohème" (1848). This work vividly describes the life of the "Quartier Latin," the "Bohemia" of Paris. Murger was the painter *par excellence* of this region and its gay and wretched life; its corrupt young blood is in all his novels; in "Claude et Marianne" (1851); in "Scènes de la Vie de Jeunesse" (1851); in "Le Dernier Rendezvous" (1852); in "Le Pays Latin" (1852); in "Adeline Protat" (1853); and in "Les Buveurs d'Eau" (1854). His poems bear the collective title "Les Nuits d'Hiver." Murger died in an insane asylum.

The Passage of the Red Sea.

(From "La Vie de Bohème.")

Marcel had been working for the last five or six years at that famous picture, which he stated was to represent the passage of the Red Sea; and for the last five or six years this masterpiece of color had been obstinately rejected by the jury. Indeed, what with going backward and forward between the artist's studio and the museum, the museum and the artist's studio, the picture knew its way so well that, had it been put on castors, it could easily have made its way to the Louvre. Marcel, who had ten times altered and retouched this canvas from top to bottom, attributed to personal enmity on the part of the members of the jury the ostracism which annually turned it away from the Salon Carré; and in abandoned moments he had composed, in honor of the Cerberus of the Academy, a little dictionary of abusive terms, adorned with ferociously bitter illustrations.

For a long time Marcel was not discouraged by the cruel rebuffs which greeted him at every exhibition. He rested

comfortably in the opinion that his picture was, in smaller dimensions, the proper pendant to the "Marriage at Cana," that gigantic masterpiece whose eminent beauty even the dust of three centuries has not effaced. Therefore, every year, at the time of the Salon, he sent his picture to be examined by the jury. Only, to lead the committee astray, and to make them fail in the determination they seemed to have of rejecting the "Passage of the Red Sea," he, without altering anything in the general composition, would modify some detail and change the title of the picture. Thus it once appeared before the jury under the title of "Passage of the Rubicon;" but Pharaoh, badly disguised by Cæsar's cloak, was recognized and rejected with all the honor due to him. Next year Marcel spread over the foreground of his canvas a stratum of white to represent snow, planted a fir-tree in a corner, and dressing up an Egyptian as a grenadier of the Imperial Guard, christened his picture "Passage of the Beresina." The jury, who had that day scrubbed their spectacles on the palm-leaf-embroidered cuffs of their academicians' robes, were not taken in by this new artifice. They perfectly recognized the obstinate canvas, especially by help of a great devil of a parti-colored horse, who was rearing at sight of one of the Red Sea waves. This horse's coat served for all Marcel's experiments in color; and in familiar conversation he spoke of it as a synoptical table of low tones, because it reproduced, with all their play of light and shade, all the most varied combinations of color. Yet once again, regardless of this fact, the jury could not find black balls enough to refuse the "Passage of the Beresina." "How can they refuse it," muttered Marcel, "a serious work like this, which opens out a new horizon to military science!"

A few days later, Marcel received a visit from Father Médicis, who traded in all sorts of bric-à-brac. His business was concerned with everything — absolutely everything — that exists. He would sell you cigars for a sketch of a *feuilleton* article, slippers for a sonnet, fresh sea-fish for paradoxes. A few extracts from his account-books will give an idea of the universality of his business: —

Sold to M. L., antiquary, the compasses used by Archimedes during the siege of Syracuse, 75 fr.

Bought of M. B., one lot of social articles and the last three spelling mistakes made by the Prefect of the Seine, 6 fr. plus two pairs of Neapolitan slippers.

Sold to Mlle. O., a set of fair hair, 120 fr.

Sold to F., two love-letters, 12 fr.

Bought of M., 75 kilog. of his work entitled "Submarine Revolutions," 15 fr.

As he sat down, the Jew's pockets resounded with a silvery noise. "Here is my business," he began; "a rich amateur, who is arranging a gallery destined to make the tour of Europe, has commissioned me to procure for him a series of remarkable works. In a word, I come to buy your 'Passage of the Red Sea.'" — "For ready money?" — "For ready money." — "Go on," said Marcel, showing his picture. "I will leave you the honor of yourself fixing the price of this work, which is priceless." The Jew placed on the table fifty crowns in beautiful new money. "What!" replied the artist, "in the dress of my Pharaoh alone there is fifty crowns' worth of cobalt." — "I do not add one penny more," replied Médicis. A week later Marcel stepped into the midst of a group who were watching with curiosity the hanging of a signboard over a shop door. The "Passage of the Red Sea" had undergone one more modification, and bore a new title. A steamboat had been introduced, and it was called "At the Harbor of Marseilles." A flattering ovation had commenced among the curious when the picture was revealed. So Marcel returned home, delighted with his triumph.

A Bohemian Evening Party.

(From "The Humor of France.")

Towards the end of December the messengers of Bidault's agency were commissioned to distribute about a hundred copies of an invitation, of which the following is a faithful reproduction: —

M. ——

MM. Rodolphe and Marcel request the honor of your company on Saturday evening next, Christmas Eve.

There will be fine fun.

Programme of the Entertainment.

At 7 P. M., opening of the reception rooms; lively and animated conversation.

At 8 P. M., entrance and walk through the rooms of the talented authors of the "Mountain in Labor," comedy refused at the Odéon Théâtre.

At 8:30 P. M., M. Alexandre Schaunard, the celebrated *virtuoso*,

will perform on the piano "The Influence of Blue in the Arts," descriptive symphony.

At 9 P. M., first reading of the paper on "The Abolition of the Penalty in Tragedy."

At 9:30 P. M., M. Gustave Colline, hyperphysical philosopher, and Monsieur Schaunard, will hold a debate comparing dephilosophy and metapolitics. In order to avoid any collision between the antagonists they will each be securely fastened.

At 10 P. M., M. Tristan, man of letters, will relate his early amours. M. Alexandre Schaunard will accompany him on the piano.

At 10:30 P. M., second reading of the paper on "The Abolition of the Penalty in Tragedy."

At 11 P. M., a foreign Prince will describe a Cassowary hunt.

PART II.

At midnight, Monsieur Marcel, historical painter, blindfolded, will improvise in chalk the meeting of Napoleon and Voltaire in the Elysian Fields. Monsieur Rodolphe will improvise a comparison between the author of "Zaïre" and the author of Austerlitz.

At 12:30 P. M., M. Gustave, in a decent undress, will imitate the athletic games of the fourth Olympiad.

At 1 A. M., third reading of the paper on "The Abolition of the Penalty in Tragedy," and collection for the tragic authors who will one day be out of work.

At 2 A. M., beginning of the games and organization of the dances, which will be continued until morning.

At 6 A. M., sunrise and final chorus.

During the whole of the entertainment the ventilators will play.

N. B. — Any person wishing to read or recite verses will be immediately turned out and delivered up to the police. You are requested not to take away the candle ends.

Let me tell you briefly the origin of the entertainment that so vastly dazzled the Bohemian world of Paris. For about a year, Marcel and Rodolphe had gone on announcing this magnificent entertainment to take place *always* next Saturday. But untoward circumstances had forced them to let the promise extend over fifty-two weeks. In consequence, they could scarcely move a step without having to endure the jeers of their friends, some of whom were actually unfeeling enough to formulate loud complaints. The affair began to get tiresome; and the two friends determined to put an end to it by liquidating the engagements they had made. And the invitation quoted above was the outcome of that decision.

"Now," said Rodolphe, "there 's no possibility of retreat: we 've burnt our ships, and we 've just a week in which to find the hundred francs indispensable for doing the thing well."

"As they are so absolutely necessary," said Marcel, "of course they 'll be forthcoming."

And with an insolent confidence in luck the two friends went to sleep, convinced that the hundred francs were already on the road — the road of the impossible.

However, two days before the evening appointed for the party, as nothing had arrived, Rodolphe thought that if he did not wish to be disgraced when the time came for the guests to arrive, it would probably be safer to assist luck. In order to facilitate matters, the two friends, by degrees, modified the sumptuous programme on which they had at first determined. And from modification to modification, after greatly curtailing the item cakes, and carefully revising and diminishing that of drinks, the total expense was reduced to fifteen francs. The problem was thus simplified but not solved.

"Well," said Rodolphe, "we must take strong measures: we can't postpone it again this time."

"Impossible," said Marcel.

"How long is it since I heard the story of Studzianka?"

"Almost two months."

"Two months? good! that's a respectable interval. My uncle shall have no cause for complaint. To-morrow I'll go and see him, and ask for the battle of Studzianka. That will mean five francs."

"And," said Marcel, "I 'll sell old Médicis 'A Deserted Manor:' that will be another five francs. If I've time to put in three towers and a mill, it will very likely be ten francs, and then we shall have just the sum required."

The two friends went to sleep, and dreamed that the Princess Belgioso asked them to change their reception days, in order not to deprive her of her habitual guests.

Marcel got up very early, took a canvas, and diligently proceeded to construct "A Deserted Castle," — an article in great demand by a broker in the Place du Carrousel. Rodolphe went to call on his uncle Monetti, who excelled in narrating the retreat from Moscow. Rodolphe, when things went badly with him, procured his uncle the satisfaction of fighting his campaigns over again some five or six times a year, in consideration for a loan. If you showed a proper enthusiasm for his stories, the

veteran stove-maker and chimney-doctor was not unwilling to make it.

About two o'clock, Marcel, with downcast look, carrying a canvas under his arm, met Rodolphe in the Place du Carrousel coming from his uncle's; his appearance also betokened ill news.

"Well," asked Marcel, "what luck?"

"None. My uncle had gone to the Versailles Museum. And you?"

"That wretch of a Médicis does n't want any more 'Ruined Castles.' He asked for a 'Bombardment of Tangiers.'"

"Our reputation 's gone if we don't give the entertainment," grumbled Rodolphe. "What will my friend the influential critic think, if I make him put on a white tie and light gloves for nothing?"

They returned to the studio, a prey to the liveliest anxiety. At that moment a neighbor's clock struck four.

"We 've only three hours left," said Rodolphe.

"Well," exclaimed Marcel, going up to his friend, "are you perfectly sure there 's no money to be found here?"

"Neither here nor elsewhere. Where could we have left any?"

"Let us search in the stuffing of the chairs. It is said that the *émigrés* hid their treasure in Robespierre's time. Our arm-chair may have belonged to an *émigré*. It 's so hard that I 've often thought it must be metal inside. Will you make an autopsy of it?"

"This is a mere farce," replied Rodolphe in a tone at once severe and indulgent.

Suddenly Marcel, who had been prosecuting his search in every corner of the studio, gave a loud shout of triumph.

"We are saved!" he exclaimed: "I felt sure there was something of value here. Look!" and he held up for Rodolphe's inspection a coin the size of a crown, half smothered in rust and verdigris.

It was a Carlovingian coin of some artistic value.

"That 's only worth thirty sous," said Rodolphe, throwing a contemptuous glance at his friend's findings.

"Thirty sous well laid out will go a long way," said Marcel. "I 'll sell this Charlemagne crown to old Father Médicis. Is n't there anything else here I could sell? Yes, suppose I take the Russian drum-major's tibia. That will add to the collection."

"Away with the tibia. But it 's exceedingly annoying: there won't be a single object of art left."

During Marcel's absence, Rodolphe, feeling certain that his party would come off somehow, went in search of his friend Colline, who lived quite near.

"I want you," he said, "to do me a favor. As master of the house, I must wear a dress-coat, and I have n't got one. Lend me yours."

"But," objected Colline, "as a guest I must wear my dress-coat myself."

"I 'll allow you to come in a frock-coat."

"You know I 've never had a frock-coat."

"Well, then, the matter can be arranged like this: You needn 't come to the party, and you can lend me your dress-coat."

"But that 'll never do. I 'm on the programme. I can't stay away."

"There 'll be plenty of other things lacking," said Rodolphe. "Lend me the dress-coat; and if you want to come, come as you are, in your shirt-sleeves."

"Oh, no," said Colline, getting red. "I 'll put on my great-coat. But it 's all exceedingly annoying." And perceiving that Rodolphe had already laid hold of the dress-coat, he exclaimed:

"Stay — there are one or two little things in the pockets."

Colline's coat deserves mention. First, it was blue, and it was purely from habit that Colline talked about his black coat; and as he was the only member of the band who possessed such a garment, his friends were likewise accustomed to say when speaking of the philosopher, Colline's black coat. Further, that celebrated article of apparel had a particular shape of its own, the most eccentric that can be imagined. The abnormally long tails fastened to a very short waist possessed two pockets, veritable abysses, in which Colline was accustomed to put about thirty books he everlastingly carried about him. Thus it was said that when the libraries were closed, scholars and literary men looked up their references in the tails of Colline's coat, a library always open to readers. . . .

When Rodolphe returned he found Marcel playing quoits with five-franc pieces, to the number of three.

He had sold the coin for fifteen francs.

The two friends immediately began their preparations. They put the studio tidy, and lighted a fire in the stove. A canvas frame, ornamented with candles, was suspended from the ceiling, and did duty as a chandelier. A desk was placed in the middle

of the studio, to serve as a tribune for the speakers. In front they put the one arm-chair, which was to be occupied by the influential critic; and laid out on a table the books, novels, *feuilletons* of the authors who were to honor the entertainment with their presence. To avoid any collision between the different parties of men of letters, they divided the studio into four compartments; at the entrance were four hastily manufactured placards inscribed —

POETS.	ROMANTIC.
PROSE-WRITERS.	CLASSICAL.

The ladies were to occupy a space reserved in the middle.

"Oh!" said Rodolphe, "there are no chairs."

"There are plenty on the landing," replied Marcel. "Suppose we take those."

"Of course," said Rodolphe, and proceeded calmly to take possession of his neighbors' property.

Six o'clock struck. The two friends went out for a hasty dinner, and on their return proceeded to light up the rooms. They could not help feeling dazzled themselves. At seven o'clock Schaunard arrived, accompanied by three ladies, who had forgotten their diamonds and their bonnets. Numerous steps were heard on the staircase. The guests were arriving, and they seemed surprised to find a fire in the stove.

Rodolphe's dress-coat went to meet the ladies, and kissed their hands with a grace worthy of the Regency. When there were about twenty persons present, Schaunard asked if they could n't have something to drink.

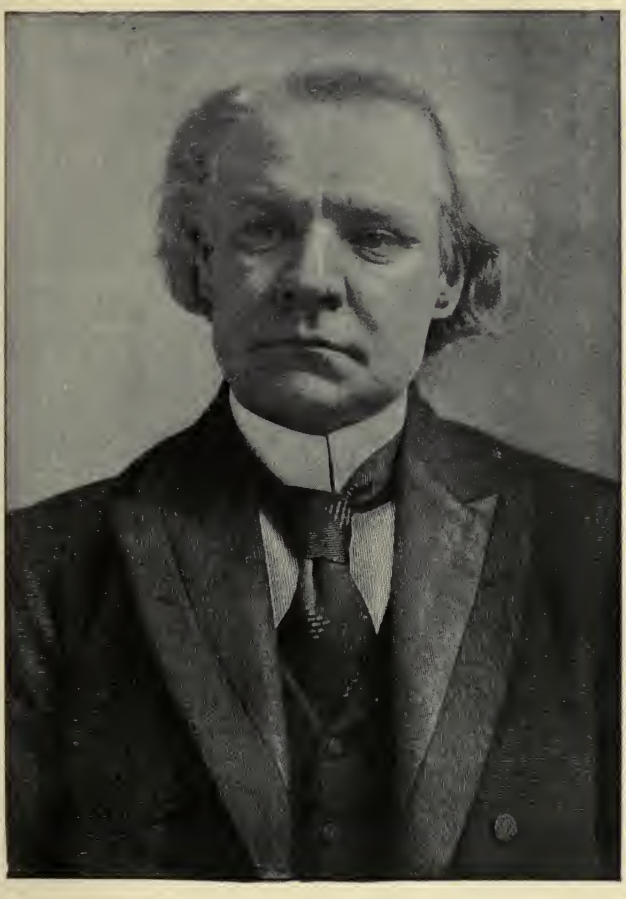
"Presently," said Marcel: "we are waiting for the influential critic before we begin on the punch."

By eight o'clock all the guests had come, and they began the programme. Between each number came a round of some sort of drink; but what it exactly was, has never transpired.

About ten o'clock the white waistcoat of the influential critic appeared. He only stayed an hour, and was very sparing of praise. At midnight, as it was very cold and there was no more fuel, the guests who were seated drew lots for throwing their chairs into the fire.

At one o'clock everybody was standing.

The greatest merriment held sway among the guests, and the memorable evening was the talk of the neighborhood for a week.



DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

MURRAY, DAVID CHRISTIE, an English journalist and novelist; born at West Bromwich, Staffordshire, April 13, 1847. He was educated at a private school in his native town, and became a reporter for the Birmingham "Morning News." Removing to London in 1873, he served on the staff of the "Daily News," and afterward of the "World." During the Russo-Turkish war he was special correspondent for the "Scotsman" and the "Times." On his return to London he abandoned journalism and began to write his novels, which have a wide circulation. Some years ago Mr. Murray visited the United States, and gave readings from his books and lectures on literature. Several of his works have been dramatized with success. These include "Life's Atonement" (1880); "Joseph's Coat," "Val Strange," "Coals of Fire" (1881); "Hearts," "By the Gate of the Sea," "The Way of the World," "Model Father" (1883); "Rainbow Gold," "A Bit of Human Nature" (1885); "The Weaker Vessel," "Cynic Fortune," "First Person Singular" (1886); "Schwartz" (1889); "John Vale's Guardian" (1890); and in collaboration with H. Herman, "Wild Darrie," "One Traveller Returns," "A Dangerous Catspaw" (1889); and "Paul Jones's Alias," "The Bishop's Bible" (1890); "Bob Martin's Little Girl" (1892); "A Wasted Crime" (1893); "The Making of a Novelist," "A Rising Star" (1894); "The Martyred Fool," "The Investigations of John Pym," "Mount Despair" (1895); "The Bishop's Amazement," "A Rogue's Conscience" (1896); "My Contemporaries in Fiction," "This Little World" (1897); "Tales in Prose and Verse" (1898).

AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER.

(From "The Weaker Vessel.")

MY commanding officer and colleague was Mr. Alexander MacIlray. Our office was up four pairs of stairs in the Rue de la Paix. It has very pronouncedly blossomed out since then, and nowadays its gilded signboard is visible from half-way down the Boulevard des Capucines; but at that time we were

humble, and even a little Bohemian in our ways and aspect. Journalism has grown of late years into a recognized profession. One feels, in setting that statement upon paper, guilty of an actual banality; and yet, as I remember the business a quarter of a century back, it was very little of a recognized profession at all, and a vast number of its followers were harum-scarum, clever, sociable, lovable, and good-for-nothing people, who dressed as it pleased them, drank habitually more than was good for them, kept the insanest hours, and generally conducted themselves as though they knew they were outside the claims and privileges of ordinary society. I am of a staid and sober turn of mind, and never cared greatly for the wilder sort of revelry; but I look back with an affectionate regret to some of the old times and scenes and many of the lost faces. I daresay I am getting to be an old fogey; but I look round in vain amongst the begloved, tall-hatted, frock-coated contingent of to-day for the merriment, the jollity, the good-fellowship, the open-handedness, which went along with the ramshackle life, the billycock hat, and the smoke-scented jacket.

There never was a personage in this world less Bohemian than Mr. Alexander MacIlray. He was a particularly respectable Scot, who dressed uniformly in black, and whose gloves and linen were always perfectly clean and orderly. He seemed never to go anywhere unless called thither by affairs, and he lived without friends or acquaintances outside his business. He was by no means an ungenial little man, but he was always occupied, out of the hours of actual work, in "getting his tools together," as he phrased it.

"The besiness of a journalist, Mr. Denham, is to know everything that is to be known. Univairsal knowledge is perhaps empossible, is, in fact, empossible, for the endividual, but the mere truth that a theng is empossible has no right to debar a man from attempting it. Get your tools in order, Mr. Denham. Know everything that ye can lay your mental hand upon."

He broke out on me with this before I had known him for a week, and repeated it constantly with unction, and sometimes with a startling air of originality, as if the thought had just occurred to him and he was in haste to express it before it vanished. He had an odd way of expressing sympathy and a sense of companionship. Sometimes when we had been sitting

silent for an hour or more, each engaged in his own task, he would push his work aside, and gazing at me in a friendly fashion through his gold-rimmed glasses, would smooth his red hair with both hands and say, "Ay, ay, Mr. Denham! Ay, ay, lad! Ay, ay!" in a tone of cheerful certainty and conviction. Then he would turn-to again at his task of getting his tools together. I suppose he got too many tools together, and so filled his mental workshop that he had no room to move about in it. He himself did next to nothing with the paraphernalia he collected. He used to remind me sometimes of some imaginable frantically-generous ironmonger, who kept a prodigious stock of every sort of implement for every trade beneath the skies, knew the practical handling of no one of them, and gave away his stock all day among the passers-by. I got to have a superstitious belief in Mr. MacIlray's omniscience. He was a walking cyclopædia. I bepuzzled myself with problems for his puzzlement, and never caught him. People who have not met this sort of man hardly know how to believe in him. One would have thought that nothing less than a lifetime would have served a man to learn Paris, for instance, as MacIlray knew it.

"When I first came to this cetty I med up my mind that it was my duty to know it. So I just set myself down in the meddle of it, and obsairved. Then, sir, in a while I began to radiate. Now, as a matter of fact and experrience, it's not that easy to radiate as ye might fancy. Ye want a heap of preliminary knowledge. I'm thenking that if a man began his denner with his cheese, and worked back his way to the soup, he'd find his digestive organs getting out of order in a whilie. There's a way of absorbing a cetty or a subject, just as there's a way of absorbing your denner, and ef you take the wrong ye're like to find yourself bothered by a sperretual endigestion."

In spite of this admirable exordium I found when I came to try him that he had formulated no scheme at all for the absorption of subject or city. He used to stand in that overcrowded warehouse of his, and survey his tools with a constant satisfaction, and used to lay down philosophical theories beyond counting for the increase of his armory, and at first I used to wait for the announcement of some great task, some Herculean feat of letters or of learning to which he had set himself single-handed. The revelation never came.

He was a simple-minded little man, in spite of all his learning, and he had a boyish enthusiasm of admiration for faculties which lay outside his own range. He could flow out, measureless, upon paper, not in a stream which went anywhere, but in a sort of bog of mingled thought and fact over which no man could travel dryshod. But to get the gist of a thing inside the journalistic nutshell was altogether impossible for him, and since I was not long in perceiving the necessity of the trick, and speedily acquired the knack itself, he used to admire me in a way so candid and open that I blushed before him.

"Ay, lad!" he would say, "ye have but to get your tools together, and ye'll make a workman." Then he would go to his own labors, or dive into the packed intricacies of his inward storehouse, and would emerge an hour later with a cheerful "Ay, ay, Mr. Denham! Ay, ay, lad! Ay, ay!" as if I had said something to elicit his most cordial sympathies.

He worked up four pairs of stairs in the Rue de la Paix, and he lived up six pairs of stairs in an eminently respectable boarding-house in the Boulevard Haussmann. As I got to be more and more intimate with him he took very kindly to me, but it was a week or two after the reception of Clara's letter that I paid my first visit to his quarters. I had begun to think that we should never come to an end of the stairs when he paused upon the sixth landing and threw open the door which led to a tolerably spacious and very orderly apartment. His bed was snugly tucked away in one corner, and surrounded by a screen, and a great bookcase filled the opposite wall from floor to ceiling. There was not one volume of mere entertainment on its shelves, but there were grammars and dictionaries, atlases and gazeteers, dictionaries of biographies and dates, huge bound folios of the "Entr'acte," cobwebbed all over with shorthand criticisms of performances, volumes of history by the hundred, works on chemistry, metallurgy, conchology, and on the lower shelves a battalion of encyclopædias.

"Here are the tools for a journalist, Mr. Denham," he said, with a subdued pride, as he saw me examining his books. "Get the contents of those pages well into your mind, and there is no department of human effort into the consederation whereof ye will not be prepared to enter."

I suggested that the tools were there, and that it might suffice to take them down as they were wanted, but this seemed positively to shock MacIlray.

"Nenni, lad!" he exclaimed warmly. "There 's nothing that a man can call his own in this wide warld but that which is packed away in the head and the soul of him. Carry your weapons about with ye, and then no man can catch y' unarmed at any moment."

I persisted in thinking that if a man would carry about with him arms enough for fifty people he might find himself embarrassed in a chance conflict which came suddenly upon him, but if my theories had been very koh-i-noors of practice it was too late to present them to MacIlray. I liked the simple-hearted, prim-spoken little book-worm very warmly, and he returned my liking. So we got on admirably together, and not infrequently I spent my evenings in his room. He gave me to understand, in a very friendly way, that I was to regard my first introduction there as a standing invitation.

"The place, such as it is, Mr. Denham, is open to ye. Wethin its compass I can say for it that ye 'll find no more useful mass o' knowledge than ye see collected here. Ef ever ye 're passing this way with an hour to spare and ye want to refresh your mind, ye 'll just walk upstairs as ef the place belonged to ye, whether I 'm en or out. I 'll give word to the *concierge* below stairs to that effect."

I accepted his cordial invitation, and in a little while the house on the Boulevard Haussmann knew me almost as well as if I were an inmate.

The day before which I was forbidden by maternal authority to visit Clara came slowly nearer and more near. The nearer it grew, the more the hours lagged to my impatient fancy, but at last I stood within four-and-twenty hours of starting. I had secured a two-days' holiday, and in the afternoon — I remember that it was a Saturday, and a day of exceptional slackness — I visited Mr. MacIlray to talk over with him one or two matters which would have to be attended to in my absence, for which no definite arrangements had been made. We talked things over, and then fell into some friendly discussion, so that I lingered for an hour or two.

We were still in the full flush and glory of the summer, but the staircases of the house were dark in places, where the illumination which struck through certain gloomy little skylights and portholes could not reach. I was half-way down when I heard the silken rustle of a dress below me, and made myself small to let the wearer pass. She was in shadow, and

a narrow stream of light, with the motes dancing thickly in it, played across the dimness and half obliterated all objects which lay beyond it. I stood in a corner, and waited for a second or two whilst the wearer of the silken dress came at a very leisurely pace step by step along the stairs, until all on a sudden, with such a shock as seemed to stop my heart, I saw the face of that dead wife of Pole's spring into the radiance shot across the staircase by the sinking sun. The proud, hard, disdainful eyes blinked in the sudden light, and the woman, seeing an instant later that some one stood by to make room for her, gave me a scornful, undiscerning glance from head to foot and went slowly by.

If I had not been supported by the wall I should have fallen in the horror of my amazement. I heard the silken rustle and the deliberate footstep pace the corridor above, and I heard the click of the handle of a door, and then the door itself slammed noisily. I do not know how, by any art of words, to convey to the understanding of another the sensations which assailed me. I think that amongst the chief of them was a swift and terrible certainty that nothing in the world was real, and that I was somehow sunk in the middle of an eternal emptiness of space.

When the first shock was over, I found that I was shaking from head to foot, and that my face and hands were moist. My head was whirling so that the stairs were a kind of terror to me. I climbed to the landing, and stood there awhile, striving to collect myself, and then, rather by instinct, as I thought afterwards, than because of any definite purpose in my mind, I went back to MacIlray's room. The sound of my own knuckles as I tapped at the door, and the brusque imperativeness of his "Entrez" in reply, did something to dissipate the still lingering sense of the general unreality of things. MacIlray told me afterwards that he had never in his life seen a face on which the expression of pure horror was fixed so vividly. I can well believe that, in the memory of the reflection of my own expression which I saw in his. He darted at me, and threw one arm about me.

"For all sakes, man," he demanded, "what's the matter? Where is it? Are you hurt?"

He moved me to a chair, and kneeling down beside me passed his hands over me from head to foot with a rapid, skilful-feeling touch, like that of a practised surgeon. Then

rising, and keeping a backward glance upon me, he went swiftly to a cupboard, and producing from it a bottle of cognac, poured out a wineglassful, and returning, held it to my lips. I drank it eagerly, and the spirit burned like fire and set me coughing. It steadied my nerves, however, and set my heart at work again with a more healthful action.

"Denham, my lad," said MacIlray, standing over me, wineglass in hand, "ye look as if ye 'd seen a ghost."

"I have," I answered.

He stared at me in pure amazement.

"I 'm a believer in many things," he responded, "but I 'm no believer in ghosts, until I can trap one for myself, and submit him to a chemical analysis. Just think it out, lad. What is it that 's scared ye?"

I made a great effort and succeeded in pulling myself together.

"I saw," I answered, "a minute ago, on the stairs outside, a woman over whose grave I stood more than three months back. I had the certificate of that woman's death in my hands. I saw the tombstone erected on her grave. I myself gave the necessary orders for it, and saw them carried out."

"You 're talking naturally enough," said MacIlray, looking at me with a shrewd inquiry. "Are ye sure there 's nothing — ?" He tapped his forehead, "Eh?"

"If," I answered, "I am not mad, or if — and I know better — I have not been the victim of some wild hallucination, I have seen that woman. If she is an inmate of this house you cannot fail to have noticed her."

"Tell me what she 's like," he said.

"Dark," I answered, "with level black eyebrows, and full red lips. She has a swarthy pallor, and she looks at you as if she would kill you if she had the power. It 's a haunting face. No man who has seen it once and taken note of it could forget it. A cruel, proud, revengeful, self-disdainful face."

"Ay, man," he said, nodding at me. "There 's such a woman in the house. Madame Damel she calls herself. She 's uncommonly lively in the temper for a woman that 's been dead and buried."

"Madame Damel," I answered confusedly. "Does she speak French?"

"Speak French?" repeated MacIlray. "It 's likely she would. She 's a Frenchwoman born and bred. It 's her na-

tive language. I suspect, my lad, you 've just been hit by some extraordinary likeness. I confess," he went on, as if he wished to soothe me, "that I would not have thought that there had been two faces like that in the world. I thank my stars at least that I never saw another like it."

"These are no two faces," I answered obstinately; "that woman is alive."

"Ay, ay," cried MacIlray, half pettishly, "that woman *is* alive. But the dead one is n't. I don't like these uncanny fancies, and I 'll just tell ye what we 'll do, lad. It 's denner time in half an hour." A bell clanged loudly through the house at this moment. "There 's the warning for it. Ye 'll calm your nerves, and come down with me to denner. It happens, to my oft disturbance, that I sit opposite the lady. Ye 'll have a chance for a good look at her, and ye 'll sleep none the worse for being sure that you 've been mistaken."

I am half ashamed to say it, but I shrank from this ordeal with an actual terror. I fought it down, however, and resolved that I would go through with it. MacIlray fell into a reverie from which he awoke with his accustomed sonorous watchword of sympathy and approval, "Ay, ay, Denham! Ay, ay, lad!" when the second bell rang.

"Ye 're all right now, lad? Ye 're not going to make an exhibition of yourself?" he asked me as we went downstairs together. I answered that he might rely upon me and we entered the dining-room. . . .

We were amongst the first arrivals at table. By and by others came in, to the number of twenty, and we all sat down. The space opposite MacIlray was vacant, and remained vacant until the fish was served. Then the woman whom I had seen upon the stairs came in and took her seat there. I experienced no new shock, but her face held me with an urgent fascination, and I was compelled again and again, in spite of myself, to peruse every feature of her face even when I had arrived at a fixed and rooted certainty. She spoke once or twice in the voice that I remembered, but with an accent so finished and natural that it would have been impossible to any one to whom the language had not been customary from infancy. Sometimes the intentness of my regard drew hers upon me, but she never gave me once the faintest sign of recognition. The cruel, self-despising, all-despising eyes looked straight into mine, and were withdrawn with all their old indifferent

hauteur. Certain as I was of her identity, the perfect indifference of her manner shook me once or twice, and even when it made its weakest impression upon me served to sustain the tumult of my mind.

The dinner might have lasted a year rather than an hour; but at length it was over. The ladies rose and moved away. The men settled down about the windows and lit their cigarettes. MacIlray and I were left alone, and he drew me by a gesture to the far end of the room. Standing there and looking upwards at a print, with his head critically on one side, as if he were examining it, he let fall a single word of question, —

"Well?"

"That is the woman," I responded.

"Did she ever know you," MacIlray asked, "in the days before she died and got buried?"

"She knew me," I answered, "and had reason to remember me."

"She 's a very pretty actress in that case," he said.

I had had time to think this extraordinary matter over, and I had come to my own conclusions.

"That woman," I said deliberately, laying a hand upon MacIlray's breast and looking him calmly in the face, "has entered into a conspiracy with a little Jew solicitor in London to spread abroad the false intelligence of her own death, in order that her husband, whom she hates, shall be entrapped into contracting a marriage with another woman. She promised in my hearing to make his life a burden to him, and this is the way in which she has chosen to make that promise good."

I saw a change in his face as I spoke, and I saw, though I could not tell why, that he had abandoned his mistrust.

"Hold your tongue one moment, man," he said. "Don't speak to me. Let me think. A little Jew solicitor? An over-dressed man with white teeth. Ay, ay! He 's been here."

"His name," I said, "was — "

"Wait!" cried MacIlray. "His name was " — I could see him searching in his own mind, and the light in his face told me that he had recalled it before he spoke the word — "Goldsmith."

"That is the man," I answered, "and this woman is the wife, Heaven help him, of my dearest friend!"

LOUIS CHARLES ALFRED DE MUSSET.

Musset, Louis Charles Alfred de, a French poet; born at Paris, November 11, 1810; died there, May 2, 1857. After leaving school he devoted himself to literature; his first volume, "Les Contes d'Espagne et d'Italie" (1830), excited attention. In 1833 appeared "La Spectacle dans un Fauteuil" and "André del Sarto;" in 1836, his "Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle." In 1842 he was appointed to a position in the office of the Ministry of the Interior; he was ousted from it at the revolution of 1848, but was restored to it after the establishment of the Empire in 1852. He also wrote many prose tales and several dramatic compositions. "La Nuit de Mai," "La Nuit d'Août," "La Nuit d'Octobre," and "La Nuit de Décembre" (1837) are among his best poems. His "Works," illustrated, appeared in ten volumes, in 1866.

From "On a Slab of Rose Marble."

Yet, despite myself, I trow
Other destiny was thine:
Far away from cloudy France,
Where a warmer sun doth shine,
Near some temple, Greek or Latin;
The fair daughters of the clime,
With the scent of heath and thyme
Clinging to their sandalled feet
Beating thee in rhythmic dance,
Were a burden far more sweet
Than court ladies shod with satin.
Could it be for this alone
Nature formed thee in the earth,
In whose beauteous virgin stone
Genius might have wrought a birth
Every age had joyed to own? . . .

There should have come forth of thee
Some new-born divinity.

When the marble-cutters hewed
Through thy noble block their way,
They broke in with footsteps rude
Where a Venus sleeping lay,
And the goddess's wounded veins
Colored thee with roseate stains.
Alas! and must we hold it truth
That every rare and precious thing
Flung forth at random without ruth
Trodden under foot may lie?
The crag where, in sublime repose,
The eagle stoops to rest his wing,
No less than any wayside rose,
Dropped in the common dust to die?
Can the mother of us all
Leave her work, to fulness brought,
Lost in the gulf of chance to fall,
As oblivion swallows thought?
Torn away from ocean's rim
To be fashioned by a whim,
Does the briny tempest whirl
To the workman's feet the pearl?
Shall the vulgar, idle crowd
For all ages be allowed
To degrade earth's choicest treasure
At the arbitrary pleasure
Of a mason or a churl?

From "The Wild Mare in the Desert."

Oft in the waste, the Arab mare untamed,
After three days' wild course awaits the storm
To drain the rain-drops from the thirsty palms;
The sun is leaden, and the silent palms
Droop their long tresses 'neath a fiery sky.
She seeks her well amid the boundless wilds:
The sun has dried it; on the burning rock
Lie shaggy lions growling low in sleep.
Her forces fail; her bleeding nostrils wide
Plunge eager in the sand, — the thirsty sand
Drinks greedily her life's discolored stream.
Then stretches she at length, her great eyes film,
And the wan desert rolls upon its child
In silent folds its ever moving shroud.
She knew not, she, that when the caravan

With all its camels passed beneath the planes,
That, would she follow, bowing her proud neck,
In Bagdad she would find cool stable-stalls,
With gilded mangers, dewy clover turf,
And wells whose depths have never seen the sky.

To Pépa.

Pépa! when the night has come,
And mamma has bid good-night,
By thy light, half-clad and dumb,
As thou kneelest out of sight;

Laid by, cap and sweeping vest
Ere thou sinkest to repose,
At the hour when half at rest
Folds thy soul as folds a rose;

When sweet Sleep, the sovereign mild,
Peace to all the house has brought, —
Pépita! my charming child!
What, oh, what is then thy thought?

Who knows? Haply dreamest thou
Of some lady doomed to sigh;
All that Hope a truth deems now,
All that Truth shall prove, a lie.

Haply of those mountains grand
That produce — alas! but mice;
Castles in Spain; a prince's hand;
Bon-bons, lovers, or cream-ice.

Haply of soft whispers breathed
'Mid the mazes of a ball;
Robes, or flowers, or hair enwreathed;
Me; — or nothing, dear! at all.

Juana.

Again I see you, ah, my queen, —
Of all my old loves that have been,
The first love and the tenderest;
Do you remember or forget —
Ah me, for I remember yet —
How the last summer days were blest?

Ah, lady, when we think of this, —
The foolish hours of youth and bliss,
  How fleet, how sweet, how hard to hold!
How old we are, ere spring be green!
You touch the limit of eighteen,
  And I am twenty winters old.

My rose, that mid the red roses
Was brightest, ah, how pale she is!
  Yet keeps the beauty of her prime;
Child, never Spanish lady's face
Was lovely with so wild a grace;
  Remember the dead summer-time.

Think of our loves, our feuds of old,
And how you gave your chain of gold
  To me for a peace-offering;
And how all night I lay awake
To touch and kiss it for your sake, —
  To touch and kiss the lifeless thing.

Lady, beware, for all we say,
This Love shall live another day,
  Awakened from his deathly sleep:
The heart that once has been your shrine
For other loves is too divine;
  A home, my dear, too wide and deep.

What did I say — why do I dream?
Why should I struggle with the stream
  Whose waves return not any day?
Close heart, and eyes, and arms from me;
Farewell, farewell! so must it be,
  So runs, so runs, the world away.

The season bears upon its wing
The swallows and the songs of spring,
  And days that were, and days that flit:
The loved lost hours are far away;
And hope and fame are scattered spray
For me, that gave you love a day,
  For you that not remember it.

Venice.

In Venice not a bark
Is stirring — all is dark,
For through the gloomy night
Breaks ne'er a light.

The lion, gaunt and grand,
Seated upon the strand,
Scans the wide waters o'er
Forevermore.

While many a ship and boat,
In groups around him float,
Like herons, lulled to sleep
Upon the deep.

Over the misty sea,
Fluttering lazily,
Streamers and sails unfurled;
Clinging and curled.

Now the moon's dreamy light
Is flooding all the night,
From many a glimmering cloud
Her airy shroud —

Just as some novice would
Draw on her ample hood,
Yet leaving still, I ween,
Her beauty seen.

And the still water flows
Past mighty porticoes,
And stairs of wealthy knights
In lordly flights.

And the pale statues gleam
In the pure light, and seem
Like visions of the past
Come back at last.

All silent, save the sound,
Of guards upon their round,
As on the battled wall
Their footsteps fall.

THE MALL FROM THE ROYAL GARDENS

(*Venice*)

More than one damsel strays
Beneath the pale moon's rays,
And waits, with eager ear,
Her cavalier;

More than one girl admiring
The charms she is attiring;
More than one mirror shows
Black dominoes.

La Vanina is lying,
With languid raptures dying,
Upon her lover's breast
Half lulled to rest.

Narcissa, Folly's daughter
Holds Festal on the water,
Until the opal morning
Is softly dawning.

Who then in such a clime
But has a madcap time?
Who but to love can give
Life, while he live?

Let the old Doge-clock strike
And hammer as it like,
And count with jealous spite
The hours of night.

But we will count instead
On full lips rosy red,
So many kisses earned;
And then returned;

Count all your charms, my dear;
Count every happy tear,
That loving hearts must borrow
From joy and sorrow.

From the "Ode to Malibran."

O Maria Felicia! the painter and bard,
Behind them, in dying, leave undying heirs:
The night of oblivion their memory spares;
And their great, eager souls, other action debarred,
Against death, against time, having valiantly warred,
Though struck down in the strife, claim its trophies as theirs.

In the iron engraved, one his name leaves enshrined;
With a golden-sweet cadence another's entwined
Makes forever all those who shall hear it his friends.
Though he died, on the canvas lives Raphael's mind;
And from death's darkest doom till this world of ours ends,
The mother-clasped infant his glory defends.

As the lamp guards the flame, so the bare marble halls
Of the Parthenon hold, in their desolate space,
The memory of Phidias enshrined in their walls.
And Praxiteles's child, the young Venus, yet calls
From the altar, where smiling she still holds her place,
The centuries conquered, to worship her grace.

Thus, from age after age while new light we receive,
To rest at God's feet the old glories are gone;
And the accents of genius their echoes still weave
With the great human voice, till their thoughts are but one:
And of thee, dead but yesterday, all thy fame leaves
But a cross in the dim chapel's darkness — alone.

A cross, and oblivion, silence, and death!
Hark! the wind's softest sob; hark! the ocean's deep breath;
Hark! the fisher-boy singing his way o'er the plains:
Of thy glory, thy hope, thy young beauty's bright wreath,
Not a trace, not a sigh, not an echo remains.

FREDERIC WILLIAM HENRY MYERS.

MYERS, FREDERIC WILLIAM HENRY, an English poet, essayist, and critic; born at Keswick, February 6, 1843. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was made a Fellow in 1865, and classical lecturer, 1865–68. He has published "St. Paul," a poem (1867); "Poems" (1871); "Wordsworth," in the "English Men of Letters" series (1881); "The Renewal of Youth, and Other Poems" (1882); "Essays Modern" and "Essays Classical" (2 vols., 1883); "Science and a Future Life" (1893).

THE DISENCHANTMENT OF FRANCE.

(From "Science and a Future Life.")

WE may say, then, that in 1888 France possesses everything except illusions; in 1788 she possessed illusions and nothing else. The Reign of Reason, the Return to Nature, the Social Contract, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity — the whole air of that wild time buzzed with new-hatched Chimæras, while at the same time the old traditions of Catholicism, Loyalty, Honor, were still living in many an ardent heart.

What then is, in effect, the disenchantment which France has undergone? What are the illusions — the so-called, so-judged illusions — which are fading now before the influence of science? How is a foreigner to analyze the confused changes in a great people's spiritual life? Must not his own personal acquaintance with Frenchmen, which is sure to be slight and shallow, unduly influence his judgment of the nation? It seems to me that he must set aside his personal acquaintanceships, and form his opinion from current literature and current events; endeavoring so far as may be to elicit such general views of life as may be latent in the varying utterances of novelist, essayist, politician, philosopher, and poet. Thus reading and thus comparing, we shall discern a gradual atrophy of certain habits of thought, certain traditional notions; and if we class as illusions these old conceptions from which the French people seem gradually to be

awakening, we find them reducible to four main heads: the *religious*, the *political*, the *sexual*, and the *personal* illusions.

By the "religious illusion," — speaking, it will be remembered, from the point of view of the Frenchman of the type now under discussion, — I mean a belief in the moral government of the world, generally involving a belief in man's future life; in which life we may suppose virtue victorious, and earth's injustices redressed. These cardinal beliefs, now everywhere on the defensive, are plainly losing ground in France more rapidly than elsewhere. And the strange thing is, that while Christianity thus declines, it seems to leave in France so little regret behind it that its disappearance is signalized only by loud battles between "Liberalism" and "Clericalism"; not, as in England, by sad attempts at reconciliation, by the regrets and appeals of slowly severing men. A book like Châteaubriand's "Génie du Christianisme," nay, even a book like Lamennais's "Paroles d'un Croyant," would now be felt to be an anachronism. Militant Catholicism seems almost to have died out with M. Veuillot's article in the "Univers"; and an application to a high ecclesiastical authority for recent defenses of the faith brought to me only a recommendation to read the Bishops' Charges, the *mandements d'évêque*. Paradox as it may seem, M. Renan is almost the only French writer of influence who believes that Christianity — of course a Christianity without miracles — will be in any sense the religion of the future; and his recent utterances show that pious sentiment, in his hands, is liable to sudden and unexpected transformations. . . .

Let us pass on to the second class of illusions from which France seems finally to have awakened. Under the title of the "political illusion" we may include two divergent yet not wholly disparate emotions, — the enthusiasm of loyalty and the enthusiasm of equality. Each of these enthusiasms has done in old times great things for France; each in turn has seemed to offer a self-evident, nay, a Divine organization of the perplexed affairs of men. But each in turn has lost its efficacy. There is now scarcely a name but General Boulanger's in France which will raise a cheer; scarcely even a Socialistic Utopia for which a man would care to die. The younger nations, accustomed to look to France for inspiration, feel the dryness of that ancient source. "Ils ne croient à rien," said a Russian of the Nihilists, "mais ils ont besoin du martyre" (They believe in nothing, but they must have martyrdom). The Nihilists, indeed, are like the

lemmings, which swim out to sea in obedience to an instinct that bids them seek a continent long since sunk beneath the waves. Gentle anarchists, pious atheists, they follow the blind instinct of self devotion which makes the force of a naïve, an unworldly people. But there is now no intelligible object of devotion left for them to seek; and they go to the mines and to the gibbet without grasping a single principle or formulating a single hope. These are the pupils of modern France; but in France herself the nihilistic disillusionment works itself out unhindered by the old impulse to die for an idea. The French have died for too many ideas already; and just as they have ceased to idealize man's relationship to God, so have they ceased at last to idealize his relationship to his fellow-men.

But the process of disillusionment can be traced deeper still. Closer to us, in one sense, than our relation to the universe as a whole, more intimate than our relation to our fellow-citizens, is the mutual relation between the sexes. An emotion such as love, at once vague, complex, and absorbing, is eminently open to fresh interpretation as the result of modern analysis. And on comparing what may be called the enchanted and disenchanted estimates of this passion, — the view of Plato, for instance, and the view of Schopenhauer, — we find that the discordance goes to the very root of the conception; that what in Plato's view is the accident, is in Schopenhauer's the essential; that what Plato esteemed as the very aim and essence is for Schopenhauer a delusive figment, a witchery cast over man's young inexperience, from which adult reason should shake itself wholly free. For Plato the act of idealization which constitutes love is closely akin to the act of idealization which constitutes worship. The sudden passion which carries the lover beyond all thought of self is the result of a memory and a yearning which the beloved one's presence stirs within him; a memory of antenatal visions, a yearning towards the home of the soul. The true end of love is mutual ennoblement; its fruition lies in the unseen. Or if we look to its earthly issue, it is not children only who are born from such unions as these, but from that fusion of earnest spirits, great thoughts, just laws, noble institutions spring, — "a fairer progeny than any child of man."

Not one of the speculations of antiquity outdid in lofty originality this theme of Plato's. And however deeply the changing conditions of civilization might modify the outward forms or setting of love, this far-reaching conception has been immanent in

the poet's mind, and has made of love an integral element in the spiritual scheme of things. "Love was given," says Wordsworth, in a poem which strangely harmonizes the antique and the modern ideal, —

> "Love was given,
> Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end:
> For this the passion to excess was driven, —
> That self might be annulled; her bondage prove
> The fetters of a dream, opposed to Love."

And even when the passion has not been thus directly linked with ethical aims, it has been credited with a heaven-sent, a mysterious charm; like the beauty and scent of flowers, it has been regarded as a joy given to us for the mere end of joy.

In recent years, however, a wholly different aspect of the passion of love has been raised into prominence. This new theory — for it is hardly less — is something much deeper than the mere satirical depreciation, the mere ascetic horror, of the female sex. It recognizes the mystery, the illusion, the potency of love; but it urges that this dominating illusion is no heaven-descended charm of life, but the result of terrene evolution, and that, so far from being salutary to the individual, it is expressly designed to entrap him into subserving the ends of the race, even when death to himself (or herself) is the immediate consequence. It was in England that the facts in natural history which point to this conclusion were first set forth; it was in Germany that a philosophical theory was founded (even before most of those facts were known) upon these blind efforts of the race, working through the passions of the individual, yet often to his ruin; but it is in France that we witness the actual entry of this theory into the affairs of life, — the gradual dissipation of the "sexual illusion" which nature has so long been weaving with unconscious magic around the senses and the imagination of man.

In the first place, then, human attractiveness has suffered something of the same loss of romance which has fallen upon the scent and color of flowers, since we have realized that these have been developed as an attraction to moths and other insects, whose visits to the flower are necessary to secure effective fertilization. Our own attractiveness in each other's eyes seems no longer to point to some Divine reminiscence; rather, it is a character which natural and sexual selection must needs have developed, if our race was to persist at all; and it is paralleled by elaborate and often grotesque æsthetic allurements throughout the range of organized creatures of separate sex.

Once more. The great Roman poet of "wheat and woodland, tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd," insisted long ago on the divergence, throughout animated nature, of the promptings of amorous passion and of self-preservation. Passing beyond the facile optimism of pastoral singers, he showed the peace, the strength, the life of the animal creation at the mercy of an instinct which they can neither comprehend nor disobey. *In furias ignemque ruunt.* Advancing science has both confirmed and explained this profound observation. She has discovered instances where the instinct in question conducts not merely to a remote and contingent but to an immediate and inevitable death, and where yet it works itself out with unfailing punctuality. And she has demonstrated that in the race of races the individual must not pause for breath; his happiness, his length of days must be subordinated to the supreme purpose of leaving a progeny which can successfully prolong the endless struggle. And here the bitter philosophy of Schopenhauer steps in, and shows that as man rises from the savage state, the form of the illusive witchery changes, but the witchery is still the same. Nature is still prompting us to subserve the advantage of the race, — an advantage which is not our own, — though she uses now such delicate baits as artistic admiration, spiritual sympathy, the union of kindred souls. Behind and beneath all these is still her old unconscious striving; but she can scarcely any longer outwit us: we now desire neither the pangs of passion, nor the restraints of marriage, nor the burden of offspring; while for the race we need care nothing, or may even deem it best and most merciful that the race itself should lapse and pass away.

The insensible advance of this sexual disenchantment will show itself first and most obviously in the imaginative literature of a nation. And the transition from romanticism to so-called naturalism in fiction, which is the conspicuous fact of the day in France, is ill understood if it be taken to be a mere change in literary fashion, a mere reaction against sentimental and stylistic extravagance. The naturalists claim — and the claim is just — that they seek at least a closer analogy with the methods of science herself; that they rest not on fantastic fancies, but on the *documents humains* which are furnished by the actual life of every day. But on the other hand, the very fact that this is all which they desire to do is enough to prove that even this will scarcely be worth the doing. The fact that they thus shrink from idealizing bespeaks an epoch barren in ideal. Schopen-

hauer boasted that he had destroyed "die Dame," the chivalrous conception of woman as a superior being; and such novels as those of Flaubert, Zola, Maupassant, exhibit the world with this illusion gone. If, moreover, the relations between men and women are not kept, in a sense, above the relations between men and men, they will rapidly fall below them. We are led into a world of joyless vice from the sheer decay of the conception of virtue.

And thus we are brought, by a natural transition, to the fourth and last illusion from which French thought is shaking itself free, — the illusion which pervades man more profoundly than any other: the dream of his own free-will, and of his psychical unity. It is in the analysis of this personal illusion that much of the acutest French work has lately been done; it is here that ordinary French opinion is perhaps furthest removed from the English type; and it is here, moreover, as I shall presently indicate, — it is on this field of experimental psychology, — that the decisive battles of the next century seem likely to be fought. In this essay, however, I must keep clear of detail, and must touch only on the general effect of the mass of teaching. . . .

As regards the freedom of the will, indeed, it might have been supposed that the controversy had now been waged too long to admit of much accession of novel argument. Nor, of course, can any theory which we hold as to human free-will reasonably influence our actions one way or the other. Yet we know that as a matter of actual observation, Mahommedan fatalism does influence conduct; and the determinism which is becoming definitely the creed of France may similarly he traced throughout their modern pictures of life and character, as a paralyzing influence in moments of decisive choice, of moral crisis.

Love and Faith.

(From "The Renewal of Youth, and Other Poems.")

Lo, if a man, magnanimous and tender,
Lo, if a woman, desperate, and true,
Make the irrevocable sweet surrender,
Show to each other what the Lord can do —

Each, as I know, a helping and a healing,
Each to the other strangely a surprise,
Heart to the heart its mystery revealing,
Soul to soul in melancholy eyes —

Where wilt thou find a riving or a rending
  Able to sever them in twain again?
God hath begun, and God's shall be the ending,
  Safe in his bosom and aloof from men.

Her thou mayst separate but shalt not sunder,
  Tho' thou distress her for a little while —
Rapt in a worship, ravished in a wonder,
  Stayed on the steadfast promise of a smile.

Scarcely she knoweth if his arms have found her,
  Waves of his breath make tremulous the air —
Or if the thrill within her and around her
  Be but the distant echo of his prayer.

Nay, and much more; for love in his demanding
  Will not be bound in limits of our breath,
Calls her to follow where she sees him standing
  Fairer and stronger for the plunge of death.

Waketh a vision and a voice within her
  Sweeter than dreams and clearer than complaint
"Is it a man thou lovest, and a sinner?
  No! but a soul, O woman, and a saint!"

Well — if to her such prophecy be given,
  Strong to illuminate when sight is dim,
Then, tho' my Lord be holy in the heaven
  How should the heavens sunder me from Him?

She and her love — how dimly has she seen him
  Dark in a dream and windy in a wraith!
I and my Lord — between me and between Him
  Rises the lucent ladder of my faith.

Ay, and thereon, descending and ascending,
  Suns at my side and starry in the air,
Angels, His ministers, their tasks are blending,
  Bear me the blessing, render Him the prayer.

Simmenthal.

(From "The Renewal of Youth and Other Poems.")

Far off the old snows ever-new
With silver edges cleft the blue
  Aloft, alone, divine;
The sunny meadows silent slept,
Silence the sombre armies kept,
  The vanguard of the pine.

In that thin air the birds are still,
No ringdove murmurs on the hill,
Nor mating cushat calls;
But gay cicalas singing sprang,
And waters from the forest sang
The song of waterfalls.

O Fate! a few enchanted hours
Beneath the firs, among the flowers,
High on the lawn we lay,
Then turned again, contented well,
While bright about us flamed and fell
The rapture of the day.

And softly with a guileless awe
Beyond the purple lake she saw
The embattled summits glow,
She saw the glories melt in one,
The round moon rise, while yet the sun
Was rosy on the snow.

Then, like a newly singing bird
The child's soul in her bosom stirred;
I know not what she sung —
Because the soft wind caught her hair,
Because the golden moon was fair,
Because her heart was young.

I would her sweet soul ever may
Look thus from those glad eyes and gray,
Unfearing, undefiled:
I love her; when her face I see,
Her simple presence wakes in me
The imperishable child.

On a Grave at Grindelwald.

(From "The Renewal of Youth, and Other Poems.")

Here let us leave him; for his shroud the snow,
For funeral-lamps he has the planets seven,
For a great sign the icy stair shall go
Between the heights to heaven.

One moment stood he as the angels stand,
High in the stainless eminence of air;
The next, he was not, to his fatherland
Translated unaware.

GUSTAVE NADAUD.

Nadaud, Gustave, a French song-writer; born at Rubaix, February 20, 1820; died at Paris, April 28, 1893. He was educated at the Collège Rollin, in Paris; and after graduating in 1838 he engaged in work in a business house in his native town. Two years later, however, he went to Paris. He had already written a number of songs; and these, being set to music, had become very popular among his friends; so that in 1849 he gave up his mercantile business and devoted himself to the writing of songs. His collection of songs has been many times enlarged and reprinted. His works as a whole include a number of operettas, one collection of which was published under the title "Opérettes" in 1867, and another as "Théâtre de Fantaisie" in 1879; "Une Idylle" (1861), a novel; "Solfège Poétique et Musical" (1886); "Miettes Poétiques" (1888), and "Nouvelles Chansons à Dire ou à Chanter" (1889).

Carcassonne.

I'm growing old: I've sixty years;
I've labored all my life in vain;
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain:
I see full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
My prayer will ne'er fulfilment know:
I never have seen Carcassonne,
I never have seen Carcassonne!

You see the city from the hill —
It lies beyond the mountains blue;
And yet to reach it one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue;
And, to return, as many more!
Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown!
The grape withheld its yellow store.
I shall not look on Carcassonne,
I shall not look on Carcassonne!

They tell me every day is there
  Not more nor less than Sunday gay;
In shining robes and garments fair
  The people walk upon their way;
One gazes there on castle walls
  As grand as those of Babylon,
A bishop and two generals!
  I do not know fair Carcassonne,
  I do not know fair Carcassonne!

The curé's right: he says that we
  Are ever wayward, weak and blind;
He tells us in his homily
  Ambition ruins all mankind:
Yet could I there two days have spent,
  While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah me! I might have died content
  When I had looked on Carcassonne,
  When I had looked on Carcassone!

Thy pardon, father, I beseech,
  In this my prayer if I offend:
One something sees beyond his reach
  From childhood to his journey's end.
My wife, our little boy Aignan,
  Have travelled even to Narbonne;
My grandchild has seen Perpignan:
  And I have not seen Carcassonne,
  And I have not seen Carcassonne!

. . . . .

So crooned one day, close by Limoux,
  A peasant, double bent with age.
"Rise up, my friend," said I: "with you
  I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
We left next morning his abode,
  But (Heaven forgive him) half-way on
The old man died upon the road:
  He never gazed on Carcassonne. —
  Each mortal has his Carcassonne!

LADY CAROLINA OLIPHANT NAIRNE.

Nairne, Lady Carolina Oliphant, a Scottish poet; born at the house of Gask in Perthshire, August 16, 1766; died there, October 26, 1845. Her family were Jacobites. From her great beauty she was called in youth "the Flower of Strathearn." Regretting the coarseness of many popular songs, she undertook to furnish new words for the beautiful tunes, and attained eminent success; her authorship was not disclosed till near her death. In 1806 she married a cousin, who in 1824 became the fifth Lord Nairne. From 1821 to 1824 she contributed to the "Scottish Minstrel" as Mrs. Bogan of Bogan. "Lays from Strathearn" were edited by Finlay Dunn (1846), and her "Life and Songs" by C. Rogers (1869).

The Land o' the Leal.

I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw wreaths in thaw, John;
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There 's nae sorrow there, John,
There 's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn 's there, John:
She was baith gude and fair, John,
And oh! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy 's a-comin' fast, John, —
The joy that 's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.

Oh! dry your glist'ning e'e John:
My saul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, John:
Your day it's wearin thro', John.
And I 'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain John:
This warld's cares are vain, John;
We 'll meet, and we 'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

The Hundred Pipers.

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
We 'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
Oh! it's owre the Border awa', awa',
It 's owre the Border awa', awa',
We 'll on and we 'll march to Carlisle ha',
Wi' its yetts, its castell, an' a', an' a'.

Oh! our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,
Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a',
Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glittering gear,
An' pibrochs sounding sweet and clear.
Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?
Will they a' return, our Hieland men?
Second-sighted Sandy looked fu' wae,
And mothers grat when they marched away,
Wi a hundred pipers, etc.

Oh, wha is foremost o' a', o' a'?
Oh, wha does follow the blaw, the blaw?
Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', hurra!
Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
His bonnet an' feather he 's wavin' high,
His prancin' steed maist seems to fly,
The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,
While the pipers blaw in an unco flare.
Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

The Esk was swollen, sae red and sae deep,
But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep:
Twa thousand swam owre to fell English ground,
An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.
Dumfoundered, the English saw -- they saw —
Dumfoundered, they heard the blaw, the blaw;
Dumfoundered, they a' ran awa', awa',
From the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
We 'll up and gie them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

Caller Herrin'.

Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'?
They 're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dreamed ye aught o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they faced the billows,
A' to fill the woven willows?
Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth.

Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'?
They 're no brought here without brave darin';
Buy my caller herrin',
Hauled through wind and rain,
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'? etc.

Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'?
Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin';
Wives and mithers maist despairin'
Ca' them lives o' men.
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'? etc.

When the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads and screw their faces.
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'? etc.

Caller herrin's no got lightlie:
Ye can trip the spring fu' tightlie;
Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',
Gow has set you a' a-singin'.
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'? etc.

Neebor wives, now tent my tellin':
When the bonny fish ye 're sellin',
At ae word be in yere dealin', —
Truth will stand when a' thing 's failin'.

Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'?
They 're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth?

The Auld House.

Oh, the auld house, the auld house, —
What though the rooms were wee?
Oh! kind hearts were dwelling there,
And bairnies fu' o' glee;
The wild rose and the jessamine
Still hang upon the wa':
How many cherished memories
Do they, sweet flowers, reca'!

Oh, the auld laird, the auld laird,
Sae canty, kind, and crouse, —
How mony did he welcome to
His ain wee dear auld house;
And the leddy too, sae genty,
There sheltered Scotland's heir,
And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand,
Frae his lang yellow hair.

The mavis still doth sweetly sing,
The bluebells sweetly blaw,
The bonny Earn's clear winding still,
But the auld house is awa',
The auld house, the auld house, —
Deserted though ye be,
There ne'er can be a new house
Will seem sae fair to me.

Still flourishing the auld pear-tree
The bairnies liked to see;
And oh, how aften did they speir
When ripe they a' wad be!
The voices sweet, the wee bit feet
Aye rinnin' here and there,
The merry shout — oh! whiles we greet
To think we 'll hear nae mair.

For they are a' wide scattered now:
Some to the Indies gane,
And ane, alas! to her lang hame:
Not here we 'll meet again.
The kirkyaird, the kirkyaird!
Wi' flowers o' every hue,
Sheltered by the holly's shade
An' the dark sombre yew.

The setting sun, the setting sun!
How glorious it gaed doon;
The cloudy splendor raised our hearts
To cloudless skies aboon.
The auld dial, the auld dial!
It tauld how time did pass:
The wintry winds hae dung it doon,
Now hid 'mang weeds and grass.

The Laird o' Cockpen.

The Laird o' Cockpen he 's proud and he 's great,
His mind is ta'en up with things o' the State;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favor wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she 'd look well:
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a long pedigree.

His wig was weel pouthered, and as gude as new;
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cocked-hat:
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare, and rade cannily,
And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee:
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She 's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine:
"And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she came ben he bowed fu' low,
And what was his errand he soon let her know:
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said "Na;"
And wi' a laigh curtsey she turned awa'.

Dumfoundered he was, but nae sigh did he gie:
He mounted his mare, he rade cannily;
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
"She 's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Would You be Young Again?

Would you be young again?
So would not I —
One tear to memory given,
Onward I 'd hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through thorny wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward — away.

Where are they gone, of yore
My best delight?
Dear and more dear, though now
Hidden from sight.
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me:
Fly time, fly speedily,
Come life and light.

SIR WILLIAM PATRICK FRANCIS NAPIER.

Napier, Sir William Patrick Francis, a British soldier and military historian; born at Castletown, Ireland, December 17, 1785; died at Clapham Park, London, February 10, 1860. He entered the army in 1800, at the age of fifteen, and in 1807 accompanied Sir John Moore, with the rank of captain, in the expedition to Portugal, and afterward to Spain. He served during the entire Peninsular War. He was made Colonel in 1811, major-general and Knight Commander of the Bath in 1841, lieutenant-general in 1851, and general in 1859, and was for some years Governor of the island of Guernsey. His principal works are: "The History of the War in the Peninsula," (1828–40); "The Conquest of Scinde" (1845), and "The Life and Opinions of Sir Charles Napier," his brother (1857). In 1852 he also put forth "English Battles and Sieges in the Peninsula," consisting mainly of amplified passages from his earlier work.

Battle of Corunna and Death of Sir John Moore.

(From "The War in the Peninsula.")

When Laborde's division arrived the French force was not less than 20,000 men; that of the British was about 15,000 infantry and 1,800 cavalry, and 40 pieces of artillery; but the cavalry was in such a condition as to be practically of little use. Marshal Soult made no idle evolutions of display. Distributing his lighter guns along the front of his position, he opened a fire from the heavy battery on his left, and instantly descended the mountain with three columns covered by a heavy line of skirmishers. The British pickets were driven back in disorder, and the village of Elora was carried by the first French column, which then divided and attempted to turn Baird's right by the valley, and break his front at the same time. The second column made against the English centre, and the third attacked Hope's left at the village of Palavia Abaxo. Soult's heavier guns overmatched the English six-pounders, and swept the position to the centre.

But Moore, seeing that the enemy, according to his expectations, did not show any body of infantry beyond that moving up the valley to outflank Baird's right, ordered Paget to carry the whole of the reserve to where the detached regiment was posted, and, as he had before arranged with him, turn the left of the French column, and menace the great battery. Fraser he ordered to support Paget; and then throwing back the Fourth regiment, which formed the right of Baird's division, opened a heavy fire upon the flanks of the troops penetrating the valley; while the Fiftieth and Forty-second regiments met those breaking through Elvina.

The ground about that village was intersected by stone walls and hollow roads. A severe scrambling fight occurred, and the French were forced back with great loss; and the Fifteenth Regiment, entering the valley with the retiring mass, drove it, after a second struggle in the street, quite beyond the houses. Seeing this, the General ordered a battalion of the guards to fill the void in the line made by the advance of these regiments; whereupon the Forty-second, mistaking his intention, retired; and at that moment the enemy, being reinforced, renewed the fight in the village. Major Napier — the author's eldest brother — commanding the Fiftieth, was wounded and taken prisoner, and Elvina then became the scene of another contest, which being observed by the Commander-in-chief, he addressed a few animating words to the Forty-second, and caused it to return to the attack. Paget had now descended into the valley, and the line of skirmishers, being thus supported, vigorously checked the advance of the enemy's troops in that quarter, while the Fourth Regiment galled their flank. At the same time the centre and the left of the army became engaged. Baird was severely wounded, and a furious action ensued along the line, in the valley and along the hills.

Sir John Moore, while earnestly watching the result of the fight about the village of Elvina, was struck on the left breast by a cannon-shot. The shock threw him from his horse with violence; yet he rose again in a sitting posture, his countenance unchanged, and his steadfast eye still fixed upon the regiments engaged in his front — no sigh betraying a sensation of pain. In a few moments, when he saw the troops were gaining ground, his countenance brightened, and he suffered himself to be taken to the rear. Then was seen the dreadful nature of his hurt. The shoulder was shattered to pieces, the arm hanging by a piece of

skin; the ribs over the heart were broken and bared of flesh; the muscles of the breast torn into long strips, interlaced by their recoil from the dragging of the shot. As the soldiers placed him in a blanket, his sword got entangled, and the hilt entered the wound. Captain Hardinge, a staff-officer, attempted to take it off, but the dying man stopped him, saying, "It is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me;" and in that manner, so becoming to a soldier, Moore was borne from the field.

Notwithstanding this disaster, the troops gained ground. The reserve, overthrowing everything in the valley, forced La Houssaye's dismounted dragoons to retire, and thus, turning the enemy, approached the eminence on which the great battery was posted. On the left Colonel Nicholls, at the head of some companies of the Fourteenth, carried Palavia Abaxo, which General Foy defended but feebly. In the centre the obstinate dispute for Elvina terminated in favor of the British; and when the night set in their line was considerably advanced beyond the original position of the morning, while the French were falling back in confusion. If Fraser's division had been brought into action along with the reserve, the enemy could hardly have escaped a signal overthrow, for the little ammunition which Marshal Soult had been able to bring up was nearly exhausted; the river Ebo was in full tide behind him, and the difficult communication by the bridge of El Burgo was alone open for retreat.

On the other hand, to fight in the dark was to tempt fortune. The French were still the most numerous, their ground strong; and their disorder facilitated the original plan of embarking during the night. Hope, upon whom the command had devolved, resolved therefore to ship the army: and so complete were the arrangements that no confusion or difficulty occurred. The pickets kindled fires to cover their retreat, and were themselves withdrawn at daybreak, to embark under the protection of Hill's brigade, which was in position under the walls of Corunna.

When morning dawned the French, seeing the British position abandoned, pushed some batteries to the heights of St. Lucia, and about midday opened a battery on the shipping in the harbor. This caused great confusion amongst the transports; several masters cut their cables, and four vessels went on shore; but the troops were rescued by the men-of-war's boats: the stranded vessels were burned, and the fleet got out of the harbor.

Hill then embarked at the citadel, which was maintained by a rear-guard under Beresford until the 18th, when, the wounded being all on board, the troops likewise embarked; the inhabitants faithfully maintaining the town meanwhile, and the fleet sailed for England.

The loss of the British — never officially published — was estimated at 800; of the French at 3,000. The latter is probably an exaggeration; yet it must have been great, for the English muskets were all new, the ammunition fresh; and whether from the peculiar construction of the muskets, the physical strength and coolness of the men, or all combined, the English fire is the most destructive known. The nature of the ground also barred artillery movements, and the French columns were exposed to a fire which they could not return because of the distance of their batteries.

Thus ended the retreat to Corunna. From the spot where he fell, Sir John Moore was carried to the town by his soldiers. His blood flowed fast, and the torture of his wound was great; yet the unshaken firmness of his mind made those about him, seeing the resolution of his countenance, express a hope of his recovery. He looked steadfastly at the injury for a moment, and said, "No, I feel that to be impossible." Several times he caused his attendants to stop and turn round that he might behold the field of battle; and when the fire indicated the advance of the British, he discovered his satisfaction, and permitted the bearers to proceed.

When brought to his lodgings the surgeons examined his wound. There was no hope. The pain increased, and he spoke with difficulty. At intervals he asked if the French were beaten, and, addressing his old friend, Colonel Anderson, said, "You know I always wished to die this way." Again he asked if the enemy were defeated: and being told that they were, said, "It is a great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French." His countenance continued firm, his thoughts clear. Once only, when he spoke of his mother, he became agitated, but he often inquired after the safety of his friends and the officers of his staff, and he did not, even in this moment, forget to recommend those whose merit had given them claims to promotion.

Just before life became extinct, with an unsubdued spirit, as anticipating the baseness of his posthumous calumniators, he exclaimed, "I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice!"

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

Newman, John Henry, an English ecclesiastic and religious writer; born at London, February 21, 1801; died at Edgbaston, August 11, 1890. He was educated at Ealing and at Trinity College, Oxford, graduating in 1820; became a Fellow of Oriel in 1822, was ordained deacon in 1824, and priest in 1825; was vice-principal of St. Albans Hall 1825–26, tutor of Oriel 1826–28, vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, 1828–43. Here, with Pusey and others, he initiated the "Oxford Movement," and wrote "Tracts for the Times" and "Lyra Apostolica." In 1841, he retired to Littlemore, where he held a chaplaincy; resigned his preferments in 1843, and submitted to the Church of Rome in October, 1845. In 1848 he founded the Oratory of St. Philip Neri in Birmingham, and became its Father Superior. In 1854–58 he was rector of the new Roman Catholic University at Dublin. In 1859 he returned to Birmingham, and opened a school at Edgbaston. In 1879 he was made Cardinal. Among his numerous publications are "Arians of the Fourth Century" (1833); "The Prophetical Office of the Church" (1837); "Essays on Justification" (1837); "Theory of Religious Belief" (1844); "The Development of Christian Doctrine" (1845); "The Dream of Gerontius" (1866); "Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent" (1870); "Causes of the Rise and Success of Arianism" (1872), and many "Sermons," "Lectures," etc. His "Apologia pro Vita Sua" (1864) was called forth by an attack from Kingsley. "Loss and Gain, or the Story of a Convert" (1848), is also in some sense autobiographical. His only other professed work of fiction is "Callista, A Sketch of the Third Century" (1858). His "Verses on Various Occasions" (1868) exhibit great poetic talent.

The Transition.

(From the "Apologia pro Vita Sua: Being a History of My Religious Opinions.")

I had one final advance of mind to accomplish, and one final step to take. That further advance of mind was to be able honestly to say that I was *certain* of the conclusions at which I had already arrived. That further step, imperative when such certitude was attained, was my *submission* to the Catholic Church.

This submission did not take place till two full years after the resignation of my living in September, 1843; nor could I have made it at an earlier date, without doubt and apprehension; that is, with any true conviction of mind or certitude.

In the interval, of which it remains to speak, — viz., between the autumns of 1843 and 1845, — I was in lay communion with the Church of England: attending its services as usual, and abstaining altogether from intercourse with Catholics, from their places of worship, and from those religious rites and usages, such as the Invocation of Saints, which are characteristics of their creed. I did all this on principle; for I never could understand how a man could be of two religions at once.

What I have to say about myself between these two autumns I shall almost confine to this one point, — the difficulty I was in as to the best mode of revealing the state of my mind to my friends and others, and how I managed to reveal it.

Up to January, 1842, I had not disclosed my state of unsettlement to more than three persons. . . . To two of them, intimate and familiar companions, in the autumn of 1839; to the third — an old friend too, whom I have also named above — I suppose when I was in great distress of mind upon the affair of the Jerusalem Bishropic. In May, 1843, I made it known, as has been seen, to the friend by whose advice I wished, as far as possible, to be guided. To mention it on set purpose to any one, unless indeed I was asking advice, I should have felt to be a crime. If there is anything that was abhorrent to me, it was the scattering doubts, and unsettling consciences without necessity. A strong presentiment that my existing opinions would ultimately give way, and that the grounds of them were unsound, was not a sufficient warrant for disclosing the state of my mind. I had no guarantee yet, that that presentiment would be realized. Supposing I were crossing ice, which came right in my way, which I had good reasons for considering sound, and which I saw numbers before me crossing in safety, and supposing a stranger from the bank, in a voice of authority and in an earnest tone, warned me that it was dangerous, and then was silent, — I think I should be startled, and should look about me anxiously, but I think too that I should go on, till I had better grounds for doubt; and such was my state, I believe, till the end of 1842. Then again, when my dissatisfaction became greater, it was hard at first to determine the point of time when it was too strong to suppress with

propriety. Certitude of course is a point, but doubt is a progress: I was not near certitude yet. Certitude is a reflex action; it is to know that one knows. Of that I believe I was not possessed, till close upon my reception into the Catholic Church. Again, a practical, effective doubt is a point too; but who can easily ascertain it for himself? Who can determine when it was that the scales in the balance of opinion begin to turn, and what was a greater probability in behalf of a belief becomes a positive doubt against it?

In considering this question in its bearing upon my conduct in 1843, my own simple answer to my great difficulty had been, *Do* what your present state of opinion requires in the light of duty, and let that *doing* tell; speak by *acts*. This I had done; my first *act* of the year had been in February. After three months' deliberation I had published my retractation of the violent charges which I had made against Rome; I could not be wrong in doing so much as this; but I did no more at the time: I did not retract my Anglican teaching. My second *act* had been in September in the same year: after much sorrowful lingering and hesitation, I had resigned my living. I tried indeed, before I did so, to keep Littlemore for myself, even though it was still to remain an integral part of St. Mary's. I had given to it a Church and a sort of Parsonage; I had made it a Parish, and I loved it: I thought in 1843 that perhaps I need not forfeit my existing relations towards it. I could indeed submit to become the curate at will of another; but I hoped an arrangement was possible by which, while I had the curacy, I might have been my own master in serving it. I had hoped an exception might have been made in my favor, under the circumstances; but I did not gain my request. Perhaps I was asking what was impracticable, and it is well for me that it was so.

These had been my two acts of the year, and I said, "I cannot be wrong in making them; let that follow which must follow in the thoughts of the world about me, when they see what I do." And as time went on, they fully answered my purpose. What I felt it a simple duty to do, did create a general suspicion about me, without such responsibility as would be involved in my initiating any direct act for the sake of creating it. Then, when friends wrote me on the subject, I either did not deny or I confessed my state of mind, according to the character and need of their letters. Sometimes in the case of intimate friends, whom I should otherwise have been leaving in ignorance of what others knew on every side of them, I invited the question.

And here comes in another point for explanation. While I was fighting in Oxford for the Anglican Church, then indeed I was very glad to make converts; and though I never broke away from that rule of my mind (as I may call it) of which I have already spoken, of finding disciples rather than seeking them, yet that I made advances to others in a special way, I have no doubt; this came to an end, however, as soon as I fell into misgivings as to the true ground to be taken in the controversy. For then, when I gave up my place in the Movement, I ceased from any such proceedings; and my utmost endeavor was to tranquillize such persons, especially those who belonged to the new school, as were unsettled in their religious views, and as I judged, hasty in their conclusions. This went on till 1843; but at that date, as soon as I turned my face Romeward, I gave up, as far as ever was possible, the thought of, in any respect and in any shape, acting upon others. Then I myself was simply my own concern. How could I in any sense direct others, who had to be guided in so momentous a matter myself? How could I be considered in a position even to say a word to them, one way or the other? How could I presume to unsettle them as I was unsettled, when I had no means of bringing them out of such unsettlement? And if they were unsettled already, how could I point to them a place of refuge, when I was not sure that I should choose it for myself? My only line, my only duty, was to keep simply to my own case. I recollected Pascal's words, "Je mourrai seul" [I will die alone]. I deliberately put out of my thoughts all other works and claims, and said nothing to any one, unless I was obliged.

But this brought upon me a great trouble. In the newspapers there were continual reports about my intentions; I did not answer them: presently strangers or friends wrote, begging to be allowed to answer them; and if I still kept to my resolution and said nothing, then I was thought to be mysterious, and a prejudice was excited against me. But what was far worse, there were a number of tender, eager hearts, of whom I knew nothing at all, who were watching me, wishing to think as I thought, and to do as I did, if they could but find it out; who in consequence were distressed that in so solemn a matter they could not see what was coming, and who heard reports about me this way or that, on a first day and on a second; and felt the weariness of waiting, and the sickness of delayed hope, and did not understand that I was as perplexed as they were, and being

of more sensitive complexion of mind than myself, they were made ill by the suspense. And they too, of course, for the time thought me mysterious and inexplicable. I ask their pardon as far as I was really unkind to them. . . .

I left Oxford for good on Monday, February 23d, 1846. On the Saturday and Sunday before, I was in my house at Littlemore simply by myself, as I had been for the first day or two when I had originally taken possession of it. I slept on Sunday night at my dear friend's, Mr. Johnson's, at the Observatory. Various friends came to see the last of me: Mr. Copeland, Mr. Church, Mr. Buckle, Mr. Pattison, and Mr. Lewis. Dr. Pusey too came up to take leave of me; and I called on Dr. Ogle, one of my very oldest friends, for he was my private tutor when I was an undergraduate. In him I took leave of my first college, Trinity, which was so dear to me, and which held on its foundation so many who had been kind to me both when I was a boy, and all through my Oxford life. Trinity had never been unkind to me. There used to be much snapdragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there; and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence, even unto death, in my University.

On the morning of the 23d I left the Observatory. I have never seen Oxford since, excepting its spires as they are seen from the railway.

From the time that I became a Catholic, of course I have no further history of my religious opinions to narrate. In saying this, I do not mean to say that my mind has been idle, or that I have given up thinking on theological subjects; but that I have had no variations to record, and have had no anxiety of heart whatever. I have been in perfect peace and contentment; I never have had one doubt. I was not conscious to myself, on my conversion, of any change, intellectual or moral, wrought in my mind. I was not conscious of firmer faith in the fundamental truths of Revelation, or of more self-command; I had not more fervor: but it was like coming into port after a rough sea; and my happiness on that score remains to this day without interruption.

Nor had I any trouble about receiving those additional articles which are not found in the Anglican Creed. Some of them I believed already, but not any one of them was a trial to me. I made a profession of them upon my reception with the greatest

ease, and I have the same ease in believing them now. I am far of course from denying that every article of the Christian Creed, whether as held by Catholics or by Protestants, is beset with intellectual difficulties; and it is simple fact, that for myself I cannot answer those difficulties. Many persons are very sensitive of the difficulties of Religion: I am as sensitive of them as any one; but I have never been able to see a connection between apprehending those difficulties, however keenly, and multiplying them to any extent, and on the other hand doubting the doctrines to which they are attached. Ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt, as I understand the subject; difficulty and doubt are incommensurate. There of course may be many difficulties in the evidence; but I am speaking of difficulties intrinsic to the doctrines themselves, or to their relations with each other. A man may be annoyed that he cannot work out a mathematical problem, of which the answer is or is not given to him, without doubting that it admits of an answer, or that a certain particular answer is the true one. Of all points of faith, the being of God is, to my own apprehension, encompassed with most difficulty, and yet borne in upon our minds with most power.

Different Classes of Converts.

(From "Private Judgment.")

Now the first and most ordinary kind of Private Judgment, if it deserves the name, which is recognized in Scripture, is that in which we engage without conscious or deliberate purpose. While Lydia heard St. Paul preach, her heart was opened. She had it not in mind to exercise any supposed sacred right, she was not setting about the choice of a religion, but she was drawn on to accept the Gospel by a moral persuasion. "To him that hath more shall be given," not in the way of judging or choosing, but by an inward development met by external disclosures. Lydia's instance is the type of a multitude of cases, differing very much from each other, some divinely ordered, others merely human, some which would commonly be called cases of private judgment, and others which certainly would not, but all agreeing in this, that the judgment exercised is not recognized and realized by the party exercising it, as the subject-matter of command, promise, duty, privilege, or anything else. It is but the spontaneous stirring of the affec-

tions within, or the passive acceptance of what is offered from without. St. Paul baptized Lydia's household also; it would seem then that he baptized servants or slaves who had very little power of judging between a true religion and a false; shall we say that they, like their mistress, accepted the Gospel on private judgment or not? Did the thousands baptized in national conversions exercise their private judgment or not? Do children when taught their catechism? Most persons will reply in the negative: yet it will be difficult to separate their case in principle from what Lydia's may have been; that is, the case of religious persons who are advancing forward into the truth — how, they know not. Neither the one class nor the other have undertaken to inquire and judge, or have set about being converted, or have got their reasons all before them and together, to discharge at an enemy or passer-by on fit occasions. The difference between these two classes is in the state of their hearts; the one party consist of unformed minds, or senseless and dead, or minds under temporary excitement, who are brought over by external or accidental influences, without any real sympathy for the religion, which is taught them *in order* that they may *learn* sympathy with it, and who, as time goes on, fall away again if they are not happy enough to become imbued with it; and in the other party there is already a sympathy between the external Word and the heart within. The one are proselytized by force, authority, or their mere feelings, the others through their habitual and abiding frame of mind and cast of opinion. But neither can be said, in the ordinary sense of the word, to inquire, reason, and decide about religion. And yet in a great number of these cases, — certainly where the persons in question are come to years of discretion and show themselves consistent in their religious profession afterward, — they would be commonly set forth by Protestant minds as instances of the due exercise of the right of private judgment.

Such are the greater number perhaps of converts at this day in whatever direction their conversion lies; and their so-called exercise of private judgment is neither right nor wrong in itself, it is a spontaneous act which they do not think about; if it is anything, it is but a means of bringing out their moral characteristics one way or the other. Often, as in the case of very illiterate and unreflecting persons, it proves nothing either way; but in those who are not so, it is right or wrong, as their hearts are right or wrong; it is an exercise not of reason but of heart.

Take, for instance, the case of a servant in a family; she is baptized and educated in the Church of England, and is religiously disposed; she goes into Scotland and conforms to the Kirk, to which her master and mistress belong. She is of course responsible for what she does, but no one would say that she had formed any purpose, or taken any deliberate step. In course of time, when perhaps taxed with the change, she would say in her defence that outward forms matter not, and that there are good men in Scotland as well as in England; but this is an after-thought. Again, a careless person, nominally a Churchman, falls among serious-minded Dissenters, and they reclaim him from vice or irreligion; on this he joins their communion, and as time goes on, boasts perhaps of his right of private judgment. At the time itself, however, no process of inquiry took place within him at all; his heart was "opened," whether for good or for bad, whether by good influences or by good and bad mixed. He was not conscious of convincing reasons, but he took what came to hand, he embraced what was offered, he felt and he acted. Again, a man is brought up among Unitarians, or in the frigid and worldly school which got a footing in the Church during last century, and has been accustomed to view religion as a matter of reason and form, of obligation, to the exclusion of affectionateness and devotion. He falls among persons of what is called an Evangelical cast, and finds his heart interested, and great objects set before it. Such a man falls in with the sentiments he finds, rather than adopts them. He follows the leadings of his heart, perhaps of Divine grace, but certainly not any course of inquiry and proof. There is nothing of argument, discussion, or choice in the process of his conversion. He has no systems to choose between, and no grounds to scrutinize.

Now, in all such cases, the sort of private judgment exercised is right or wrong, not as private judgment, but according to its circumstances. It is either the attraction of a Divine Influence, such as the mind cannot master, or it is a suggestion of reason, which the mind has yet to analyze, before it can bring it to the test of logic. If it is the former, it is above a private judgment, popularly so-called; if the latter, it is not yet so much as one.

A second class of conversions on private judgment consists of those which take place upon the sight or the strong testimony of miracles. Such was the instance of Rahab, of Naaman, if he may be called a convert, and of Nebuchadnezzar; of the blind

man in John ix., of St. Paul, of Cornelius, of Sergius Paulus, and many others. Here again the act of judgment is of a very peculiar character. It is not exactly an unconscious act, but yet it is hardly an act of judgment. Our belief in external sensible facts cannot properly be called an act of private judgment; yet since Protestants, we suppose, would say that the blind man or Sergius Paulus were converted on private judgment, let it even so be called, though it is of a very particular kind. Again, conviction after a miracle also implies the latent belief that such acts are signs of the Divine Presence, a belief which may be as generally recognized and maintained, and is as little a peculiar or private feeling, as the impression on the senses of the miracle itself. And this leads to the mention of a further instance of the sort of private judgments to which men are invited in Scripture, viz., the exercise of the moral sense. Our Creator has stamped certain great truths upon our minds, and there they remain in spite of the fall. St. Paul appeals to one of these at Lystra, calling on the worshippers of idols to turn from these vanities unto the Living God; and at Athens, "not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone graven by art and man's device," but to worship "God who made the world and all things therein." In the same tone he reminds the Thessalonians of their having "turned to God from idols to serve the Living and True God." In like manner, doubtless, other great principles also of religion and morals are rooted in the minds so deeply, that their denial by any religion would be a justification of our quitting or rejecting it. If a pagan found his ecclesiastical polity essentially founded on lying and cheating, or his ritual essentially impure, or his moral code essentially unjust or cruel, we conceive this would be a sufficient reason for his renouncing it for one which was free from these hateful characteristics. Such again is the kind of private judgment exercised, when maxims of principles, generally admitted by bodies of men, are acted upon by individuals who have been ever taught them, as a matter of course, without questioning them; for instance, if a member of the English Church, who had always been taught that preaching is the great ordinance of the Gospel, to the disparagement of the Sacraments, thereupon placed himself under the ministry of a powerful Wesleyan preacher; or if, from the common belief that nothing is essential but what is on the surface of Scripture, he forthwith attaches himself to the Baptists, Independents, or Unitarians. Such men indeed often

take their line in consequence of some inward liking for the religious system they adopt; but we are speaking of their proceeding as far as it professes to be an act of judgment.

A third class of private judgments recorded in Scripture are those which are exercised at one and the same time by a great number; if it be not a contradiction to call such judgments private. Yet here again we suppose staunch Protestants would maintain that the three thousand at Pentecost, and the five thousand after the miracle on the lame man, and the "great company of the priests," which shortly followed, did avail themselves, and do afford specimens, of the sacred right in question; therefore let it be ruled so. Such, then, is the case of national conversions to which we have already alluded. Again, if the Lutheran Church of Germany with its many theologians, or our neighbor the Kirk, — General Assembly, Men of Strathbogie, Dr. Chalmers, and all, — came to a unanimous or quasi-unanimous resolve to submit to the Archbishop of Canterbury as their patriarch, this doubtless would be an exercise of private judgment perfectly defensible on Scripture precedents.

Now, before proceeding, let us observe, that as yet nothing has been found in Scripture to justify the cases of private judgment which are exemplified in the popular religious biographies of the day. These generally contain instances of conversions made on the judgment, definite, deliberate, independent, isolated, of the parties converted. The converts in these stories had not seen miracles, nor had they developed their own existing principles or beliefs, nor had they changed their religion in company with others, nor had they received new truths, they knew not how. Let us then turn to Scripture a second time, to see whether we can gain thence any clearer sanction of Private Judgment as now exercised among us, than our search into Scripture has hitherto furnished.

Light in Darkness.

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home —
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene — one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now,
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel-faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

The Call of David.

Latest born of Jesse's race,
Wonder lights thy bashful face,
While the prophet's gifted oil
Seals thee for a path of toil.
We, thy Angels, circling round thee,
Ne'er shall find thee as we found thee
When thy faith first brought us near
In thy lion fight severe.

Go! amid thy flocks awhile
At thy doom of greatness smile;
Bold to bear God's heaviest load,
Dimly guessing of the road —
Rocky road, and scarce-ascended,
Though thy foot be angel-tended!

Twofold praise thou shalt attain
In royal court and battle plain;
Then come heart-ache, care, distress,
Blighted hope, and loneliness;
Wounds from friend and gifts from foe,
Dizzied fate, and guilt, and woe;
Loftiest aims by earth defiled,
Gleams of wisdom sin-beguiled,
Sated power's tyrannic mood,
Counsels shared with men of blood,
Sad success, parental tears,
And a dreary gift of years.

Strange, that guileless face and form
To lavish on the scarring storm!
Yet we take thee in thy blindness,
And we buffet thee in kindness;
Little chary of thy fame —
Dust unborn may bless or blame —
But we mould thee for the root
Of man's promised healing fruit,
And we mould thee hence to rise
As our brother to the skies.

Warnings.

When Heaven sends sorrow,
Warnings go first,
Lest it should burst
With storming might
On souls too bright
To fear the morrow.

Can science bear us
To the hid springs
Of human things?
Why may not dream
Or thought's day-gleam
Startle, yet cheer us?

Are such thoughts fetters,
While Faith disowns
Dread of earth's tones,
Recks but Heaven's call,
And on the wall
Reads but Heaven's letters?

Prosperity.

When mirth is full and free,
Some sudden gloom shall be;
When haughty power mounts high,
The watcher's axe is nigh.
All growth has bound; when greatest found,
It hastes to die.

When the rich town, that long
Has lain its huts among,

Builds courts and palace vast,
And vaunts — it shall not last!
Bright tints that shine are but a sign
Of summer past.

And when thine eye surveys
With fond, adoring gaze
And yearning heart thy friend —
Love to its grave doth tend.
All gifts below, save Truth, but grow
Toward an end.

Penance.

(From "The Dream of Gerontius.")

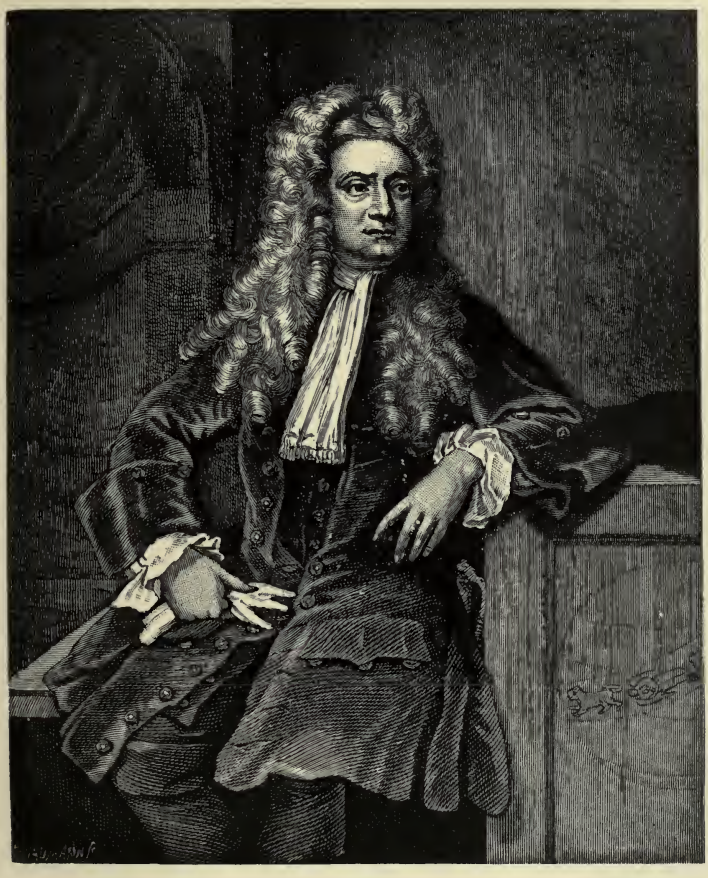
Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be.
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,
There will I sing my sad, perpetual strain
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possest
Of its Sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love —
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
Aud see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Newton, Sir Isaac, an English philosopher; born at Woolsthorpe, Lancashire, December 25, 1642 (O S.); died at Kensington, near London, March 20, 1727. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1661, made large acquirements in mathematics and physics, and was elected a scholar of his college in 1664. In 1669 he was made Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, and soon acquired high repute as a philosophic inquirer. In 1696 he received the appointment of Warden of the Mint, and four years later was made Master of the Mint. He retained this position during the remaining years of his life. The strictly philosophical works of Newton belong rather to the domain of science than to that of literature. Foremost among these are "Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica" (usually cited as the "Principia"), first published in 1687, and "Optics, a Treatise of the Refractions, Inflections, and Colors of Light" (1704). He also gave much attention to studies of a theological nature; his principal work in this department being "Observations on the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse," not published until five years after his death. The most thorough "Life of Newton" is that by Sir David Brewster (1855).

Newton's Creed.

(1.) There is one God, the Father, ever living, omnipresent, almighty, the Maker of Heaven and earth, and one Mediator between God and man — the man Christ Jesus. — (2.) The Father is the invisible God, whom no eye hath seen, nor can see; all other beings are sometimes visible. — (3.) The Father hath life in Himself, and hath given the Son to have life in Himself. — (4.) The Father is omniscient, and hath all knowledge originally in his own breast, and communicates knowledge of future things to Jesus Christ; and none in heaven or earth, or under the earth, is worthy to receive knowledge of future things immediately from the Father but the Lamb. And, therefore, the testimony of Jesus Christ is the spirit of prophecy, and



SIR ISAAC NEWTON

Jesus is the Word or Prophet of God. — (5.) The Father is immovable, no place being capable of becoming emptier or fuller of Him than it is by the eternal necessity of nature; all other beings are movable from place to place. — (6.) All the worship — whether of prayer, praise, or thanksgiving — which was due to the Father before the coming of Christ is still due to Him; Christ came not to diminish the worship of His Father. — (7.) Prayers are most prevalent when directed to the Father in the name of the Son. — (8.) We are to return thanks to the Father alone for creating us, and giving us food and raiment and other blessings of this life; and whatsoever we are to thank Him for, or desire that He would do for us, we ask of Him immediately in the name of Christ. — (9.) We need not pray to Christ to intercede for us; if we pray the Father aright, He will intercede. — (10.) It is not necessary to salvation to direct our prayers to any other than the Father in the name of the Son. — (11.) To give the name of God to angels or kings is not against the First Commandment. To give the worship of the God of the Jews to angels or kings is against it. The meaning of the commandment is, "Thou shalt worship no other God but Me." — (12.) There is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by Him. This is, we are to worship the Father alone as God Almighty; and Jesus alone as the Lord, the Messiah, the Great King, the Lamb of God, who was slain and hath redeemed us with His blood, and made us kings and priests.

From Mathematical Principles.

(Book iii. of the "Principia.")

This most beautiful system of the sun, planets, and comets could only proceed from the counsel and dominion of an intelligent and powerful Being. And if the fixed stars are the centres of other like systems, these, being formed by the like wise counsel, must be all subject to the dominion of One; especially since the light of the fixed stars is of the same nature with the light of the sun, and from every system light passes into all the other systems: and lest the systems of the fixed stars should, by their gravity, fall on each other mutually, he hath placed those systems at immense distances one from another.

This Being governs all things, not as the soul of the world,

but as Lord over all; and on account of his dominion he is wont to be called *Lord God*, ὁ *αὐτοκράτωρ*, or *Universal* Ruler: for *God* is a relative word, and has a respect to servants; and *Deity* is the dominion of God not over his own body, as those imagine who fancy God to be the soul of the world, but over servants. The Supreme God is a Being eternal, infinite, absolutely perfect: but a being, however perfect, without dominion, cannot be said to be Lord God; for we say, my God, your God, the God of *Israel*, the God of Gods, and Lord of Lords: but we do not say, my Eternal, your Eternal, the Eternal of *Israel*, the Eternal of Gods; we do not say my Infinite, or my Perfect: these are titles which have no respect to servants. The word *God* usually signifies *Lord;* but every lord is not a God. It is the dominion of a spiritual being which constitutes a God: a true, supreme, or imaginary dominion makes a true, supreme, or imaginary God. And from his true dominion it follows that the true God is a living, intelligent, and powerful Being; and from his other perfections, that he is supreme, or most perfect. He is eternal and infinite, omnipotent and omniscient; that is, his duration reaches from eternity to eternity; his presence from infinity to infinity; he governs all things, and knows all things that are or can be done. He is not eternity or infinity, but eternal and infinite; he is not duration or space, but he endures and is present. He endures forever, and is everywhere present; and by existing always and everywhere, he constitutes duration and space. Since every particle of space is *always*, and every indivisible moment of duration is *everywhere*, certainly the Maker and Lord of all things cannot be *never* and *nowhere*. Every soul that has perception is, though in different times and in different organs of sense and motion, still the same indivisible person. There are given successive parts in duration, coexistent parts in space but neither the one nor the other in the person of a man, or his thinking principle; and much less can they be found in the thinking substance of God. Every man, so far as he is a thing that has perception, is one and the same man during his whole life, in all and each of his organs of sense. God is the same God, always and everywhere. He is omnipresent not *virtually* only, but also *substantially;* for virtue cannot subsist without substance. In him are all things contained and moved; yet neither affects the other: God suffers nothing from the motion of bodies; bodies find no resistance from the omnipresence of God. It is allowed by all that the Supreme God exists necessarily; and by

the same necessity he exists *always* and *everywhere*. Whence also he is all similar, — all eye, all ear, all brain, all arm, all power to perceive, to understand, and to act; but in a manner not at all human, in a manner not at all corporeal, in a manner utterly unknown to us. As a blind man has no idea of colors, so have we no idea of the manner by which the all-wise God perceives and understands all things. He is utterly void of all body and bodily figure, and can therefore neither be seen, nor heard, nor touched; nor ought he to be worshipped under the representation of any corporeal thing. We have ideas of his attributes, but what the real substance of anything is we know not. In bodies, we see only their figures and colors, we hear only the sounds, we touch only their outward surfaces, we smell only the smells, and taste the savors; but their inward substances are not to be known either by our senses, or by any reflex act of our minds: much less, then, have we any idea of the substance of God. We know him only by his most wise and excellent contrivances of things, and final causes: we admire him for his perfections; but we reverence and adore him on account of his dominion: for we adore him as his servants; and a God without dominion, providence, and final causes, is nothing else but Fate and Nature. Blind, metaphysical necessity, which is certainly the same always and everywhere, could produce no variety of things. All that diversity of natural things which we find suited to different times and places could arise from nothing but the ideas and will of a Being necessarily existing. But by way of allegory, God is said to see, to speak, to laugh, to love, to hate, to desire, to give, to receive, to rejoice, to be angry, to fight, to frame, to work, to build; for all our notions of God are taken from the ways of mankind by a certain similitude, which, though not perfect, has some likeness, however. And thus much concerning God: to discourse of whom from the appearances of things does certainly belong to Natural Philosophy.

Hitherto we have explained the phenomena of the heavens and of our sea by the power of gravity, but have not yet assigned the cause of this power. This is certain, that it must proceed from a cause that penetrates to the very centres of the sun and planets, without suffering the least diminution of its force; that operates not according to the quantity of the surfaces of the particles upon which it acts (as mechanical causes use to do), but according to the quantity of the solid matter which they contain, and propagates its virtue on all sides to immense distances,

decreasing always in the duplicate proportion of the distances. Gravitation towards the sun is made up out of the gravitations towards the several particles of which the body of the sun is composed: and in receding from the sun decreases accurately in the duplicate proportion of the distances as far as the orb of Saturn, as evidently appears from the quiescence of the aphelions of the planets; nay, and even to the remotest aphelions of the comets, if those aphelions are also quiescent. But hitherto I have not been able to discover the cause of those properties of gravity from phenomena, and I frame no hypotheses: for whatever is not deduced from the phenomena is to be called an hypothesis; and hypotheses, whether metaphysical or physical, whether of occult qualities or mechanical, have no place in experimental philosophy. In this philosophy particular propositions are inferred from the phenomena, and afterwards rendered general by induction. Thus it was that the impenetrability, the mobility, and the impulsive force of bodies, and the laws of motion and of gravitation, were discovered. And to us it is enough that gravity does really exist, and act according to the laws which we have explained, and abundantly serves to account for all the motions of the celestial bodies, and of our sea.

And now we might add something concerning a certain most subtle Spirit which pervades and lies hid in all gross bodies: by the force and action of which Spirit the particles of bodies mutually attract one another at near distances, and cohere, if contiguous; and electric bodies operate to greater distances, as well repelling as attracting the neighboring corpuscles; and light is emitted, reflected, refracted, inflected, and heats bodies; and all sensation is excited, and the members of animal bodies move at the command of the will, — namely, by the vibrations of this Spirit, mutually propagated along the solid filaments of the nerves, from the outward organs of sense to the brain, and from the brain into the muscles. But these are things that cannot be explained in few words, nor are we furnished with that sufficiency of experiments which is required to an accurate determination and demonstration of the laws by which this electric and elastic Spirit operates.

JOHN NEWTON.

Newton, John, an English clergyman and religious poet; born at London, July 24, 1725; died there, December 21, 1807. In 1755 he obtained the situation of Surveyor at the port of Liverpool. He had then come to be a religious man, and took an active part in the movement set on foot by Wesley and Whitefield. He aspired to holy orders; but it was not until 1764 that he was ordained as priest and appointed to the rectorship of Olney. Here he remained for sixteen years, during which he formed a close intimacy with Cowper, with whom he collaborated in the production of the "Olney Hymns," by which Newton is best known to modern readers. In 1779 Newton was appointed to the rectorship of the parish of St. Mary Woolnoth, London, which he retained until his death. Among his works are numerous "Sermons;" a "Review of Ecclesiastical History;" and a "Narrative" of the principal incidents in his own life, especially of his religious experiences.

Walking with God.

By faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heaven, my journey's end, in view;
Supported by His staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant, too.

I travel through a desert wide,
Where many round me blindly stray;
But He vouchsafes to be my guide,
And will not let me miss my way.

Though snares and dangers throng my path,
And earth and hell my course withstand,
I triumph over all by faith,
Guarded by His almighty hand.

The wilderness affords no food,
But God for my support prepares;
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares.

With Him sweet converse I maintain;
Great as He is, I dare be free;
Tell Him all my grief and pain,
And He reveals His love to me.

Some cordial from His word He brings,
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints;
At once my soul revives and sings,
And yields no more to sad complaints.

I pity all that worldlings talk
Of pleasures that will quickly end;
Be this my choice, O Lord, to walk
With Thee, my Guide, my Guard, my Friend.

The Friend Closer than the Brother.

One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's —
Costly, free, and knows no end.
They who once His kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love.

Which of all our friends to save us
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.
This was boundless love, indeed:
Jesus is a friend in need.

When He lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was His name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still he calls them Brethren, Friends,
And to all their wants attends.

Could we bear from one another
What He daily bears of us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us, though we treat Him thus:
Though for good we treat Him ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love!
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We shall love Him as we ought.

The Name of Jesus.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It calms his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'T is manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my life, my way, my end!
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I 'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I will Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

THE NIBELUNGENLIED.

Nibelungenlied, The, an ancient German epic poem, the date of which is commonly placed somewhere between the years 900 and 1200. In the opinion of some critics the poem is a connected whole, the production of a single bard. Schlegel guesses the author to have been Heinrich von Ofterdingen; Von der Hagen ascribes it to Walter von der Vogelweide; and a score of other names have been suggested. Karl Lachmann (1793–1851), the ablest editor of the "Nibelungenlied," holds that it consists of twenty lays by perhaps as many different authors, originally wholly unconnected and of various periods, and put in its present form about the year 1200. Viewing the poems as a connected whole, it consists of twenty "Adventures" or lays, the action covering a space of some thirty years. For two centuries and a half the "Nibelungenlied" lay totally neglected and forgotten. In 1756 a Swiss physician found at the castle of Hohenems a manuscript of the poem which contains the famous "Klage," or lamentation for the fallen heroes; and in 1757 Bodmer published the second part under the title of "Kriemhild's Revenge," but was not aware that he was dealing with a great poem. The first complete edition of the "Nibelungenlied" appeared in 1782. In 1802 and 1803 A. W. von Schlegel delivered a course of lectures in Berlin in which he treated of the poem in detail. These lectures were not published; but among the hearers was Von der Hagen, who began a translation of the "Lied" which was published in 1807. In 1810 he issued the first critical edition of the original text. He was followed by Lachmann, whose labors in this field were epoch-making. The poem consists of two parts: the first contains nineteen "Adventures," the second twenty. The first part is joyous with wooings and weddings, with festal preparations and brilliant expeditions, until the quarrel of the queens begins the tragedy which ends in the death of Siegfried. The second part is devoted to "Kriemhild's Revenge," which results in the annihilation of all her people. It is sombre, ominous, tragic. But from the beginning, and often in the midst of the festivities, the poet sounds the warning note that forebodes this tragic conclusion. This great national epic is a noble monument erected by a sturdy people on the threshold of modern history, and has become a rallying-point for their patriotic posterity.

Siegfried.

In Netherland then flourished a prince of lofty kind
(Whose father was called Siegmund, his mother Siegelind),
In a sumptuous castle down by the Rhine's fair side;
Men did call it Xanten: 't was famous far and wide.

I tell you of this warrior, how fair he was to see;
From shame and from dishonor lived he ever free.
Forthwith fierce and famous waxed the mighty man.
Ah! what height of worship in this world he wan!

Siegfried men did call him, that same champion good;
Many a kingdom sought he in his manly mood,
And through strength of body in many a land rode he.
Ah! what men of valor he found in Burgundy!

Before this noble champion grew up to man's estate,
His hand had mighty wonders achieved in war's debate,
Whereof the voice of rumor will ever sing and say,
Though much must pass in silence in this our later day.

In his freshest season, in his youthful days,
One might full many a marvel tell in Siegfried's praise:
What lofty honors graced him, and how fair his fame;
How he charmed to love him many a noble dame.

As did well befit him, he was bred with care,
And his own lofty nature gave him virtues rare;
From him his father's country grace and honor drew,
To see him proved in all things so noble and so true.

He now, grown up to youthhood, at court his duty paid:
The people saw him gladly; many a wife and many a maid
Wished he would often thither, and bide forever there;
They viewed him all with favor, whereof he well was ware.

The child by his fond parents was decked with weeds of pride,
And but with guards about him they seldom let him ride.
Uptrained was he by sages, who what was honor knew,
So might he win full lightly broad lands and liegemen too.

Now had he strength and stature that weapons well he bore;
Whatever thereto needed, he had of it full store.
He began fair ladies to his love to woo,
And they inclined to Siegfried with faith and honor true.

How Siegfried first saw Kriemhild.

Now went she forth, the loveliest, as forth the morning goes
From misty clouds outbeaming; then all his weary woes
Left him, in heart who bore her, and so long time had done.
He saw there stately standing the fair, the peerless one.

Many a stone full precious flashed from her vesture bright;
Her rosy blushes darted a softer, milder light.
Whate'er might be his wishes, each could not but confess
He ne'er on earth had witnessed such perfect loveliness.

As the moon arising outglitters every star
That through the clouds so purely glimmers from afar,
E'en so love-breathing Kriemhild dimmed every beauty nigh.
Well might at such a vision many a bold heart beat high.

Rich chamberlains before them marched on in order due;
Around th' high-mettled champions close and closer drew,
Each pressing each, and struggling to see the matchless maid.
Then inly was Sir Siegfried both well and ill apaid.

Within himself thus thought he: "How could I thus misdeem
That I should dare to woo thee? sure 't was an idle dream!
Yet, rather than forsake thee, far better were I dead."
Thus thinking, thus impassioned, waxed he ever white and red.

So stood the son of Sieglind in matchless grace arrayed,
As though upon a parchment in glowing hues portrayed
By some good master's cunning; all owned, and could no less,
Eye had not seen a pattern of such fair manliness.

Those who the dames attended bade all around make way;
Straight did the gentle warriors, as such became, obey.
There many a knight, enraptured, saw many a dame in place
Shine forth in bright perfection of courtliness and grace.

Then the bold Burgundian, Sir Gernot, spoke his thought: —
"Him who in hour of peril his aid so frankly brought,
Requite, dear brother Gunther, as fits both him and you,
Before this fair assembly; th' advice I give, I ne'er shall rue.

"Bid Siegfried come to Kriemhild; let each the other meet:
'T will sure be to our profit, if she the warrior greet.
'T will make him ours forever, this man of matchless might,
If she but give him greeting, who never greeted knight."

SIEGFRIED AND KRIEMHILD

From a Painting by Julius von Schnorr

Then went King Gunther's kinsmen, a high-born haughty band,
And found and fair saluted the knight of Netherland: —
"The king to court invites you, such favor have you won;
His sister there will greet you: this to honor you is done."

Glad man was then Sir Siegfried at this unlooked-for gain;
His heart was full of pleasure without alloy of pain,
To see and meet so friendly fair Uta's fairer child,
Then greeted she the warrior maidenly and mild.

There stood he, the high-minded, beneath her star-bright eye,
His cheek as fire all glowing; then said she modestly,
"Sir Siegfried, you are welcome, noble knight and good!"
Yet loftier at that greeting rose his lofty mood.

He bowed with soft emotion, and thanked the blushing fair;
Love's strong constraint together impelled th' enamored pair;
Their longing eyes encountered, their glances every one
Bound knight and maid forever; yet all by stealth was done.

That in the warmth of passion he pressed her lily hand,
I do not know for certain, but well can understand
'T were surely past believing they ventured not on this:
Two loving hearts, so meeting, else had done amiss.

No more in pride of summer nor in bloom of May
Knew he such heartfelt pleasure as on this happy day,
When she, than May more blooming, more bright than summer's pride,
His own, a dream no longer, was standing by his side.

Then thought full many a champion, "Would this had happed to me,
To be with lovely Kriemhild as Siegfried now I see,
Or closer e'en than Siegfried: well were I then, I ween."
Never yet was champion who so deserved a queen.

Whate'er the king or country of the guests assembled there,
All could look on nothing save on that gentle pair.
Now 't was allowed that Kriemhild the peerless knight should kiss.
Ne'er in the world had drained he so full a draught of bliss. . . .

She now the minster entered; her followed many a dame;
There so her stately beauty her rich attire became,
That drooped each high aspiring, born but at once to die.
Sure was that maid created to ravish every eye.

Scarce could wait Sir Siegfried till the mass was sung.
Well might he thank his fortune that, all those knights among,
To him inclined the maiden whom still in heart he bore,
While he to her, as fitted, returned as much or more.

When now before the minster after the mass she stood,
Again to come beside her was called the champion good.
Then first by that sweet maiden thanks to the knight were given,
That he before his comrades so warrior-like had striven.

"God you reward, Sir Siegfried!" said the noble child,
"For all your high deservings in honor's bead-roll filed,
The which I know from all men have won you fame and grace."
Sir Siegfried, love-bewildered, looked Kriemhild in the face.

"Ever," said he, "your brethren I 'll serve as best I may,
Nor once, while I have being, will head on pillow lay,
Till I have done to please them whate'er they bid me do;
And this, my lady Kriemhild, is all for love of you."

The Death of Gunther, Hagen, and Chriemhild.

Then went Chriemhild to where Sir Hagen met her sight;
I wot full ruthless proved her speech unto the captive knight.
"Will you return without delay that which you took from me?
Then you may reach with life your home in Burgundy."

Thereto replied the angered chief: "Your prayer is made in vain,
Most noble daughter of a King, for I an oath have ta'en
That I will ne'er divulge the place where lies the hoard concealed;
So long as either king doth live it will not be revealed."

"Then I will make short work of it." So said the lofty wife;
And gave behest that Gunther brave should lose his life.
His head was hewn from off its trunk, which by the hair she took,
And bore it to the Trongie chief, who mournfully did look

Upon the ghastly head of his much-honored king;
Then to Chriemhild's prayers severe reproof did bring:
"Thou hast indeed thy will fulfilled with brother's blood,
And went in such a way as I did fear you would.

"Now is the noble Burgund king prepared for early grave,
Like Giseler the young and good, and Gernot the brave.
Where the said hoard lies hid is now known but to God and me;
And shall from thee, cursed wife, forever hidden be."

Said she: "You 've foul atonement made, in purpose, deed, and word;
Therefore will I possess myself of Siegfried's sword,
That which he bore on thigh when last I saw the chief,
Whose death has ever been to me a keen, heart-rending grief."

She drew it from the well-known sheath — Hagen could not prevent;
To take the warrior's life was her unmasked intent.
She swung it with both hands, and smote his head from off its trunk.
King Etzel saw the deed, and from its horror shrunk.

"Alas!" the Hun King sighing said, "How does the matter stand,
That he, the boldest of all knights, should fall by woman's hand?
He who in onslaught was the first, the bravest that bore shield;
Although he was mine enemy, I fain to sorrow yield."

Then spake the ancient Hildebrand: "She shall no gainer be
Through this same deed of deadly hate, whate'er becomes of me.
Although he brought myself unto a very gasp of breath,
I ne'ertheless will work revenge for valiant Hagen's death."

Thereon did Master Hildebrand run at the fair Chriemhild,
And smote so with his keen-edged sword that he the Hun Queen killed.
Truly she felt abounding fear, and dreadfully amazed:
What helped it that she loudly shrieked when he his arm upraised?

Where'er one looked, the dead were seen, lying in clotted gore;
In pieces hewed lay Chriemhild's corpse upon the floor.
Dietrich and Etzel now began to grieve and weep anew;
Then inwardly he wailed the loss of friends and liegemen true.

Thus were the mighty of the earth by hand of death laid low;
The people all bemoaned aloud and much of grief did know.
Thus in keen sufferings end was made of Etzel's festival: —
For joy and woe will ever be the heritage of all.

I cannot tiding give of what did afterward take place,
Further than this: Fair dames and knights were seen with weeping face,
And all the trusty yeomanry wept for their friends also.
Thus have I brought to end the Nibelungen Woe.

RODEN BERKELEY WRIOTHESLEY NOEL.

Noel, Roden Berkeley Wriothesley, an English poet; born August 27, 1834; died at Mainz, Germany, May 26, 1894. He was a son of the first Earl of Gainsborough, and was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. After his graduation he travelled extensively in the Orient, a circumstance which determined the character of some of his early verse. The work by which he will be longest remembered is "A Little Child's Monument" (1881). His other books of verse include "Behind the Veil, and Other Poems" (1863); "The Red Flag" (1872); "Livingstone in Africa" (1874); "The House of Ravenspurg," a drama in verse (1877); "Songs of the Heights and Deeps" (1885); "A Modern Faust, and Other Poems" (1888); "Poor People's Christmas" (1890). In prose he published "A Philosophy of Immortality" (1882); "Essays on Poetry and Poets" (1886); "Life of Lord Byron" (1890).

Dead.

I.

Where the child's joy-carol
Rang sweeter than the spheres,
There, centre of deep silence,
Darkness, and tears,
On his bed
The child lay dead.

II.

There a man sat stolid,
Stupefied and cold,
Save when the lamp's flicker
To poor love told
Some mocking lie
Of quivering eye,
Or lip that said,
"*He is not dead.*"

III.

Weary Night went weeping,
Moaning long and low,
Till dim Dawn, awaking,
Found them so —
The heart that bled,
And his dim dead.

IV.

"*Measure him for his coffin,*"
He heard a stranger say;
And then he broke to laughing,
"*God! measure my poor clay,*
And shut me in my coffin,
A soul gone gray!
For hope lies dead,
Life is fled."

The King and the Peasant.

World-wide possessions, populous lands
The monarch doth inherit,
And lordlier kingdoms he commands,
Fair realms within the spirit.
The monarch had a little son,
A child of five years old,
The loveliest earth ere looked upon;
And he is lying cold.
The king is in the olive grove,
A hind sings in the tree;
Below, the infant of his love
Is babbling merrily.
The father beats the boughs, and while
Dark oval olives fly,
The boy, with many a laugh and smile,
Pursues them far and nigh.
Blue sea between the gray-green leaves
Twinkles, and the sun
Through them a playful chequer weaves
Over the little one.
The monarch gazes all unseen,
Tears burning his wan eyes;
Tenderly his love doth lean
To bless their Paradise,

As through black bars that foul the day,
And shut him out from joy:
Hear the world-envied monarch say,
"Perish, my bauble crown, my toy,
All the science, all the sway,
Power to mould the world my way,
Persuade to beauty the dull clay!
Take all; but leave, ah! leave my boy,
Give me back my life, my joy!
This poor rude peasant I would be,
Yet dare not breathe the wish that he
Were as I am, a king, of misery!"

That they all may be One.

(From "A Little Child's Monument.")

Whene'er there comes a little child,
My darling comes with him;
Whene'er I hear a birdie wild
Who sings his merry whim,
Mine sings with him:
If a low strain of music sails
Among melodious hills and dales,
When a white lamb or kitten leaps,
Or star, or vernal flower peeps,
When rainbow dews are pulsing joy,
Or sunny waves, or leaflets toy,
Then he who sleeps
Softly wakes within my heart;
With a kiss from him I start;
He lays his head upon my breast,
Though I may not see my guest,
Dear bosom-guest!
In all that 's pure and fair and good,
I feel the spring-time of thy blood,
Hear thy whispered accents flow
To lighten woe,
Feel them blend,
Although I fail to comprehend.
And if one woundeth with harsh word,
Or deed, a child, or beast, or bird,
It seems to strike weak Innocence
Through him, who hath for his defence
Thunder of the All-loving Sire,
And mine, to whom He gave the fire.

Music and the Child.

(From "A Little Child's Monument.")

When the little child was going,
From his lips came softly flowing,
Flowing dreamily, the tune
Of a hymn that asks a boon
In childish accents of the Saviour,
Who, by the love in his behavior,
Showed God cherishes a child;
And whensoe'er pain made him wild,
His mother sang it; then, released,
The child himself sang on, nor ceased
On earth till he commenced in heaven.
For I think that fatal even,
While upon death's wave he drifted,
While the mist of life was lifted,
On our earth-shore he heard his mother,
And pure angels on the other;
We and they hearing the low voice of him who travelled
Between us, darkling, a wee pilgrim who the mystery unravelled! . . .

From "The Death of Livingstone."

Mortal defeat blows oft the clarion
Of resurrection o'er an indolent world
Death-dreaming, louder than hath e'er been blown
From visible triumph; the freed soul unfurled
A conquering flame, arousing the dull plain
Of common souls to kindle in his train,
Heroic-moulded; woke the silent dust
To songful flowers of helpful love and trust;
Inspired the world's dead heart to throb victoriously;
So they awake to life, who warring desperate die!
Yea, in the smile of some Divine deep Peace,
Our faithful find from storms of earth release.

THOMAS NOEL.

Noel, Thomas, an English poet; born at Kirkby-Mallory, in Leicestershire, May 11, 1799; died at Brighton, May 16, 1861. He was graduated as B.A. from Merton College, Oxford, in 1824, and in 1833 issued some stanzas upon proverbs and Scriptural texts, entitled "The Cottage Muse;" and in 1841 "Village Verse" and "Rhymes and Roundelayes." Noel lived for many years in great seclusion at Boyne Hill, near Maidenhead. In the autumn of 1858 he moved his home to Brighton. Miss Mitford corresponded with him frequently; among other friends were Thomas Vardon, the librarian of the House of Commons, and Lady Byron, the wife of the poet, who was a distant connection. He married Emily Halliday, by whom he had two children. His best poems are "The Rattower Legend;" "The Poor Voter's Song;" "The Pauper's Drive," often wrongly attributed to Thomas Hood, and set to music by Mr. Henry Russell in 1839; and "A Thames Voyage." Noel's poems are extensively quoted and justly praised by Miss Mitford in her "Recollections of a Literary Life."

The Pauper's Drive.

There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot:
To the church-yard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs;
And hark to the dirge that the sad driver sings: —
"*Rattle his bones over the stones!*
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

Oh, where are the mourners? Alas! there are none;
He has left not a gap in the world now he's gone;
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man.
To the grave with the carcass as fast as you can.
"*Rattle his bones over the stones!*
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

What a jolting and creaking and splashing and din!
The whip how it cracks, and the wheels how they spin!

How the dirt right and left o'er the hedges is hurled!
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!
"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

Poor pauper defunct! He has made some approach
To gentility, now that he 's stretched in a coach!
He 's taking a drive in his carriage at last,
But it will not be long if he goes on so fast.
"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

You bumpkins, who stared at your brother conveyed,
Behold what respect to a "cloddy" is paid!
And be joyful to think, when by death you 're laid low,
You 've a chance to the grave like a "gem'man" to go!
"Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!"

But a truce to this strain; for my soul is sad
To think that a heart in humanity clad
Should make, like the brute, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend!
"Bear soft his bones over the stones!
Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns."

A Thames Voyage.

On like a hawk upon the wing
Our little wherry flies;
Against her bows the ripples sing,
And the wavelets round her rise.

In view is Cookham's ivied tower;
And up yon willing reach,
Enfolding many a fairy bower,
Wave Bisham's woods of beech.

O'er Marlow's loveliest vale they look,
And its spire that seeks the skies;
And afar, to where in its meadow-nook
Medmenham's Abbey lies.

Still on, still on, as we smoothly glide,
There are charms that woo the eye —
Boughs waving green in the pictured tide,
And the blue reflected sky.

There are spots where nestle wild-flowers small
With many a mingled gleam;
Where the broad flag waves, and the bulrush tall
Nods still to the trusting stream.

The forget-me-not on the water's edge
Reveals her lovely hue,
Where the broken bank, between the sedge,
Is embroidered with her blue.

And in bays where matted foliage weaves
A shadowy arch on high,
Serene on broad and bronze-like leaves,
The virgin lilies lie.

Fair fall those bonny flowers! O how
I love their petals bright!
Smoother than Ariel's moonlit brow!
The water Nymph's delight!

Those milk-white cups with a golden core,
Like marble lamps, that throw
So soft a light on the bordering shore
And the waves that round them flow!

Steadily, steadily, speeds our bark,
O'er the silvery whirl she springs;
While merry as lay of morning lark
The watery carol rings.

WILLIAM EDWARD NORRIS.

Norris, William Edward, an English novelist; born at London in 1847. He was educated at Eton, went on the Continent to study foreign languages as a preparation for diplomatic science, changed his plans, and in 1874 came to the bar, but never practised, having already tasted the success of his first book. Since that time Mr. Norris has devoted himself to the profession of literature. His home is at Torquay, alternating during the winter between Algiers and the Riviera. His first book, "Heaps of Money," appeared in 1876; it has been followed by "Mademoiselle de Mersac" (1880); "Thirlby Hall;" "Matrimony" (1881); "A Man of His Word;" "That Terrible Man;" "Her Own Doing;" "Adrian Vidal;" "No New Thing;" "Chris;" "Major or Minor;" "Miss Shafto;" "The Rogue;" "My Friend Jim;" "Misadventure;" "Radna" (1890); "Billy Bellew" (1895); "A Dancer in Yellow" (1896); "Clarissa Furiosa" (1896); "Marietta's Marriage" (1897); "The Widower" (1898).

Lord Courtney Performs a Neighborly Duty.

(From "Matrimony.")

I have not at any time been tempted to invest a portion of my limited capital in unlimited concerns; but I can well imagine that, if I had done so, and that if my choice had fallen, say, upon the Glasgow Bank — as, of course, it would have done; for nobody ever had such luck as I have — I can well imagine, I say, that when the fatal hour struck, and the papers brought me the announcement of my ruin, I should not have been acquainted with all its details for more than an hour or so before at least half a dozen kind friends would have hastened in, with the "Times" in their hands, to break the news to me. The world is full of such well-meaning folks — people who will insist upon reading out to you from the "Illustrated London News" the provisions of your uncle's will, in which, unhappily, your name does not figure; or who, after you have been holding wet blankets in front of your fireplace for half an hour and have

collected your valuables and dispatched a messenger in hot haste for the parish engine, will send round a footman with Mr. Brown's compliments, and is Mr. Jones aware that his chimney is afire? I am even acquainted with certain persons who will not suffer one of my periodical liver-attacks to pass without letting me know, in commiserating accents, that I am looking far from well; which surely is as much as though they should tell me that I have a nose upon my face.

It was, therefore, only to be expected that, with two love affairs going on under his very eyes, Mr. Gervis should have had no lack of informants who felt it right to warn him of the turn matters were taking. Not to mention a succession of agitated missives bearing the Trouville post-mark, which, in accordance with his unvarying custom, he left unanswered, he was favored from all sides with verbal communications the purport of which was that the future both of his son and his daughter was in danger of becoming compromised, that Freddy Croft was a libertine, and Nina Flemyng, to say the least of it, a flirt. Admiral Bagshawe, meeting the owner of Southlands at the club, took occasion to speak a few neighborly words to this effect in his blunt, straightforward way; Miss Pennefather, sustained by a sense of duty, overcame her maiden modesty so far as to recount some episodes in the domestic history of Croft Manor and the Moated House; Mrs. This, Mrs. That, and Lady T'other followed suit; and, one fine afternoon, who should come driving up in a mail-phaeton, bent upon the same charitable errand, but the lord-lieutenant of the county *in propriâ personâ?*

Mr. Gervis happened to be sauntering alone among his garden walks when this portent became visible; and Lord Courtney, catching sight of him, pulled up, and handed the reins to his groom.

"How are you, Gervis? how are you?" said he, as he descended slowly to the ground.

There was a time when Lord Courtney was a great dandy, and wore the smallest patent-leather boots that ever were seen; but the gout has long since forced him to discard these vanities, just as years have robbed him of his formerly slim figure. He is still, however, a carefully dressed man. On the present occasion he wore a gray frock-coat and trousers, and had a pale yellow rose in his buttonhole. His tall white hat was, as usual, tilted slightly forwards, so that he had to throw back his head and lower his eyelids in order to see any object in front of him

— a detail which was not without influence upon the majesty of his carriage.

"Taking your afternoon stroll?" he asked affably. "If you will allow me, I will join you. Charming place you have here, Gervis — charming, upon my word!"

Mr. Gervis said it was pretty, no doubt; but it was getting horribly damp and cold in the mornings and evenings.

"Ah, well, yes — I dare say. You must expect heavy dews at this season of the year. But your position is good. I wish my house stood as well. And how do you like Lynshire? Find it a little dull perhaps? Yes; a man accustomed to society, like yourself, naturally would. But, as counties go, it is well enough — sociable, you know; and the properties don't change hands much; which is the great thing. Lady Courtney would have done herself the pleasure of calling upon the Princess Ouranoff; but she is a sad invalid, as you know; and it is rather a long drive from us to you. Somebody told me, too, that the Princess and your daughter were only to be in England for another week or so."

"The Princess has been at Trouville these two months," answered Mr. Gervis; "my daughter is still with me."

"Ah, yes; so I have understood. And I must congratulate you upon being the father of so attractive a young lady as everybody declares her to be. Some day I shall hope to have the honor of being presented to her."

I believe that at court, where he has more than once held high offices, Lord Courtney has the reputation of being a man of singularly distinguished and agreeable manners. It is certain that he can make himself very pleasant when he chooses — which, to be sure, is not every day — and he was pleased to do so now. Suiting his conversation, as he thought, to his company, he soon quitted local subjects for the wider field of European politics, with regard to which he represented himself as occupying the position of a well-informed spectator. His manner implied that he looked upon Gervis as being in some sort *du métier*, and he concealed from him neither the contents of a letter which he had received from the Prime Minister only the day before, nor the French ambassador's significant remark, as he stepped on board the steamer at Dover, on his way to take a month's leave of absence, nor certain rumors which had lately been wafted over from Berlin. As to the secret understanding of two celebrated Chancellors he felt bound to maintain a

discreet reserve; but he allowed sundry hints to escape from him which, if rightly taken, might well serve as a basis for prophecy of coming events, and if in truth he knew very little more of these matters than you or I, and if he altogether failed to impose upon the veteran diplomatist who listened to him so deferentially, his intentions were none the less excellent for that.

Not until he had paced up and down the gravel walks for the best part of an hour, and, after consulting his watch, had declared that he must really be going, did he touch upon the genuine object of his visit; and this he introduced airily, as a sort of afterthought. By the way, Lady Courtney had mentioned to him some foolish gossip which he sincerely hoped had no substratum of truth in it. And then he proceeded to repeat what was being commonly said in the county.

"I make it a rule never to interfere in the affairs of my neighbors: in fact I do not — ah — care to do so, as a general thing," concluded Lord Courtney, seeming to imply that the affairs of his neighbors were really a great deal too far beneath him to merit notice.

"With all the cares of your lord-lieutenancy upon your shoulders, you cannot be expected to find time for that amiable occupation," remarked Mr. Gervis.

"Well, no. But something is due to an old friend; and I have thought it well to — ah — put you upon your guard."

"I cannot sufficiently express my thanks."

"Not at all! I beg you won't mention it. I shall be only too glad if a few words from me should prove of service to you; and bystanders, you know, proverbially see most of the game. With regard to these — ah — Flemyngs, I cannot say much. I am not personally acquainted with them; but I have told you what people say of the girl, and in any case, I presume that you would hardly wish your boy to be entrapped into a hasty marriage at his age. Young Croft I do know; and I am sorry to have to add that I have the worst possible opinion of him. I should not envy the lot of any lady who should be condemned to live in such a — a — what shall I say? — such a den of wild beasts as Croft Manor. It occurred to me that, having been as long absent from England as you have, you might be under some misapprehension as to his status in the county — that you might imagine him a man of position, or likely to become so. I can assure you that he has not the slightest chance of ever being anything of the kind. He has of course certain advan-

tages of birth and fortune; but he has not chosen to use them, and they are not conspicuous enough to entitle him of themselves to a place in society. He is an impudent young dog, with a taste for low company now, and he will probably proceed, through the usual stages, to become a ruined drunkard, as his father was before him. Were I in your place I should forbid him my house before the mischief reached a head. Well, good-by, Gervis; glad to have seen you. I need not say that I do not wish what I have mentioned to you to go any further."

"I fully understand and respect your feelings," replied Gervis. "The responsibilities of a father are very heavy, and if one were not cheered occasionally by some such proofs of disinterested friendship as you have shown me this afternoon, I hardly know how one could bear up under them. My compliments to Lady Courtney, and many thanks for your valuable hints. Good-by. Go away, you unspeakable booby, and for the love of Heaven don't come back again: you are the least amusing of all the blockheads I have encountered hereabouts."

The concluding words, it is needless to say, were uttered after Lord Courtney had climbed into his mail-phaeton again, and it is to be hoped that that benevolent nobleman drove away under the impression that his unselfishness in discharging an irksome duty had been properly appreciated.

"A friend, or rather an enemy of yours, Lord Courtney, was here to-day," Mr. Gervis remarked casually to Freddy Croft that same evening. "How have you managed to offend him so deeply?"

"I suppose it must be that ducking he got with the fire-hose," said Freddy pensively. "I told Lynchester at the time that he would n't like it. He has hated me like poison ever since, and I'm sorry for it, because he's a good sort of old boy, in spite of his pomposity, and he subscribes handsomely to the hounds, though he don't often come out himself. Poor old Courtney! He is n't a bad-hearted old chap, you know."

"He said you were an impudent young dog, with a taste for low compony."

"Did he really?"

"He really did. And the worst of it is, that it's true," said Gervis, who had from the first had a sneaking fondness for his good-humored little neighbor, and was in the habit of addressing him in a tone of familiarity wholly unknown to many of his older friends.

"Well, I don't know what you call low company," returned Freddy. "I 'm more at Southlands than anywhere else, at all events."

Whereat Mr. Gervis gave a short laugh, and rang the bell for another bottle of the claret which his guest especially affected. Freddy's private opinion was that, when the time should come for him to solicit that embarrassing interview which all men, save such as have the luck to espouse orphans, must face sooner or later, he would be met in no very austere spirit by his future father-in-law.

Mr. Gervis Expresses His Ideas on Matrimony.

(From "Matrimony.")

There is no express train from Folkestone to Beachborough, and it was not till between nine and ten o'clock that our travellers, tired and worried with the changes and delays of their journey, reached the latter place, and got into the carriage which was waiting for them at the station. Mr. Gervis did not come out to the hall-door to welcome them, on their arrival. They found him in the dining-room, sipping his Burgundy and perusing the "Pall Mall Gazette," just as of old, and he rose languidly and shook hands with each of them, without displaying the faintest curiosity as to the cause of their sudden return. Had they dined? he asked; and on hearing that they had not, he rang the bell, and told the butler that dinner would be wanted in a quarter of an hour; he then reseated himself, observed that it was abominably cold and that they must have had a rough passage, and informed Geneviève and Miss Potts that they would find fires in their bedrooms. The ladies took this hint, and retired; and as soon as they were gone, Claud, who, like most bearers of ill tidings, was impatient to get his task discharged and done with, opened fire.

"Governor," he began, "I have got some bad news for you."

"Then, my good fellow," said Mr. Gervis, "pray keep it to yourself until you have eaten something. I can wait; and so, no doubt, can your news."

"I think I had better tell you at once," said Claud.

"I think not," answered his father decisively. "Your doing so would only bring half an hour of great discomfort to me and to yourself; because, when the ladies came down, we should be obliged either to ignore something unpleasant that we all know

of, or to talk about it — both of which courses would be objectionable. Whereas, if you will go away now, and wash your face (which, let me tell you, requires it), we can get through our dinner in peace, and confront calamity later with the antidote of tobacco."

So saying, Mr. Gervis returned resolutely to his "Pall Mall." He had so completely assumed his company manner when Geneviève returned, and talked to her after so agreeably polite a fashion about music and Paris and other subjects of general interest, that she was compelled to postpone to some more propitious moment the delivery of those filial speeches which she had rehearsed by the way. Only, when she took up her bedroom candlestick, she could not help departing in one small particular from her general practice. She gave Mr. Gervis's hand a slight pressure, and said, "Good night — father."

It was the very first time in her life that she had so addressed him, and as he shut the door behind her, he returned to Claud with raised eyebrows and a queer look on his face.

"May I ask," he inquired, "whether you heard that endearing appellation?"

"Oh yes," answered Claud, laughing rather uneasily; "I heard. You don't mind, I suppose."

"Mind! My dear fellow, I am enchanted. I gather, however, from that, and from the portentous sighings of Potts, that I am about to be informed of a bereavement. Come to the billiard-room. We can smoke there; and I suppose we ought not to smoke in the library, now that we have ladies with us. I have furnaces kept up in every room in the house; and when I am alone, I spend the greater part of the night in prowling about from one to another and heaping on more coals. Allow me to direct your attention to that door-curtain," continued Mr. Gervis, who, while he had been speaking, had been slowly moving towards the billiard-room. "Feel the weight of it; observe how it is shotted at the bottom. I have defeated some of the most piercing draughts I ever encountered in that way, and I think I may say that most of my doors are now air-tight. As for the windows, the victory rests for the present with them. I have tried strips of felt, india-rubber tubing and sand-bags, all without any appreciable result, and if they do not bring about my death first, I mean to have those absurd sashes torn out and replaced by windows on the French system, which look better and can be made to shut up if necessary."

Nothing could exceed Mr. Gervis's cheerfulness and amiability. To all appearance, he had not the faintest apprehension of the impending thunder-clap. He handed his son a cigar, remarking that one of the few advantages of living in England was that one could get real Havannas there by paying three or four times the proper price for them; he pointed out a neat little cabinet on casters, containing refreshment in the shape of soda-water and various *liqueurs;* finally he dragged a chair up close to the blazing fire, and sank into it, crossing his legs, screwing up his eyes, and surveying Claud with his head very much on one side and the air of a man who expects to be entertained by some novel or amusing exhibition.

But perceiving that Claud shifted from one foot to the other, and fixed a frowning stare upon vacancy, not knowing how or where to begin, he took pity upon him, and removing his cigar from his lips — "Allow me," said he pleasantly, "to offer you a helping hand. I guessed what must be the intelligence you were bringing as soon as your telegram reached me. The Princess has, of course, found her elective affinity at last, and vanished from the scene. I have always anticipated —"

"Stop, governor," interrupted Claud; "it is n't that at all. Don't say anything more; you might be sorry for it afterwards."

"Indeed? Then I confess that I am at a loss, and must leave you to tell your tale in your own way. But pray do not worry yourself over it. I believe I may safely promise you that nothing that you can have to say will cause me much distress. I am an ironclad, — or rather I am an earthwork, into which any number of projectiles may be fired without making a breach."

Thus encouraged, Claud related, in an abridged form, all that he had heard from Hirsch-Ponetzky. He entered upon his task with some nervousness and some curiosity. He had not taken his father's boast quite literally, and indeed would have been sorry to believe him so callous; but in what way this news would affect him was more than Claud's knowledge of the man enabled him to surmise; and the glances which he stole, from time to time, at that white, impassive face told him nothing at all. But, as the recital proceeded, it became evident that Mr. Gervis was more moved than he wished to appear. He allowed his cigar to go out; something like a sigh escaped him several times; once he raised his hand involuntarily, as if to shade his eyes, but, recollecting himself, let it drop again immediately.

"So that was Ponetzky!" he said at length. "And he would have told me all about it for twenty thousand pounds, poor devil! It is curious that I should not have suspected this, — really very curious! I might have guessed, — once, long ago. Perhaps I ought to have guessed. It is a fortunate thing that I did not, you say? Well, that depends entirely upon what one's definition of fortunate things may be. My own impression is that, if I had found out the truth at once, I should have been spared a good deal of — annoyance. And, if that man had had the common decency to get himself shot by one of those yellow-faced South Americans, a good deal of annoyance would have been spared to others. But the longer I live, the more distinctly I see that everything invariably falls out for the worst in this worst of all possible worlds. I think, with your permission, I will bid you good-night now; we will talk over this again to-morrow morning. You will want to be going over to the Moated House, I suppose?"

Claud said he had thought of doing so.

"Ah — well, don't go until you have seen me. Good-night."

And so Mr. Gervis left the room with his slow, dragging step, looking, Claud thought, very old and bowed.

But at breakfast, the next morning, he had apparently recovered himself, and was unusually talkative. Varinka's name was not mentioned; but from several passing allusions, Claud, who came down late, perceived that the new order of things was no longer to be regarded as a secret, and that his father and sister had been already discussing it.

Mr. Gervis, indeed, admitted as much on the terrace, whither Claud and he repaired half an hour later. "Geneviève has been saying all sorts of kind and civil things to me," he remarked. "She thinks, it appears, that I have been a much-injured man, and that she, among others, has failed to do justice to my many sterling qualities; and so she is anxious to make a handsome reparation. She spoke very prettily. So did I. It is a pity you could not hear us."

Mr. Gervis paused, laughing a little, at the end of the terrace walk, and looked down the valley towards Beachborough and the sea, which were half hidden in the haze of a mild winter's morning. "There is something rather pleasant about these reconciliations," he resumed presently, "even though one knows that they are built upon sand."

"How built upon sand?" Claud asked.

"I mean that this is a reaction; nothing more. I have always had a — liking for your sister, and I dare say I have understood her pretty well, seeing that hers is not an incomprehensible character; but it is utterly impossible that she should either like or understand me. The last she will certainly not be able to do for a matter of ten years to come at least; by which time I shall have reverted to my original dust. At present she is pleased to take me for something that I am not, and probably never was. She tells me that that unfortunate Ponetzky is at the point of death; and I believe she is really looking forward to the day when I shall lead the Princess to the altar a second time, and bring her home to Southlands for a sort of senile honeymoon."

"You won't do that, I suppose?" said Claud interrogatively, poking holes in the flower-beds with the point of his stick.

"Do you think it likely that I shall? Do you think the Princess would enjoy living here, or that she and I could play Darby and Joan with success? I admit that, if she had been your mother, it might have been our duty to sacrifice ourselves for the sake of our children; but happily no such necessity is laid upon us. We were virtually separated within a year of our marriage; we have been separated ever since; now we are legally separated; and I think we may exchange mutual congratulations upon our release."

Mr. Gervis had resumed his walk along the terrace while he was speaking. He now took his son's arm, and led him farther away from the house.

"You are not in a hurry?" he asked; and, without waiting for an answer — "Then let us take a turn through the grounds. Some time or other we must have a talk about family matters, and as the subject is not a very pleasant one, we may as well get rid of it at once, and not recur to it. I will not deny that the news which you brought me last night startled me, and that for some hours afterwards I almost felt, like your sister, that there had been an unhappy mistake, for which nobody was very much to blame, and that, some day soon, we might shake hands all round, let bygones be bygones, and live happily ever afterwards, like the people in the story-books. I need not say, however, that common sense reasserted itself before the morning. You must know that, a good many years back, I committed the folly of falling absurdly in love with the Princess. So far, no doubt, I may count upon your sympathy. It is true that I had

not the excuse of youth; but then it is proverbial that there is no fool like an old fool; and the fact is that I was as much in love with my wife as — shall we say as you were with yours?"

"Don't use the past tense in my case, please," said Claud, laughing.

"I apologize — as much in love as you *are*. If, in the course of a year, I discovered that my angel had certain earthly proclivities, I turned my eyes away from them, like a sensible man; but when she distinctly gave me to understand that the man with whom I had seen her talking at Wiesbaden was her lover, what could I do? It seems to me that, considering what the circumstances were, I behaved remarkably well, and made far less fuss than most people would have done. Those who choose to make false statements must bear the consequences of them. The temptation to deceive me was strong, I allow; but you will hardly urge that it was my happiness that she had in view when she adopted that particular form of deception. I cannot, therefore, feel that she has left me much in her debt. To you I can speak more openly than I could to Geneviève; and I do not mind telling you that, even if this irrepressible Pole had never reappeared, I should certainly have had reasons before long for going my way, and letting the Princess go hers. She has accused me sometimes of setting spies to watch her. I never did anything of the sort; but you may imagine that there have always been plenty of good-natured people anxious to keep me informed as to all her — friendships, and the details of them. In short, if I had wished to get my marriage dissolved, I have no doubt that I could have managed it easily enough."

"Poor Varinka!" sighed Claud. "It is a pity."

"What is a pity? The pity is not that our marriage turned out badly — which it was absolutely certain to do — but that it ever took place at all." . . .

"Matrimony, my dear Claud, is a deplorable institution. As a cause of human misery, I should rank it second only to drink; and I am by no means clear that it ought not to take the first place. In the present state of society it is, I grant you, a necessity; but I can well believe that in a more enlightened age it will be looked back upon with horror, as a senseless and degrading slavery, invented by semi-civilized man as a safeguard against immorality, but not even justifying that inadequate *raison d'être*, and itself profoundly immoral in the wider and

truer acceptation of the term. For what," continued Mr. Gervis, stopping to face his astonished companion, "can be more absurd than the assumption that the woman with whom you have happened to fall in love is the one best suited to order your dinner, to sit opposite to you, all the days of your life, while you eat it, to nurse you when you are ill, to bring up your children in the way they should go, and all the rest of it? A year, or, at the most, two years of married life are sufficient to cure you effectually of a fancy which might otherwise have lasted for an indefinite time; and then what remains to you? In all probability a woman whom you would have died rather than married, if you had known what she was."

"Well, but," observed Claud, "that does not seem to prove much against matrimony as an institution; it only goes to show that one should be careful whom one marries."

"Exactly so. I speak of the institution as it works to-day — not as it would do, if raised to an ideal state of perfection. Under the ideal system, one would, of course, marry the cook, provided that she were honest, sober, industrious, and cleanly, it being clearly understood that neglect of her duties would render her liable to divorce. But now consider what matrimony in its present shape means. It is simply a leap in the dark; and naturally it is apt to result in broken shins. The absurd custom is that, as soon as a youth has become enamored of a maiden, and has received her assurance that his affection is returned, the pair of them hurry off to get married, and to destroy the sweetest and the most innocent dream of which our fallen nature is capable. When the man wakes up — which he does with marvellous celerity — he finds himself tied by the leg for life. And to what? Perhaps to a shrew, perhaps to a flirt, perhaps to a confirmed sulker or an absolute idiot. One in a hundred, we will say, discovers that he has espoused the ideal cook — the excellent creature, who will discharge her household duties with cheerfulness, devote herself to her children, and treat him, in a general way, as if he were the eldest of them. That man is happy and blessed. But the remaining ninety and nine are disappointed and disgusted. They have made an irreparable mistake, and it is a poor consolation for them to know that they have only themselves to thank for it." . . .

Claud observed that he was acquainted with a good many married men to whom this description hardly applied.

"I agree," returned Mr. Gervis, "that the majority are

unable to care very greatly about anything for long; but their lives are not the less spoilt because they have attained to a certain dull resignation. Let us, however, take the not very rare case of a man of keen sensibilities, strong affections, large capacities for happiness. Disappointment is apt to turn such a one sour."

"Perhaps it might not turn him quite so sour as he supposed," said Claud, who thought he began to see the drift of these general remarks. "But don't you think that, if he allowed it to do so, he would be making his mistake worse than there was any necessity for?"

"You have anticipated the very observation I was about to make," answered Mr. Gervis placidly. "A wise man, when he comes to review the situation, cannot fail to see that he has no right to let such a poor thing as a woman be a permanent affliction to him. Women are only adjuncts of existence; the world belongs to the men; all of whom have, or ought to have, interests wholly independent of women in it. You, for example, would have your art, in which you have now a good prospect of excelling. A woman is, after all, no worse a torment than a full-grown, able-bodied flea. In some respects, indeed, she is less troublesome; for you can get rid of a woman at any time by the simple expedient of walking into the next room, and locking the door behind you; whereas the only sure way of escaping from a flea is to tear off all your clothes — which is not always practicable upon the spur of the moment."

"I think you're rather too hard upon women, governor," Claud's love of fair play prompted him to remonstrate. "Perhaps, if we heard their side of the question, they would have a word or two say against us."

"A word or two? A word or two? A million or two of words, more likely. Doubtless all humanity is reprobate; but you recollect the result of Solomon's search — 'One man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found.' My own small investigations point to a similar conclusion. I confess that I have a poor opinion of women. If they do not deceive you in one way, they will in another; and even when they can no longer deceive you at all, they will not give up trying. Their whole nature is saturated with deceit; their very virtues are made of it. The qualities that render a woman charming are nothing else than adroit humbug, pretence, dissimulation. When you hear a man extolling his wife, you

may safely conclude that he is an ass, and she knows it. I tell you a woman's life is one long course of duplicity from her cradle to her grave. *Splendide mendax* she may be, upon occasion; but *mendax* — always."

The writer feels quite shocked and alarmed as he sets down these disgraceful calumnies, and cannot help venturing to remind any ladies into whose hands this work may fall that the sentiments just recorded are Mr. Gervis's, not his own. The writer yields to no man in veneration for their sex. So great is it, in fact, that he has never yet deemed himself worthy of being allied to any member of it.

CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH NORTON.

Norton, Caroline Elizabeth Sarah, an English poet and novelist; born in 1808; died June 15, 1877. She was a granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. In 1827 she married Honorable George Norton. In 1830 she left her husband. In verse she published "The Dandies' Rout" (1825); "The Sorrows of Rosalie" (1829); "The Undying One" (1831); "The Wife" (1835); "The Dream, etc." (1840); "The Child of the Islands" (1845); "Aunt Carry's Ballads," "Tales and Sketches" (1850); and "The Lady of La Garaye" (1862); and in prose fiction, "Stuart of Dunleath" (1851); "Lost and Saved" (1863); "Old Sir Douglas" (1868), and "The Rose of Jericho" (1870). Her husband died in 1875, and in February, 1877, she was married to Sir W. Stirling Maxwell, who died in 1878.

Bingen on the Rhine.

A soldier of the Legion lay dying in Algiers.
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen — at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun;
And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,
The death-wound on their gallant breasts the last of many scars:
But some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline;
And one had come from Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage:
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage-wall at Bingen — calm Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again, with glad and gallant tread;
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine),
For the honor of old Bingen — dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There's another, not a sister; in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, — too fond for idle scorning, —
Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain — my soul be out of prison)
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along — I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well remembered walk,
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine:
But we 'll meet no more at Bingen — loved Bingen on the Rhine!"

His voice grew faint and hoarser, — his grasp was childish weak, —
His eyes put on a dying look, — he sighed and ceased to speak.
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled!
The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land — was dead!

BINGEN ON THE RHINE

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corses strown;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen — fair Bingen on the Rhine!

The King of Denmark's Ride.

Word was brought to the Danish king
(Hurry!)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
(Oh, ride as though you were flying!)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl:
And his Rose of the Isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
(Hurry!)
Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
(Oh, ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst;
But ride as they would, the king rode first,
For the Rose of the Isle lay dying!

His nobles were beaten, one by one;
(Hurry!)
They have fainted and faltered, and homeward gone;
His little, fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying!
The king looked back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smiled;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped; and only the king rode in
Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;
(Silence!)
No answer came; but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.

The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale, sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with drooping crest,
Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
And, that dumb companion eying,
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck:
"O steed, that every nerve did strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying!"

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

Norton, Charles Eliot, born at Cambridge, Mass., November 16, 1827. He is the son of Andrews Norton, an eminent Unitarian scholar, and was educated at Harvard University. From 1875 to 1898 he was professor of the history of art at Harvard. He has enjoyed the intimate friendship of many of the most distinguished literary men of his day, and edited the "Letters" of J. R. Lowell; the "Orations" of G. W. Curtis; the "Correspondence" of Carlyle and Emerson, and of Goethe and Carlyle; the "Letters" of Carlyle; and has translated Dante's "Vita Nuova" and "Divina Commedia." His other works include "Considerations on Some Recent Social Theories" (1853); "Notes of Travel and Study in Italy" (1860); "Historical Studies of Church-Building in the Middle Ages: Venice, Siena, Florence" (1880).

The Life and Character of George William Curtis.[1]

No blessing can befall a community greater than the choice of it by a good man for his home; for the example of such a man sets a standard of conduct, and his influence, unconsciously not less than consciously exerted, tends to lift those who come within its circle to his own level. In the quiet annals of this little town there are many incidents of local and personal interest; but the incident of chief importance to its inhabitants of this generation and of coming times was its selection in 1865, by George William Curtis, for his summer home. Hither for twenty-seven summers he came to find refreshment among these hills and woods, to show himself the best of neighbors, and to exhibit those social virtues and charms which would have made him beloved and admired by any society which he might have chosen to adorn.

It is well that the Club named in his honor should set up a tablet to commemorate his residence in Ashfield, in this hall

[1] An Address delivered at Ashfield, Mass., on occasion of the dedication of a bronze tablet bearing an inscription in honor of Mr. Curtis, in the Town Hall, August 12th, 1896.

where his presence has been so familiar, and where his voice has been so often heard. It is well that the town should accept this tablet, to be sacredly preserved so long as its own ever-renewed life shall last, as a permanent record of great services rendered to it. It is well that we, the town's people, should meet to dedicate this tablet, the inscription upon which records our lasting and grateful affection for the good man whose name it bears.

Happily there are many men in the world, even in a little community like this, whom we, speaking in familiar phrase, should call, and rightly call, good men, — men who perform fairly well the simple duties of life; who try to be, or, at least, intend to be, estimable husbands, fathers, sons, brothers, neighbors; but there are few anywhere whose goodness stands, year in, year out, the wear and tear of common days, whose virtues are never dimmed by slow-collecting rust, or by the dust which rises from even worthy toil and unavoidable cares. So, too, it often happens that among many virtues the one is lacking which is required to give savor to all the rest; that some black drop in the blood betrays itself in moroseness; that feebleness of imagination (the great defect of man) shows itself in failure of sympathetic consideration for those who most stand in need of patient and tender regard.

No, the good man, in the full sense of the word, the man whose virtues never suffer eclipse, and whose goodness is not merely good, but beautiful, is no less rare than great a blessing to his kind. Happiest and most blessed of men is the good man whose temperament and character combine to make him as pleasant as he is good; whose virtues are the sweet flowering of his native disposition, trained by experience and perfected by self-discipline; whose character is based on simplicity of heart, and who fulfils the New Commandment because for him it is the most natural mode of self-expression. And if to such a man be added great gifts alike of body and of soul, the fine form expressing the fine spirit, the sweet voice attuned to the sweet disposition; if in him outward grace be the type of grace of mind, and physical vigor the emblem of intellectual power; if he be endowed with poetic imagination, quickening the moral and invigorating the intellectual elements of the nature; and if all be crowned by a spirit of devotion to public interests, — then we have such a man as he who fills our memories and our hearts to-day.

You have seen him in his daily walk during almost thirty years; can you recall one act, one word of his that was not friendly and pleasant? I, who knew him from youth to age, I, whose life was blessed by his friendship for forty-three years, find in my memory of him such pleasantness that my words come short to express it. No one could meet him without being better for the meeting. "He makes you feel pleasant," an old Ashfield man said of him.

In his relations with others, whether in private life or in public affairs, he was singularly exemplary; I mean he set an example of simple excellence to us all, fitted to the various needs and conditions of our lives. And yet his modesty was such, and his simplicity so entire, that he walked among us quite unconscious of the virtue which proceeded from him, never assuming an air of superiority, or claiming the distinction which was his due.

Seldom has there been so general a favorite as he, and seldom a man who received more flattery with less harm to the simplicity of his nature. When he returned home from Europe in 1850, a youth of twenty-six, with keen perceptions of the delights of life, with accomplishments and graces and tastes that opened every door to him, with literary ambitions which were soon to be gratified by the brilliant success of his first book, with the youth of both sexes crowding round him at Newport, at Saratoga, at New York, to follow his alluring lead, and to catch from him, if they might, the secret of his charm, — at this time he stood at the parting of the ways. As Izaak Walton said of his friend, Sir Henry Wotton, "His company seemed to be one of the delights of mankind." He was flattered and caressed, and for a time he floated on the swift current of pleasure. It would have been so easy to yield to the temptations of the world! But his pure, youthful heart cherished other ideals. He heard the voice of duty saying, "Come, follow me," and he obeyed. The path along which she led was difficult. The times were dark. He recognized the claim which, in a democracy like ours, the country has on every one of her sons for the best service which he can render. He had a most public soul, and he gave himself, without reserve, to the cause of justice, of freedom, and of popular intelligence.

His first books, poetic records of Eastern travel, had shown that he possessed literary gifts of a high order, with a style fluent, facile, and elegant, capable of conveying clearly the impressions

of a sensitive and open spirit. And the books which followed them gave proof of his delicate sensibilities, and quick and discriminating perceptions. They showed him to be a lover of nature and of the arts, a shrewd observer of men, an acute critic of life, a delicate and tender humorist. The way of simple literary distinction lay open to him. He felt its charm. Conflict was averse to his nature. But the times called for strenuous action, and with full consciousness of the attractions of the ease and pleasure which he was relinquishing, he turned from the pursuit of literature as an end in itself, and devoted his literary gifts and accomplishments to political and patriotic service.

In August, 1856, just forty years ago, at the height of the struggle between the forces of freedom and those of slavery before the war, Mr. Curtis, then thirty-two years old, delivered, at Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., an oration on "The duty of the American scholar." It was at once a profession of faith and an appeal to the young scholars of the land to be true to those moral principles which, in a period of material prosperity, are apt to be subordinated to mere temporary interests. It was the first of that long series of speeches which secured to Mr. Curtis a place in the front rank of orators. He had spoken often before in public, but on this occasion he found and manifested his unequivocal vocation as a master of the art of persuasive and powerful eloquence. To all her other gifts to him Nature had added those of the orator. He was of a fine presence and easy grace of carriage, tall of stature, of strongly marked and expressive features, with the masculine nose and long upper lip that mark the born public speaker. His voice (it still echoes in our ears) was of wide compass, sweet and rich in tone, perfectly under control, and its harmony was enhanced by his free bearing and effective gesture. Not often has a finer instrument of speech been vouchsafed to a man.

"Do you ask me," said he, in his discourse at Middletown, — "do you ask me our duty as scholars? Gentlemen, as the American scholar is a man, and has a voice in his own government, so his interest in political affairs must precede all others. . . . He must recognize that the intelligent exercise of political rights, which is a privilege in a monarchy, is a duty in a republic. If it clash with his ease, his retirement, his taste, his study, let it clash, but let him do his duty. The course of

events is incessant, and when the good deed is slighted the bad deed is done. Young scholars, young Americans, young men, we are all called upon to do a great duty. Nobody is released from it. It is a work to be done by hard strokes everywhere. Brothers, the call has come to us."

From the date of this oration to the end of his life Mr. Curtis never put off the harness or relinquished the arms of public service. He took an active part in the local politics of the county in which he lived, he became a prominent figure in the politics of the State of New York, he exercised a powerful influence by voice and by pen in shaping the policy of the Republican party and of the national administration. When the war came, that war which to the generation born since its close seems so remote, but which to us, who lived through it, is in a sense always present, giving poignancy to the disappointment of many of the high-raised hopes of that heroic time, — when the war came, Curtis threw himself into the contest with passionate zeal, — passionate, but not blind or irrational. In the bitter sacrifices of the war he shared. In 1862 one of his younger brothers fell dead at Fredericksburg, at the head of his regiment, thus gloriously ending a stainless life of twenty-six years. His brother-in-law, the fair young Colonel Robert Shaw, dying at the head of his black regiment in the assault on Fort Sumter, and "buried with his niggers," became the immortal type to all generations of Americans of the hero of human brotherhood. Of the work which had to be done at home, no less essential than that in the field, no man did more, or more effectively, than Curtis. As political editor of "Harper's Weekly," he exercised an influence not second to that of any other public writer of the time in shaping and confirming popular opinion and sentiment. Nor did his service in this respect end with the war.

Sound in judgment, of clear foresight, of convictions based upon immutable principles, absolutely free from motives of jealousy or ignoble ambition, with no personal ends to serve, neither seeking nor desiring public office or other station than that which he held, he acquired not only general public confidence and esteem, but secured also the respect of those who most widely differed from him. No man of such influence, especially with the reasonable class of his fellow-citizens, could, indeed, escape the enmity of selfish politicians whose interests he opposed and against whose schemes he contended. More

than once he became the object of bitter denunciation. He was charged with weakness, with folly, with treachery to his party. The charges never disturbed his serenity, nor drew from him a reply of passion or of personal retort. He was indeed not open to any attack that could break in on the quiet of his soul or ruffle the evenness of his temper. I do not believe that in any controversy in which he was engaged he ever used an ungenerous word or cast a personal imputation upon his opponent. He did not spare the base, the treacherous, and the malignant, but he never dealt an unfair blow, nor in the heat of conflict forgot "the law in calmness made." Wordsworth, in the "Character of the Happy Warrior," has drawn the portrait of our friend, as one —

> "Whose high endeavors are an inward light
> That makes the path before him always bright.
> . . . . . .
> Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
> Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
> And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
> For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state;
> Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
> Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
> Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
> Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
> A constant influence, a peculiar grace."

As he, in fine, who —

> "Plays, in the many games of life, that one
> Where what he most doth value must be won."

It was not, however, to service only as a political writer and speaker that Mr. Curtis devoted himself during his long years of incessant toil. Month after month, from the Easy Chair of "Harper's Magazine," he was scattering broadcast seeds of civilization which took root far and wide. In this long series of brief essays treating of a thousand topics, always fresh, always timely, the grace and skill of his literary art were abundantly displayed. He found here a free field for the expression of his humor, his sentiment, his fancy, his good sense, his critical judgment, his strong moral convictions, his wide sympathies. Manners and customs, arts, letters, passing events, life and death, all the concerns of men, furnished subjects for the wise

and pleasant discourse in which his own delightful nature was delightfully mirrored. But ephemeral in topic and slight in fabric as were most of these little papers, they were more than merely literary essays, — they were bodies of doctrine; and it would be hard to estimate too highly the influence they exerted in refining the taste, quickening the moral sensibilities, and raising the standard of feeling in a mulitude of readers who stood in need of that culture which their brief lessons were eminently fitted to impart. It was an inestimable benefit to many a youth of scant opportunities for association with the best, to have this monthly intercourse with such a teacher.

Conscious of his power and of his influence, aware that from his editor's seat he was helping to shape the policy of parties, to mould the character and to determine the destiny of the nation, it is not strange, however surprising to men of a lower order, that Mr. Curtis never sought for public office, and was never tempted by repeated offers of high station in the public service. Most men would have found it too hard to resist the charm of distinction, and of opportunity for the display of talent upon the conspicuous field which these offers opened to him. The allurement was, indeed, great, but it was not overmastering. He compared one duty with another, and he chose that for which experience had proved his competence. He was helped in his choice by his preference for simple modes of life, and for quiet domestic joys and social pleasures. He loved his home and his friends too well to quit them for strange courts and brilliant company. And so from year to year he maintained tranquilly his industrious, laborious, unselfish, useful career, with steady increase of his powers, with steady growth in the respect and regard in which he was held by the public, and with the ever-deepening love of his friends.

Of all the many public questions of importance which claimed attention in the years following the war, none was of greater concern than the reform of the civil service. The "spoils system" had become rooted in the practice of the government, both local and national, and in the popular theory of its administration. This system, by which public office was held to be not a place of trust to be awarded only to such as were competent by character and intelligence to discharge its duties, but a place of emolument given as reward or incentive for partisan or personal services, — this debasing and corrupting system had in the course of years become the source of

evils which threatened the very foundation of our institutions. One of the least of these evils was the lowering of the quality of the public service and the degradation of the character of the public servant. To hold public office was no longer a badge of honor, but a token of loss of personal independence and a badge of servitude to a patron. The system poisoned the moral springs of political effort and action; it perverted the nature and the results of elections; it fostered corruption in every department of the government, and tended to vitiate the popular conception of the duty of a citizen in a republic, and of the very ends for which the government exists. To contend against this system, intrenched as it was behind the lines of long custom, defended by the host of selfish, unprincipled, and ignorant politicians, and openly supported by both the great parties alike, seemed an almost hopeless task. But Mr. Curtis did not shrink from the contest. He had faith in the good sense of the mass of the people, if once they could be roused from their temper of optimistic indifference. The fight had already begun when he entered it, but he had scarcely entered it before he became its leader.

In 1871 he was appointed by General Grant upon the commission to form rules for admission to the public service and regulations to promote its efficiency. He was made chairman of the commission, and their report — the basis of all that has been done in the establishment of the reform — was mainly his work. But the opposition to the project of reform was strenuous, was persistent. The aims of the reformers were often baffled, often defeated. But they were not disheartened. In 1880 the New York Civil Service Reform Association was founded; in 1881, the national League for the same end, — and of both was Mr. Curtis chosen president. In both he held this office till his death. The duties were arduous, and were performed by him with consummate fidelity and ability. He was a magnificent standard-bearer. Slowly, but steadily, the cause advanced. He did not live to see its triumph, but he never doubted that it would win the victory.

It was in the summer of 1864 that Mr. Curtis first came to Ashfield. He spent but a few days here as my guest; but he saw enough of the pleasant village, and the beautiful country in which it lies, to induce him to come back to it with his family the next summer, and thenceforth to make it his summer home. Resident here during a good portion of each year, for

almost the full term of a generation, his life became closely associated with that of this community, and Ashfield has the right to claim him as her child by adoption and his own choice.

The last thirty years, which have witnessed perhaps greater changes in the world than any other similar period ever knew, have brought many changes to our little town. When Mr. Curtis first came here it was more secluded and remote and more tranquil than it is to-day. It possessed much of the character of an earlier time. It had, indeed, already lost a good part of its population and something of that independence of the rest of the world, which, if the ten-mile-square township had been detached from the earth in the earlier years of the century, and sent spinning in space in an orbit of its own, would have enabled it to maintain itself comfortably on its own resources; mental and material. The seventy varieties of industry which had then been practised by its people had already diminished by more than half. There was hardly a farmhouse in which the whirr of the spinning-wheel and the clash of the loom was still heard.

Its little trade with the outer world was still carried on mainly by the numerous peddlers, who resorted to Mr. Bement's store, as a centre from which to draw supplies to replenish the stock of their inexhaustible carts. The old-fashioned tavern, with its long tradition of good cheer, with its sanded floor and hospitable bar-room, afforded accommodation to a few tavellers; and from its stables, early every morning, the coach set out on its slow journey along the variously picturesque road to the railroad at South Deerfield, whence it returned late in the afternoon. The invasion of summer boarders had not begun. The Academy was in a condition of suspended animation, and its old building was sadly out of repair. There was no public library, and the subscription library which had once existed, existed no longer. The two Orthodox churches, separated only by the width of the street, but divided from each other by the gulf of a bitter quarrel of long standing, rang their rival bells in harsh discord every Sunday, and each congregation prayed for good-will on earth, and devoted their schismatic brethren to eternal damnation. The Hoosac Tunnel, which was to open a way toward the sunset, was hardly begun, and many a year was to pass before the thread of electric wire should tie Ashfield to the restless world beyond. For most of the people life was monotonous, for many of them it was, as it still is, a life

of few active pleasures, and of heavy toil; and many a man and woman fretting against the narrow limits of the farm, and restless with the dreams of a wider life, were tempted to bid their little native town farewell, and to try their fortunes in the world which they saw in vision from the mountain-top.

But Ashfield is a place where Nature is beautiful, and where man, even yet, has done but little to deface her beauty. Mr. Curtis, lover of nature and of country pleasures, was attracted by the loveliness of the region; and, tired of the bustle, the interruptions, the noise, the multifarious distractions of cities, was no less attracted by its tranquillity and repose. He did not come here to spend an idle and indolent vacation. There was no interruption in his work as editor of a journal, or as active and leading participant in political affairs. But though he sought no exemption from labor here, he found refreshment in the fields and woods and in the placid flow of the days; he had the welcome society of a few familiar friends, and he enjoyed the easy and simple relations which he speedily established with his neighbors. They, in their turn, so soon as their natural suspicion of a strange famous settler among them was overcome, learned to hold him in affectionate respect. They, you, all learned to know him as one of the friendliest and most simple-hearted of men, ready to take share in your interests, eager to promote every object for the benefit of the community, helpful in difficulty, a reconciler of differences among neighbors, a wise and sympathetic counsellor; kind always and generous, for —

> "July was in his sunny heart,
> October in his liberal hand."

Who that has lived in Ashfield during these years whose life has not been enriched by his presence and his words? Who that attended them will forget the autumn lectures which he gave annually to increase the means for the purchase of books for the library? Who that heard his speeches at the Academy dinners, but must remember them as the most eloquent discourse to which he ever listened. Never, not before the most brilliant audiences, not before the most crowded and excited assembly, did Mr. Curtis speak with more splendid and impressive use of his great power as an orator, than in this little, bare hall of ours, before the scant audience of

three hundred or four hundred plain people. I can recall especially two occasions when he rose to such heights of noble and impassioned speech as I never knew him to surpass, — once when, indignant with the base attacks made on Mr. Lowell, he spoke of the character of the true American, and in words that came glowing from his heart, set forth his friend as the living exemplar of that character; and once, when having himself been exposed to slander, to abuse, and worst of all to the misconstruction and misjudgment of friends on whom he had relied, he depicted with manly self-assertion the duty and the position of the independent in politics, in religion, or in whatever field of party strife. These were memorable occasions, and it is well that they and others like them, which have made this modest hall one of the sacred buildings of the Commonwealth, should be commemorated by a permanent record upon its walls.

Of all the pleasures and benefits which the retirement of Ashfield afforded him there was perhaps none which Mr. Curtis more highly valued than the opportunity which the comparative leisure that he found here gave to him for studious reading, — such reading as might keep the springs of his imagination fresh and full, and might increase and perfect his usefulness as a public counsellor. "Histories," says Bacon, "make men wise," and Curtis was a wide reader of them. Few men had a more exact acquaintance with the political history of the United States, and he was hardly less familiar with that of Old England than of New. But he did not confine himself to these, and the volumes of Gibbon and of Motley stood as near to his hand as those of Hume, Macaulay, or Bancroft. Important as the history of the United States may be, he knew that it was not to be correctly understood or rightly interpreted except as a small fragment of that of mankind, and especially of that of the great English race; he knew that such instruction in our own history as is too often given in our public schools was a source, not so much of useful knowledge, as of dangerous ignorance, illusion, and conceit, and that no people can be bred on its own history exclusively without falling into childish and barbaric misconceptions as to its true place in the ranks of civilized communities, and without losing the benefit of those lessons, drawn from the long, sad experience of mankind, upon the laying to heart of which its own progress and security depend.

But Mr. Curtis' days here were not wholly studious. The morning was for work; the afternoon for a walk with friendly companions, or for a long drive over roads, each one of which possesses its special charm of landscape, — it may be the wide open view of hill and dale to where Monadnock rises on the northern horizon, a pyramid of Nature, the monument of solitary past ages to which the pyramids of man seem but of yesterday, or it may be where the shady road runs between bright meadows whose walls are the venerable records in stone of the hard, laborious lives of the fathers of the town.

How many are the happy evenings that I recall of gay or serious talk, of poetry, of music, of all the various pleasures of friendliest social intercourse, and then the lighted lantern, and the late Good-Night!

It was a wholesome and simple, pleasant life. And controlling it all, diffused through it, was the sweet, high, generous spirit of him who was its central figure, loving and beloved of young and old.

> "That comely face, that manly brow,
> That cordial hand, that bearing free,
> I see them still, I see them now;
> Shall always see!
>
> "And what but gentleness untired,
> And what but noble feeling warm,
> Whatever shown, howe'er inspired
> Is grace, is charm?"

The path between his door and mine is no longer worn as of old, the summer has lost its chief delight, but Ashfield is forever dearer for its memories of him; and not in my own heart only, but in all our hearts, fellow-townsmen, the remembrance shall abide to quicken what is best within us, to make us kinder and pleasanter to each other, more public-spirited, better citizens and better men.

Even while he was alive and walking with us his figure had an ideal stamp. There was no need of the haze of time and remoteness to give nobility to its outlines, or to bring it into the eye and prospect of our souls apparelled in more precious habit than it wore in daily life. The actual man, our neighbor, editor of "Harper's Weekly," member of political conventions, occupied, as we all are, with commonplace cares and

duties, modest, simple as the simplest, one of ourselves, — he, even in the prose of life, was a poetic figure, bearing himself above the dust and worry of the earth, and living as a denizen of a world, such as that place which Plutarch says the poets feign for the abode of the gods, — a secure and quiet seat free from all hazards and commotions, untroubled with storms, unclouded, and illumined with a soft serenity and a pure light such as befits a blessed and immortal nature.

Four years have passed since Mr. Curtis' death. The sense of personal bereavement and of public loss does not grow less as time goes on. New questions have arisen and new perils threaten us. The times have grown darker. No lover of his country can look forward without anxiety. At this moment of popular delusion, of confusion of parties, of excited passions; at this moment, when only a choice of evils seems to lie before us, — we long to hear (alas! that we should long in vain) that clear voice of prudent and sagacious counsel to which we were wont to listen for instruction and guidance, enforcing upon the intelligence and the conscience of the people the truth that national safety and prosperity rest securely only upon the foundation of moral rectitude.

The perils that confront us are not transient, nor to be overcome by a spasmodic effort and the result of an election. The infuriate clamor for war, the eager cry for free silver and fiat money, the demand for subsidy under the name of protection, may be suppressed; but they are only the symptoms of disease, and to suppress them is no more a remedy for the disease, than to check a fit of coughing by an opiate is the remedy for consumption. The disease is the ignorance and the consequent lack of public morality of a large part of the people of our republic. To contend with this ignorance, to enlighten it, and in enlightening it to vanquish it, is our task. A long, a difficult, an uncertain fight lies before us. It is the fight of civilization against barbarism in America. It is the new form of the old good fight, fought ever in different ages under different names.

I was wrong just now in saying that we could not hear the voice of Curtis. He speaks: "Whatever in human nature is hopeful, generous, aspiring, — the love of God and trust in man, — is arrayed on one side." On that side he stood. On that side let us stand.

NOVALIS.

Novalis (the pseudonym of Friedrich Leopold von Hardenberg), a German lyric poet and philosopher; born at Wiederstedt, Mansfield, May 2, 1772; died at Wissenfels, March 25, 1801. His father was director of the salt-works in Saxony, and the son was trained for a similar career. He studied at the universities of Jena, Leipsic, and Wittenberg, and the mining-school at Freiberg. He manifested decided capacities for natural sciences and mathematics, united to a profoundly mystical turn of mind. His writings, with the exception of a few short pieces, notably, "Hymns to the Night," were a kind of rhythmical prose, and altogether fragmentary. They were published, edited by his friends Tieck and Friedrich von Schlegel, in 1802.

From "Heinrich von Ofterdingen."

The evening was cheerful and warm. The moon stood in mild glory above the hills, and caused wondrous dreams to arise in all creatures. Herself a dream of the sun, she lay above the introverted dream-world, and led Nature, divided with innumerable boundaries, back into that fabulous prime, when each germ still slumbered within itself, and, solitary and untouched, longed in vain to unfold the dark fulness of its measureless being. The wonder-story of the evening mirrored itself in Heinrich's mind. It seemed to him as if the world reposed uncovered within him, and exhibited to him, as to a guest, all its treasures and its hidden charms. The grand and simple appearance around him seemed to him so intelligible. He thought Nature incomprehensible to man, only because she piles up around him the nearest, the most intimate, with such lavishness of manifold expression. The words of the old man had opened a hidden tapestry-door within him. He saw that his little chamber was built contiguous to a lofty minster, out of whose floor of stone arose the grave fore-world, while from the dome, the clear, glad future, in the form of angel-children, hovered singing above it. Mighty voices trembled through the

silvery song, and through the wide portals all creatures entered in, each expressing its inner nature in a simple petition, and a dialect peculiar to itself. How did he wonder that this luminous view, which was now already become indispensable to his existence, had so long been foreign to him! Now he overlooked at once all his relations with the wide world around him, and comprehended all the strange conceptions and suggestions which he had often experienced in the contemplation of it. The story told by the merchants of the youth who studied nature so diligently, and who became the son-in-law of a king, came into his mind, and a thousand other reminiscences of his life associated themselves, of their own accord, by a magic thread.

While Heinrich gave himself up to his meditations, the company had approached the cave. The entrance was low; the old man took a torch, and clambering over some stones, entered first. A quite perceptible current of air streamed toward him, and the old man assured them that they might follow with safety. The most timid went last, and held their weapons in readiness. Heinrich and the merchants walked behind the miner, and the boy strode briskly by his side. The way, at first, was through a somewhat narrow passage, but soon terminated in a very extensive and lofty cave, which the glare of the torches was unable wholly to illume. One saw, however, in the background, several openings, which lost themselves in the wall of rock. The floor was soft and tolerably even; likewise the walls and the ceiling were not rough or irregular. But what especially engaged the attention of all, was the countless multitude of bones and teeth which strewed the floor. Some of them were perfectly preserved, in others there were marks of corruption, and those which here and there protruded from the walls seemed to have become petrified. Most of them were of unusual size and strength. The old miner rejoiced in these relics of a primeval age; only the peasants had misgivings about them, for they regarded them as manifest traces of beasts of prey at hand, although the old man pointed out to them most convincingly the evidences of an inconceivable antiquity, and asked them if they had ever noticed any signs of ravages among their herds, or of the plunder of human neighbors, and whether they could regard these bones as those of known animals or men? The old man wished now to penetrate farther into the mountain, but the peasants deemed it advisable for them to retreat, and to await his entrance before the cave. Heinrich, the merchants,

and the boy remained with the miner, and provided themselves with ropes and torches. They soon reached a second cave, and the old man did not forget to mark the passage through which they had entered, by a figure composed of bones, which he placed before it. This cave resembled the first, and was equally rich in animal remains.

Heinrich experienced a strange awe; it struck him as if he were wandering through the fore-courts of the inner earth-palace. Heaven and earth were suddenly far removed from him; and these dark, wide halls appeared to belong to a wondrous subterranean kingdom. He thought within himself, were it not possible that a separate world stirs this monstrous life beneath our feet? that unheard-of births have their being and their doings in the fastnesses of the earth, which the interior fire of the dark womb works up into gigantic forms of spirit-power? Might not, some time, these awful strangers, driven forth by the in-pressing cold, appear among us, while perhaps, at the same time, heavenly guests — living, speaking Powers of the star-world — became visible above our heads? Are these bones the remains of emigrations toward the surface, or signs of a flight into the deeps?

Suddenly, the old man called to the rest, and showed them a human footstep quite fresh on the floor of the cave. No others appeared; so he thought they might follow this trace without fear of meeting with robbers. . . .

After some searching, they found in an angle of the side-wall, on the right, a sloping passage, into which the footsteps appeared to lead. Soon they thought they could perceive a brightness, which grew stronger the nearer they approached. A new vault, of greater extent than the former, opened itself before them, in the background of which they saw, sitting by a lamp, the figure of a man, who had a large book lying before him on a stone tablet, in which he seemed to be reading. He turned himself toward them, rose, and came to meet them. He looked neither old nor young; no traces of time were perceptible in him, except his straight gray hairs, which were parted on the forehead. He had soles bound to his feet, and seemed to have no other clothing except a wide mantle which was folded about him, and made more prominent his large and noble form. It seemed as if he were receiving expected guests in his dwelling.

"It is kind in you to visit me," he said; "you are the first

friends I have seen here, as long as I have lived in this place. It would seem that people are beginning to consider more attentively our large and wondrous house." The old man replied: "We did not expect to find here so friendly a host. We were told of wild beasts and goblins, and find ourselves very agreeably deceived. If we have disturbed you in your devotions and profound contemplations, pardon thus much to our curiosity." "Can any contemplation be more delightful," said the unknown, "than that of glad and congenial human faces? Do not think me a misanthrope, because you find me in this solitude. I have not fled the world, I have only sought a place of rest, where I might pursue my meditations undisturbed." "Do you never repent your resolution? and are there not hours when you feel afraid, and when your heart longs for a human voice?"

"Not now. There was a time, in my youth, when ardent enthusiasm induced me to become a recluse. Dim presentiments occupied my youthful imagination. I hoped to find full nourishment for my heart in solitude. Inexhaustible seemed to me the fountain of my inner life. But I soon perceived that one must bring with him abundance of experiences, that a young heart cannot be alone, nay, that it is only by manifold converse with his kind, that man can acquire a certain self-subsistence. . . .

"The dangers and vicissitudes of war, the high poetic spirit which accompanies a war-host, tore me from my youthful solitude, and determined the fortunes of my life. It may be, that the long tumult, the numberless events which I witnessed, have expanded yet farther my taste for solitude. Innumerable reminiscences are entertaining company, — the more entertaining, the more varied the glance with which we overlook them, and which now first discovers their true connection, the deep meaning of their sequence, and the import of their phenomena. The true understanding of human history does not unfold itself till late, and rather under the still influences of recollection, than under the more powerful impressions of the present time. The nearest events seem but loosely connected, but they sympathize all the more wonderfully with remote ones; and only then, when one is in a condition to overlook a long series, and neither to take everything literally, nor, with wanton vagaries, to confound the true order, does one perceive the secret concatenation of the former and the future, and learn to compound history out of hope and memory. Only he, however, to whom the entire

fore-time is present, can succeed in discovering the simple rule of history. We attain only to imperfect, cumbrous formulas, and may be glad if we can but find for ourselves an available prescript, which shall give us satisfactory solutions for our own short life. But I may venture to affirm that every careful contemplation of the fates of life affords a deep and inexhaustible enjoyment, and, of all thoughts, exalts us above earthly ills. Youth reads history only from curiosity, like an entertaining wonder-tale; to riper age it becomes a heavenly, consoling, and edifying friend, who by her wise discourses gently prepares us for a higher, more comprehensive career, and by means of intelligible images, makes us acquainted with the unknown world. The Church is the dwelling-house of History, and the still church yard her emblematic flower-garden. Only aged, god-fearing men should write of history, whose own history is nearly at an end, and who have nothing more to hope for, but to be transplanted into the garden. Not gloomy and troubled will their account be; — rather, a ray from the cupola will exhibit everything in the most correct and beautiful light, and a holy Spirit will hover over those strangely moved waters." . . . "When I consider all these aright, it seems to me as if the historian should be a poet also, for only poets understand the art of presenting events in their true connection. In their narratives and fables, I have observed with silent pleasure a delicate feeling for the mysterious spirit of life. There is more truth in their wonder-stories than in learned chronicles. Although the personages and their fortunes are fictitious, the sense in which they are invented is true and natural. It is to a certain extent indifferent, as it regards our entertainment and our instruction, whether the persons in whose destinies we trace our own actually lived or not. What we want is an intuition of the great, simple soul of the phenomena of time. If this wish is satisfied, we do not trouble ourselves about the accidental existence of the external figures." . . .

"Since I have inhabited this cave," continued the recluse, "I have learned to meditate more of the olden time. It is indescribable how this study attracts. I can imagine the love which a miner must have for his handicraft. When I look at these strange old bones which are gathered together here in such a mighty multitude; when I think of the wild time in which the foreign, monstrous animals, impelled, perhaps, by fear and alarm, crowded in dense masses into these caves, and

here found their death; when, again, I ascend to the times in which these caverns grew together, and vast floods covered the land, I appear to myself like a dream of the future, like a child of the everlasting peace. How quiet and peaceful, how mild and clear is Nature at the present day, compared with those violent, gigantic times! The most fearful tempest, the most appalling earthquake in our days, is but a faint echo of those terrific birth-throes. It may be, that the vegetable and animal world, and even the human beings of that time, if any there were on single islands in this ocean, had a different structure, more firm and rude. At least, one ought not to charge the traditions, which tell of a race of giants, with fabrication."

"It is pleasant," said the old man, "to observe the gradual pacification of nature. There appears to have formed itself, gradually, a more and more intimate agreement, a more peaceful communion, a mutual assistance and animation; and we can look forward to ever better times. Possibly here and there the old leaven may still ferment, and some violent convulsions may ensue, but we can discern, notwithstanding these, an almighty striving after a freer, a more harmonious constitution; and, in this spirit, each convulsion will pass by and lead us nearer to the great goal. It may be, that Nature is no longer so fruitful as formerly, that no metals or precious stones are formed in these days, that no more rocks and mountains arise, that plants and animals no longer swell up to such astonishing size and strength. But the plastic, ennobling, social powers of Nature have increased all the more. Her disposition has become more receptive and delicate, her fantasy more manifold and emblematic, her touch lighter and more artistic. She approaches human kind; and if once she was a wild-teeming rock, she is now a still, germinating plant, a mere human artist." . . .

Heinrich and the merchants had listened attentively to this conversation, and the former, especially, experienced new developments in his prophetic soul. Many words, many thoughts, fell like quickening fruit-seed into his bosom, and transported him quickly from the narrow sphere of his youth to the height of the world. The hours just past lay like long years behind him, and it seemed to him as if he had never thought or felt otherwise than now.

The recluse showed them his books; they were old histories

and poems. Heinrich turned over the leaves of the large and beautifully illuminated manuscripts. The short lines of the verses, the titles, single passages, and the neat pictures which appeared here and there, like embodied words, for the purpose of seconding the imagination of the reader, excited mightily his curiosity. The recluse remarked his inward joy, and explained to him the singular representations. The most manifold life-scenes were depicted there. Battles, funeral solemnities, wedding-festivals, shipwrecks, caves and palaces, kings, heroes, priests, old men and young, men in foreign costume, and strange animals, appeared in various alternations and connections. Heinrich could not see his fill, and would have desired nothing better than to stay with the recluse, who attracted him irresistibly, and to be instructed by him concerning these books. Meanwhile the old man asked if there were any more caves, and the recluse answered that there were several very spacious ones in the vicinity, and that he would accompany him thither. The old man was ready, and the recluse, who had noticed the pleasure which Heinrich had in his books, induced him to remain behind, and to entertain himself with these during their absence. Heinrich was glad to remain with the books, and thanked him heartily for the permission. He turned over the leaves with infinite joy. At length there fell into his hands a book written in a foreign language, which appeared to him to bear some resemblance to the Latin and to the Italian. He longed very much to know the language, for the book particularly pleased him, although he understood not a word of it. It had no title, but he found, in seeking, several pictures. They seemed to him strangely familiar, and as he gazed more attentively, he discovered his own form quite distinguishable among the figures. He started and thought he had been dreaming, but after repeated inspection, he could not doubt the perfect similitude. He could scarcely believe his senses when, presently, he discovered in one of the pictures the cave, with the recluse and the old man by his side. By degrees, he found in other pictures the Eastern maid, his parents, the count and countess of Thuringia, his friend the court-chaplain, and many others of his acquaintance. But their garments were different, and they appeared to belong to another age. A great number of figures he knew not how to name, yet they seemed familiar to him. He saw his similitude in various situations. Toward the end of the book, he appeared

larger and nobler. A guitar was lying on his arm, and the countess was handing him a garland. He saw himself at the Imperial court, on ship-board, in close embrace with a slender, lovely maiden, in battle with wild-looking men, in friendly converse with Saracens and Moors. A man of earnest aspect appeared frequently in his company. He conceived a profound reverence for this lofty figure, and was rejoiced to see himself arm in arm with him. The last pictures were dark and unintelligible; but some of the forms of his dream surprised him with intense delight. The conclusion appeared to be wanting. Heinrich was much troubled, and wished nothing more ardently than to be able to read the book and to possess it entire. He viewed the pictures again and again, and was confused when he heard the company returning. An unaccountable shame came over him. He did not dare to make known his discovery, and merely asked the recluse, as unconcernedly as possible, respecting the title and the language. He learned that it was written in the Provençal tongue. "It is a great while since I have read it," said the recluse: "I do not remember exactly the subject. All I know is, that it is a romance of the wonderful fortunes of a poet, in which poetry is represented and lauded in manifold relations. The conclusion is wanting to this copy, which I brought with me from Jerusalem, where I found it among the effects of a deceased friend, and kept it as a memorial of him."

Song of Zulima, the Arabian Captive.

Still must childhood's happy dream
Haunt me 'neath these hostile skies?
Ever shall hope's fitful gleam
Wave before my weary eyes?
Ever shall they rove in vain
O'er the wide and restless main?

Couldst thou see the myrtle bowers,
See the cedar's dusky hair,
Where my sisters, crowned with flowers,
Linger in the dewy air!
Couldst thou see them lead the dance
'Neath the pale moon's silver glance!

Youthful lovers bowed the knee,
Noble warriors from afar;
Tender songs arose to me
Ever with the evening-star.

For love and honor death to dare
Was the manly watchword there, —

There, where smiling heavens lend
  To the seas a golden glow,
Where the warm, balsamic waves
  Round the shelving woodlands flow;
Where 'mid thousand fruits and flowers
Wild birds haunt the leafy bowers.

Fades the dream of youth and love;
  Far away my native halls;
Lowly lies the myrtle grove;
  Mouldering stand the castle walls.
Sudden as the lightning's brand,
Pirates scathed the smiling land.

Lurid flames flashed wild and high;
  Clashing sabres, stamping steeds,
Mingle with the midnight cry:
  None the suppliant victim heeds.
Father, brothers, could not save;
Pirates bore us o'er the wave.

Still my heart is fondly yearning,
  As I pace the barren strand;
Still mine eyes through tears are turning
  To that far-off mother-land,
Ever wandering in vain
O'er the wide and restless main.

ZULIMA

From a Painting by N. Sichel

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

O'Brien, Fitz-James, an Irish American poet and sketch-writer; born at Limerick in 1828; died at Cumberland, Maryland, April 6, 1862. He was educated at the University of Dublin. In 1852 he came to New York, where he entered upon a brilliant career as a contributor to magazines, writing with facility both in prose and verse. Toward the close of 1861 he joined a New York regiment, and was appointed upon the staff of General Lander. At a skirmish on February 26, 1862, he received a wound in the shoulder, of which he died on April 6th. A volume made up from some of his "Poems and Stories," edited by William Winter, was published in 1881.

Animula.

(From "The Diamond Lens.")

With an uneasy look in his eyes, and hands unsteady with drink and nervousness, Simon drew a small case from his breast and opened it. Heavens! how the mild lamplight was shivered into a thousand prismatic arrows, as it fell upon a vast rose diamond that glittered in the case! I was no judge of diamonds, but I saw at a glance that this was a gem of rare size and purity. I looked at Simon with wonder, and — must I confess it? — with envy. How could he have obtained this treasure? In reply to my questions, I could just gather from his drunken statements (of which, I fancy, half the incoherence was affected) that he had been superintending a gang of slaves engaged in diamond-washing in Brazil; that he had seen one of them secrete a diamond, but instead of informing his employers, had quietly watched the negro until he saw him bury his treasure; that he had dug it up and fled with it, but that as yet he was afraid to attempt to dispose of it publicly, — so valuable a gem being almost certain to attract too much attention to its owner's antecedents, — and he had not been able to discover any of those obscure channels by which such matters

are conveyed away safely. He added that, in accordance with Oriental practice, he had named his diamond with the fanciful title of "The Eye of Morning."

While Simon was relating this to me, I regarded the great diamond attentively. Never had I beheld anything so beautiful. All the glories of light ever imagined or described seemed to pulsate in its crystalline chambers. Its weight, as I learned from Simon, was exactly one hundred and forty carats. Here was an amazing coincidence. The hand of destiny seemed in it. On the very evening when the spirit of Leeuwenhoek communicates to me the great secret of the microscope, the priceless means which he directs me to employ start up within my easy reach! I determined, with the most perfect deliberation, to possess myself of Simon's diamond.

I sat opposite to him while he nodded over his glass, and calmly revolved the whole affair. I did not for an instant contemplate so foolish an act as a common theft, which would of course be discovered, or at least necessitate flight and concealment, all of which must interfere with my scientific plans. There was but one step to be taken, — to kill Simon. After all, what was the life of a little peddling Jew in comparison with the interests of science? Human beings are taken every day from the condemned prisons to be experimented on by surgeons. This man Simon was by his own confession a criminal, a robber, and I believed on my soul a murderer. He deserved death quite as much as any felon condemned by the laws: why should I not, like government, contrive that his punishment should contribute to the progress of human knowledge?

The means for accomplishing everything I desired lay within my reach. There stood upon the mantelpiece a bottle half full of French laudanum. Simon was so occupied with his diamond, which I had just restored to him, that it was an affair of no difficulty to drug his glass. In a quarter of an hour he was in a profound sleep.

I now opened his waistcoat, took the diamond from the inner pocket in which he had placed it, and removed him to the bed, on which I laid him so that his feet hung down over the edge. I had possessed myself of the Malay creese, which I held in my right hand, while with the other I discovered as accurately as I could by pulsation the exact locality of the heart. It was essential that all the aspects of his death should lead to the surmise of self-murder. I calculated the exact angle at which it was

probable that the weapon, if levelled by Simon's own hand, would enter his breast; then with one powerful blow I thrust it up to the hilt in the very spot which I desired to penetrate. A convulsive thrill ran through Simon's limbs. I heard a smothered sound issue from his throat, precisely like the bursting of a large air bubble sent by a diver when it reaches the surface of the water; he turned half round on his side, and as if to assist my plans more effectually, his right hand, moved by some mere spasmodic impulse, clasped the handle of the creese, which it remained holding with extraordinary muscular tenacity. Beyond this there was no apparent struggle. The laudanum, I presume, paralyzed the usual nervous action. He must have died instantly.

There was yet something to be done. To make it certain that all suspicion of the act should be diverted from any inhabitant of the house to Simon himself, it was necessary that the door should be found in the morning *locked on the inside*. How to do this, and afterwards escape myself? Not by the window; that was a physical impossibility. Besides, I was determined that the windows *also* should be found bolted. The solution was simple enough. I descended softly to my own room for a peculiar instrument, which I had used for holding small slippery substances, such as minute spheres of glass, etc. This instrument was nothing more than a long slender hand-vise, with a very powerful grip, and a considerable leverage, which last was accidentally owing to the shape of the handle. Nothing was simpler than, when the key was in the lock, to seize the end of its stem in this vise, through the keyhole, from the outside, and so lock the door. Previously, however, to doing this, I burned a number of papers on Simon's hearth. Suicides almost always burn papers before they destroy themselves. I also emptied some more laudanum into Simon's glass, — having first removed from it all traces of wine, — cleaned the other wine-glass, and brought the bottles away with me. If traces of two persons drinking had been found in the room, the question naturally would have arisen, Who was the second? Besides, the wine-bottles might have been identified as belonging to me. The laudanum I poured out to account for its presence in his stomach, in case of a post-mortem examination. The theory naturally would be, that he first intended to poison himself; but after swallowing a little of the drug, was either disgusted with its taste, or changed his mind from other motives, and chose the dagger.

These arrangements made, I walked out, leaving the gas burning, locked the door with my vise, and went to bed.

Simon's death was not discovered until nearly three in the afternoon. The servant, astonished at seeing the gas burning, — the light streaming on the dark landing from under the door, — peeped through the keyhole and saw Simon on the bed. She gave the alarm. The door was burst open, and the neighborhood was in a fever of excitement.

Every one in the house was arrested, myself included. There was an inquest; but no clew to his death beyond that of suicide could be obtained. Curiously enough, he had made several speeches to his friends the preceding week that seemed to point to self-destruction. One gentleman swore that Simon had said in his presence that "he was tired of life." His landlord affirmed that Simon, when paying him his last month's rent, remarked that "he should not pay him rent much longer." All the other evidence corresponded, — the door locked inside, the position of the corpse, the burnt papers. As I anticipated, no one knew of the possession of the diamond by Simon, so that no motive was suggested for his murder. The jury, after a prolonged examination, brought in the usual verdict, and the neighborhood once more settled down into its accustomed quiet.

The three months succeeding Simon's catastrophe I devoted night and day to my diamond lens. I had constructed a vast galvanic battery, composed of nearly two thousand pairs of plates, — a higher power I dared not use, lest the diamond should be calcined. By means of this enormous engine I was enabled to send a powerful current of electricity continually through my great diamond, which it seemed to me gained in lustre every day. At the expiration of a month I commenced the grinding and polishing of the lens, a work of intense toil and exquisite delicacy. The great density of the stone, and the care required to be taken with the curvatures of the surface of the lens, rendered the labor the severest and most harassing that I had yet undergone.

At last the eventful moment came; the lens was completed. I stood trembling on the threshold of new worlds. I had the realization of Alexander's famous wish before me. The lens lay on the table, ready to be placed upon its platform. My hand fairly shook as I enveloped a drop of water with a thin coating of oil of turpentine, preparatory to its examination, — a process

necessary in order to prevent the rapid evaporation of the water. I now placed the drop on a thin slip of glass under the lens; and throwing upon it, by the combined aid of a prism and a mirror, a powerful stream of light, I approached my eye to the minute hole drilled through the axis of the lens. For an instant I saw nothing save what seemed to be an illuminated chaos, a vast luminous abyss. A pure white light, cloudless and serene, and seemingly limitless as space itself, was my first impression. Gently, and with the greatest care, I depressed the lens a few hair's-breadths. The wondrous illumination still continued; but as the lens approached the object a scene of indescribable beauty was unfolded to my view.

I seemed to gaze upon a vast space, the limits of which extended far beyond my vision. An atmosphere of magical luminousness permeated the entire field of view. I was amazed to see no trace of animalculous life. Not a living thing, apparently, inhabited that dazzling expanse. I comprehended instantly that by the wondrous power of my lens I had penetrated beyond the grosser particles of aqueous matter, beyond the realms of infusoria and protozoa, down to the original gaseous globule, into whose luminous interior I was gazing, as into an almost boundless dome filled with a supernatural radiance.

It was, however, no brilliant void into which I looked. On every side I beheld beautiful inorganic forms, of unknown texture, and colored with the most enchanting hues. These forms presented the appearance of what might be called, for want of a more specific definition, foliated clouds of the highest rarity; that is, they undulated and broke into vegetable formations, and were tinged with splendors compared with which the gilding of our autumn woodlands is as dross compared with gold. Far away into the illimitable distance stretched long avenues of these gaseous forests, dimly transparent, and painted with prismatic hues of unimaginable brilliancy. The pendent branches waved along the fluid glades until every vista seemed to break through half-lucent ranks of many-colored drooping silken pennons. What seemed to be either fruits or flowers, pied with a thousand hues, lustrous and ever varying, bubbled from the crowns of this fairy foliage. No hills, no lakes, no rivers, no forms animate or inanimate, were to be seen, save those vast auroral copses that floated serenely in the luminous stillness, with leaves and fruits and flowers gleaming with unknown fires, unrealizable by mere imagination.

How strange, I thought, that this sphere should be thus condemned to solitude! I had hoped at least to discover some new form of animal life, — perhaps of a lower class than any with which we are at present acquainted, but still some living organism. I found my newly discovered world, if I may so speak, a beautiful chromatic desert.

While I was speculating on the singular arrangements of the internal economy of nature, with which she so frequently splinters into atoms our most compact theories, I thought I beheld a form moving slowly through the glades of one of the prismatic forests. I looked more attentively, and found that I was not mistaken. Words cannot depict the anxiety with which I awaited the nearer approach of this mysterious object. Was it merely some inanimate substance, held in suspense in the attenuated atmosphere of the globule? or was it an animal endowed with vitality and motion? It approached, flitting behind the gauzy, colored veils of cloud-foliage, for seconds dimly revealed, then vanishing. At last the violet pennons that trailed nearest to me vibrated; they were gently pushed aside, and the form floated out into the broad light.

It was a female human shape. When I say human, I mean it possessed the outlines of humanity, — but there the analogy ends. Its adorable beauty lifted it illimitable heights beyond the loveliest daughter of Adam.

I cannot, I dare not, attempt to inventory the charms of this divine revelation of perfect beauty. Those eyes of mystic violet, dewy and serene, evade my words. Her long, lustrous hair following her glorious head in a golden wake, like the track sown in heaven by a falling star, seems to quench my most burning phrases with its splendors. If all the bees of Hybla nestled upon my lips, they would still sing but hoarsely the wondrous harmonies of outline that inclosed her form.

She swept out from between the rainbow curtains of the cloud-trees into the broad sea of light that lay beyond. Her motions were those of some graceful naiad, cleaving, by a mere effort of her will, the clear unruffled waters that fill the chambers of the sea. She floated forth with the serene grace of a frail bubble ascending through the still atmosphere of a June day. The perfect roundness of her limbs formed suave and enchanting curves. It was like listening to the most spiritual symphony of Beethoven the divine, to watch the harmonious flow of lines. This indeed was a pleasure cheaply purchased at any

price. What cared I, if I had waded to the portal of this wonder through another's blood? I would have given my own to enjoy one such moment of intoxication and delight.

Breathless with gazing on this lovely wonder, and forgetful for an instant of everything save her presence, I withdrew my eye from the microscope eagerly. Alas! as my gaze fell on the thin slide that lay beneath my instrument, the bright light from mirror and from prism sparkled on a colorless drop of water! There, in that tiny bed of dew, this beautiful being was forever imprisoned. The planet Neptune was not more distant from me than she. I hastened once more to apply my eye to the microscope.

Animula (let me now call her by that dear name which I subsequently bestowed on her) had changed her position. She had again approached the wondrous forest, and was gazing earnestly upwards. Presently one of the trees — as I must call them — unfolded a long ciliary process, with which it seized one of the gleaming fruits that glittered on its summit, and sweeping slowly down, held it within reach of Animula. The sylph took it in her delicate hand and began to eat. My attention was so entirely absorbed by her, that I could not apply myself to the task of determining whether this singular plant was or was not instinct with volition.

I watched her as she made her repast, with the most profound attention. The suppleness of her motions sent a thrill of delight through my frame; my heart beat madly as she turned her beautiful eyes in the direction of the spot in which I stood. What would I not have given to have had the power to precipitate myself into that luminous ocean, and float with her through those groves of purple and gold! While I was thus breathlessly following her every movement, she suddenly started, seemed to listen for a moment, and then cleaving the brilliant ether in which she was floating, like a flash of light, pierced through the opaline forest, and disappeared.

Instantly a series of the most singular sensations attacked me. It seemed as if I had suddenly gone blind. The luminous sphere was still before me, but my daylight had vanished. What caused this sudden disappearance? Had she a lover or a husband? Yes, that was the solution! Some signal from a happy fellow-being had vibrated through the avenues of the forest, and she had obeyed the summons.

The agony of my sensations, as I arrived at this conclusion,

startled me. I tried to reject the conviction that my reason forced upon me. I battled against the fatal conclusion, — but in vain. It was so. I had no escape from it. I loved an animalcule!

It is true that, thanks to the marvellous power of my microscope, she appeared of human proportions. Instead of presenting the revolting aspect of the coarser creatures that live and struggle and die in the more easily resolvable portions of the water-drop, she was fair and delicate and of surpassing beauty. But of what account was all that? Every time that my eye was withdrawn from the instrument, it fell on a miserable drop of water, within which, I must be content to know, dwelt all that could make my life lovely.

Could she but see me once! Could I for one moment pierce the mystical walls that so inexorably rose to separate us, and whisper all that filled my soul, I might consent to be satisfied for the rest of my life with the knowledge of her remote sympathy. It would be something to have established even the faintest personal link to bind us together, — to know that at times, when roaming through those enchanted glades, she might think of the wonderful stranger who had broken the monotony of her life with his presence, and left a gentle memory in her heart!

But it could not be. No invention of which human intellect was capable could break down the barriers that nature had erected. I might feast my soul upon her wondrous beauty, yet she must always remain ignorant of the adoring eyes that day and night gazed upon her, and even when closed, beheld her in dreams. With a bitter cry of anguish I fled from the room, and flinging myself on my bed, sobbed myself to sleep like a child.

The Lost Steamship.

"Ho, there! Fisherman, hold your hand!
Tell me, what is that far away,—
There, where over the isle of sand
Hangs the mist-cloud sullen and gray?
See! it rocks with a ghastly life,
Rising and rolling through clouds of spray,
Right in the midst of the breakers' strife:
Tell me what is it, fisherman, pray?"

"That good sir, was a steamer stout
As ever paddled around Cape Race;
And many's the wild and stormy bout
She had with the winds in that selfsame place:
But her time was come; and at ten o'clock
Last night she struck on that lonesome shore;
And her sides were gnawed by the hidden rock,
And at dawn this morning she was no more."

"Come, as you seem to know, good man,
The terrible fate of this gallant ship,
Tell me about her all that you can;
And here's my flask to moisten your lip.
Tell me how many she had aboard, —
Wives, and husbands, and lovers true, —
How did it fare with her human hoard?
Lost she many, or lost she few?"

"Master, I may not drink of your flask,
Already too moist I feel my lip;
But I'm ready to do what else you ask,
And spin you my yarn about the ship;
'T was ten o'clock, as I said, last night,
When she struck the breakers and went ashore;
And scarce had broken the morning's light
Than she sank in twelve feet of water or more.

"But long ere this they knew her doom,
And the captain called all hands to prayer;
And solemnly over the ocean's boom
Their orisons wailed on the troublous air.
And round about the vessel there rose
Tall plumes of spray as white as snow,
Like angels in their ascension clothes,
Waiting for those who prayed below.

"So these three hundred people clung
As well as they could to spar and rope;
With a word of prayer upon every tongue,
Nor on any face a glimmer of hope.
But there was no blubbering weak and wild, —
Of tearful faces I saw but one:
A rough old salt, who cried like a child,
And not for himself, but the captain's son.

"The captain stood on the quarter-deck,
Firm, but pale, with trumpet in hand;
Sometimes he looked at the breaking wreck,
Sometimes he sadly looked to land.
And often he smiled to cheer the crew —
But, Lord! the smile was terrible grim —
Till over the quarter a huge sea flew;
And that was the last they saw of him.

"I saw one young fellow with his bride,
Standing amidships upon the wreck;
His face was white as the boiling tide,
And she was clinging about his neck.
And I saw them try to say good-by,
But neither could hear the other speak;
So they floated away through the sea to die —
Shoulder to shoulder, and cheek to cheek.

"And there was a child, but eight at best,
Who went his way in a sea she shipped;
All the while holding upon his breast
A little pet parrot whose wings were clipped.
And as the boy and the bird went by,
Swinging away on a tall wave's crest,
They were gripped by a man with a drowning cry,
And together the three went down to rest.

"And so the crew went one by one,
Some with gladness, and few with fear;
Cold and hardship such work had done,
That few seemed frightened when death was near.
Thus every soul on board went down, —
Sailor and passenger, little and great;
The last that sank was a man of my town,
A capital swimmer, — the second mate."

"Now, lonely fisherman, who are you
That say you saw this terrible wreck?
How do I know what you say is true,
When every mortal was swept from the deck?
Where were you in that hour of death?
How did you learn what you relate?"
His answer came in an under-breath, —
"Master, I was the second mate!"

Of Loss.

Stretched, silver-spun, the spider's nets;
The quivering sky was white with fire;
The blackbird's scarlet epaulets
Reddened the hemlock's topmost spire.

The mountain in his purple cloak,
His feet with misty vapors wet,
Lay dreamily, and seemed to smoke
All day his giant calumet.

From farm-house bells the noonday rung,
The teams that ploughed the furrows stopped;
The ox refreshed his lolling tongue,
And brows were wiped, and spades were dropped;

And down the field the mowers stepped,
With burning brows and figures lithe,
As in their brawny hands they swept
From side to side the hissing scythe;

Till sudden ceased the noonday task,
The scythe 'mid blades of grass lay still,
As girls with can and cider-flask,
Came romping gayly down the hill.

And over all these swept a stream
Of subtle music — felt, not heard —
As one conjures in a dream
The distant singing of a bird.

I drank the glory of the scene,
Its autumn splendor fired my veins;
The woods were like an Indian Queen
Who gazed upon her old domains.

And, ah! methought I heard a sigh
Come softly through her leafy lips;
A mourning over days gone by,
That were before the white man's ships.

And so I came to think on Loss —
I never much could think on Gain —
A poet oft will woo a cross
On whom a crown is pressed in vain.

I came to think — I know not how —
  Perchance through sense of Indian wrong —
Of losses of my own, that now
  Broke for the first time into song.

A fluttering strain of feeble words
  That scarcely dared to leave my breast;
But, like a brood of fledgling birds,
  Kept hovering round their natal nest.

"O loss!" I sang, "O early loss!
  O blight that nipped the buds of spring!
O spell that turned the gold to dross!
  O steel that clipped the untried wing.

"I mourn all days, as sorrows he
  Whom once they called a merchant-prince,
Over the ships he sent to sea,
  And never, never heard of since.

"To ye, O woods, the annual May
  Restores the leaves ye lost before;
The tide that now forsakes the bay
  This night will wash the widowed shore.

"But I shall never see again
  The shape that smiled upon my youth;
A misty sorrow veils my brain,
  And dimly looms the light of Truth.

"She faded, fading woods, like you!
  And fleeting shone with sweeter grace,
And as she died the colors grew
  To softer splendors in her face.

"Until one day the hectic flush
  Was veiled with death's eternal snow;
She swept from earth amid a hush,
  And I was left alone below!"

While thus I moaned, I heard a peal
  Of laughter through the meadows flow,
I saw the farm-boys at their meal,
  I saw the cider circling go.

And still the mountain calmly slept,
  His feet with valley-vapors wet;
And slowly circling, upward crept
  The smoke from out his calumet.

Mine was the sole discordant breath
  That marred this dream of peace below;
"O God," I cried, "give, give me death,
  Or give me grace to bear thy blow!"

Elisha Kent Kane.

Aloft upon an old basaltic crag,
Which, scalped by keen winds that defend the Pole,
Gazes with dead face on the seas that roll
Around the secret of the mystic zone,
A mighty nation's star-bespangled flag
Flutters alone.

And underneath, upon the lifeless front
Of that drear cliff, a simple name is traced:
Fit type of him who, famishing and gaunt,
But with a rocky purpose in his soul,
Breasted the gathering snows,
Clung to the drifting floes,
By want beleaguered, and by winter chased,
Seeking the brother lost amid that frozen waste.

Not many months ago we greeted him,
Crowned with the icy honors of the North.
Across the land his hard-won fame went forth:
And Maine's deep woods were shaken limb by limb;
And his own mild Keystone State, sedate and prim,
Burst from its decorous quiet as he came;
Hot Southern lips, with eloquence aflame,
Sounded his triumph; Texas, wild and grim,
Proffered its horny hand; the large-lunged West,
From out its giant breast,
Yelled its frank welcome. And from main to main,
Jubilant to the sky,
Thundered the mighty cry,
"Honor to Kane!"

In vain — in vain beneath his feet we flung
The reddening roses! All in vain we poured
The golden wine, and round the shining board
Sent the toast circling till the rafters rung

With the thrice-tripled honors of the feast!
Scarce the buds wilted and the voices ceased,
Ere the pure light that sparkled in his eyes,
Bright as auroral fires in Southern skies,
Faded and faded. And the brave young heart
That the relentless Arctic winds had robbed
Of all its vital heat, in that long quest
For the lost Captain, now within his breast
More and more faintly throbbed.
His was the victory; but, as his grasp
Closed on the laurel crown with eager clasp,
Death launched a whistling dart;
And ere the thunders of applause were done
His bright eyes closed forever on the sun!
Too late, too late the splendid prize he won
In the Olympic race of Science and of Art!

Like to some shattered being that, pale and lone,
Drifts from the white North to a Tropic zone,
And, in the burning day
Wastes, peak by peak, away,
Till on some rosy even
It dies with sunlight blessing it; so he
Tranquilly floated to a southern sea,
And melted into Heaven!

He needs no tears, who lived a noble life.
We will not weep for him who died so well,
But we will gather round the hearth, and tell
The story of his life: —
Such homage suits him well,
Better than funeral pomp or passing bell.
What tale of peril and self-sacrifice!
Prisoned amidst the fastnesses of ice,
With hunger howling o'er the wastes of snow;
Night lengthening into months; the ravenous floe
Crunching the massive ships, as the white bear
Crunches his prey; the insufficient share
Of loathsome food;
The lethargy of famine, the despair
Urging to labor, nervously pursued;
Toil done with skinny arms, and faces hued
Like pallid masks, while dolefully behind
Glimmered the fading embers of a mind!
That awful hour, when through the postrate band
Delirium stalked, laying his burning hand

E. K. KANE, M.D.

Upon the ghastly foreheads of the crew;
The whispers of rebellion — faint and few
At first, but deepening ever till they grew
Into black thoughts of murder: — such the throng
Of horrors round the Hero. High the song
Should be that hymns the noble part he played!
Sinking himself, yet ministering aid
To all around him. By a mighty will
Living defiant of the wants that kill,
Because his death would seal his comrades' fate!
Cheering with ceaseless and inventive skill
Those Polar winters, dark and desolate,
Equal to every trial — every fate —
He stands, until spring, tardy with relief,
Unlocks the icy gate,
And the pale prisoners thread the world once more,
To the steep cliffs of Greenland's pastoral shore,
Bearing their dying chief.

Time was when he should gain his spurs of gold
From royal hands, who wooed the knightly state:
The knell of old formalities is tolled,
And the world's knights are now self-consecrate.
No grander episode does chivalry hold
In all its annals, back to Charlemagne,
Than that long vigil of unceasing pain,
Faithfully kept, through hunger and through cold,
By the good Christian Knight, Elisha Kane!

ADAM GOTTLOB OEHLENSCHLÄGER.

Oehlenschläger, Adam Gottlob, a Danish dramatist and poet; born at Frederiksburg, near Copenhagen, November 14, 1779; died there, January 20, 1850. In 1803 he published a volume of poems. This was followed by his drama of "Aladdin." He thoroughly mastered the German language, into which he translated those of his works which were originally written in Danish. He went to Italy, where he became intimate with the Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen. Returning to Denmark in 1810, he was made Professor of Æsthetics in the University of Copenhagen. His "Works," which include dramas, poems, novels, and translations, fill forty-one volumes in German and twenty-one in Danish. He is best known by his dramas, many of which have been translated into English by Theodore Martin and others. Among the best of his works are "Aladdin;" "Hakon Jarl" (1807); "Palnatoke;" "Axel and Valborg" (1810); "Correggio" (1811); "Canute the Great;" "The Varangians in Constantinople;" "Land Found and Lost," based upon the early voyages of the Northmen in America; "Dina" (1842); and "The Gods of the North." A complete edition of his "Poetiske Skrifter" (Poetical Writings) was published at Copenhagen in thirty-two volumes (1857–65).

The Dedication of Aladdin.

To Goethe.

Born in far northern clime,
Came to mine ears sweet tidings in my prime
From fairy-land;
Where flowers eternal blow,
Where power and beauty go,
Knit in a magic band.

Oft, when a child, I'd pore
In rapture on the ancient saga lore;
When on the wold
The snow was falling white,
I, shuddering with delight,
Felt not the cold.

When with his pinion chill
The winter smote the castle on the hill,
It fanned my hair;
I sat in my small room,
And through the lamp-lit gloom
Saw Spring smile fair.

And though my love in youth
Was all for Northern energy and truth,
And Northern feats,
Yet for my fancy's feast
The flower-apparelled East
Unveiled its sweets.

To manhood as I grew,
From North to South, from South to North, I flew;
I was possessed
By yearnings to give voice in song
To all that had been struggling long
Within my breast.

I heard bards manifold,
But at their minstrelsy my heart grew cold;
Dim, colorless, became
My childhood's visions grand;
Their tameness only fanned
My wilder flame.

Who did the young bard save?
Who to his eye a keener vision gave,
That he the child
Amor beheld, astride
The lion, far off ride,
Careering wild?

Thou, great and good! Thy spell-like lays
Did the enchanted curtain raise
From fairy-land,
Where flowers eternal blow,
Where power and beauty go,
Knit in a loving band.

Well pleased thou heardest long
Within thy halls the stranger-minstrel's song;

Taught to aspire
By thee, my spirit leapt
To bolder heights, and swept
The German lyre.

Oft have I sung before;
And many a hero of our Northern shore,
With grave stern mien,
By sad Melpomene
Called from his grave, we see
Stalk o'er the scene.

And greeting they will send
To friend Aladdin cheerly as a friend:
The oak's thick gloom
Prevails not wholly where
Warbles the nightingale, and fair
Flowers waft perfume.

On thee, to whom I owe
New life, what shall my gratitude bestow?
Naught has the bard
Save his own song! And this
Thou dost not, trivial as the tribute is,
With scorn regard.

Song.

(From "Aladdin.")

The moon shines bright aloft
O'er wood and dingle,
The birds in cadence soft
Their warblings mingle;
The breezes from the hill
Come sighing, sighing,
And to their voice the rill
Sends sweet replying.

But one flower in the wold
Droops wan and sickly;
Death at its heart is cold —
'T will perish quickly.
But yonder, chaplets twine
Forever vernal,
And in God's presence shine
Through springs eternal.

O moonlight pale! thy rays
Soon, softly creeping,
Shall paint my paler face
In death-trance sleeping.
Smile then on Death, that he
May gently take me,
And where no sorrows be,
Ere morn awake me!

Droops on its stem the flower:
Come, sweetly stealing,
Angel of death, and shower
Soft dews of healing!
Oh, come! Beneath thy blight
My soul shall quail not!
Yonder is endless light,
And joys that fail not!

Song.

(From "Correggio.")

The fairy dwells in the rocky hall,
The pilgrim sits by the waterfall;
The waters tumble as white as snow,
From the rocks above to the pool below:
"Sir Pilgrim, plunge in the dashing spray,
And you shall be my own love alway!

"From the bonds of the body thy soul I 'll free;
Thou shalt merrily dance in the woods with me,
Sir Pilgrim, into the waters dash,
And ivory white thy bones I 'll wash.
Deep, deep shalt thou rest in my oozy home,
And the waterfall o'er thee shall burst in foam."

The pilgrim he thrills, and to rise were fain,
But his limbs are so weary, he strives in vain.
The fairy she comes with her golden hair,
And she hands him a goblet of water fair;
He drinks the cool draught, and he feels amain
The frenzy of fever in heart and brain.

It chills his marrow, it chills his blood,
He has drunken of death's deceitful flood;
Pale, pale he sinks on the roses red, —
There lies the pilgrim, and he is dead.

The whirlpool sweeps him far down, and there
His bones 'mongst the sedges lie blanched and bare.

And now from the body the soul is free,
Now at midnight it comes to the greenwood tree:
In spring, when the mountain stream runs high,
His ghost with the fairy goes dancing by;
Then shines through the forest the wan moon's beam,
And through the clear waters his white bones gleam.

Noureddin Reads from an Old Folio.

(From "Aladdin.")

Life's gladsome child is led by Fortune's hand;
And what the sage doth moil to make his prize,
When in the sky the pale stars coldly stand,
From his own breast leaps forth in wondrous wise.
Met by boon Fortune midway, he prevails,
Scarce weeting how, in whatsoe'er he tries.
'T is ever thus that Fortune freely hails
Her favorite, and on him her blessings showers,
Even as to heaven the scented flower exhales.
Unwooed she comes at unexpected hours;
And little it avails to rack thy brain,
And ask where lurk her long-reluctant powers;
Fain wouldst thou grasp — Hope's portal shuts amain,
And all thy fabric vanishes in air;
Unless foredoomed by Fate thy toils are vain,
Thy aspirations doomed to meet despair.

Oehlenschläger's only Hymn.

Teach me, O forest, that I may
Like autumn leaves fade glad away,
A fairer spring forecasting;
There green my tree shall glorious stand,
Deep-rooted in the lovely land
Of summer everlasting.

O little bird of passage, thou
Teach me in faith to hie me now
To shores that are uncharted;
When all is winter here, and ice,
Then shall eternal Paradise
Open to me, departed.

Teach me, thou butterfly so light,
To break from out my prison plight
That is my freedom robbing;
On earth I creep with lowly things,
But soon the golden-purple wings
Shall high in air be throbbing.

O Thou who smilest from yon sky,
Master and Saviour, Christ the high,
Teach me to conquer sorrow.
Let Hope's bright flag enhearten me;
Although Good Friday bitter be,
Fair is the Easter morrow.

On Leaving Italy.

Once more among the old, gigantic hills with vapors clouded o'er;
The vales of Lombardy grow dim behind, the rocks ascend before. . . .

My heart beats high, my breath comes freer forth — why should my heart be sore?
I hear the eagle's and the vulture's cry, the nightingale's no more.

Where is the laurel? Where the myrtle's bloom? Bleak is the path around.
Where from the thicket comes the ringdove's cooing? Hoarse is the torrent's sound.

Yet should I grieve, when from my loaded bosom a weight appears to flow?
Methinks the muses come to call me home from yonder rocks of snow.

I know not how — but in yon land of roses my heart was heavy still;
I startled at the warbling nightingale, the zephyrs on the hill.

They said the stars shone with a softer gleam — it seemed not so to me.
In vain a scene of beauty beamed around: my thoughts were o'er the sea.

THEODORE O'HARA.

O'HARA, THEODORE, an American poet; born at Danville, Kentucky, February 11, 1820; died near Guerrytown, Alabama, June 6, 1867. He was educated at St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, where he was for a time Professor of Greek. He then practised law, and in 1845 he became an employee in the Treasury Department. In 1846 he was appointed assistant quartermaster of volunteers. In 1847 he was brevetted for gallantry at Cherubusco and Contreras. After the Mexican War he practised law in Washington; and later, he led a regiment at Cardenas, in aid of Lopez, for the liberation of Cuba. He returned severely wounded, and afterward joined the Walker expedition. Upon his return he became connected with the Mobile "Register," the Frankfort "Yeoman," and the Louisville "Times." He served in the Confederate army as a commander of the fort at Mobile Bay; and afterward, until the end of the war, as chief-of-staff of General Breckenridge. He then went into business at Columbus; and afterward retired to his plantation on the Chattahoochee, where he died of fever. O'Hara wrote but little, and is remembered for his poem "The Bivouac of the Dead," written to commemorate his comrades of the Mexican War who are buried at Frankfort. Lines from this poem are on many monuments in our national cemeteries, and over their gates.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

(From an ode, read at the dedication of a monument to the soldiers of Kentucky who fell in the Mexican War.)

THE muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind —
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumèd heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud —
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms by battle gashed
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are passed —
Nor War's wild note, nor Glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain
Came down the serried foe;
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was Victory or Death. . . . .

Full many a mother's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone now wake each solemn height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the dark and bloody ground,
  Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongue resound
  Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
  Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war the richest spoil —
  The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
  Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
  On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
  Smiles softly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
  The hero's sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
  Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
  The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
  While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
  Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
  In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year has flown,
  The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
  Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
  That gilds your glorious tomb.

GEORGES OHNET.

Ohnet, Georges, a French editor, dramatist, and novelist; born in Paris, April 3, 1848. He was successively editor of "Le Pays" and of "Le Constitutionnel." Among his earlier works are a drama, "Regina Sarpi" (1875), and a comedy, "Marthe" (1877). Several of his novels have been dramatized. One of these, "Le Maître de Forges" (1882), was played a whole year. This and other romances — "Serge Panine;" "La Comtesse Sarah;" "Lise Fleuron;" "La Grande Marinière"; "Les Dames de Croix-Mort" — were put forth as a series under the title "Les Batailles de la Vie." "Noir et Rose" (1877) is a collection of stories. "Volonté" (1888) is directed against pessimism. "La Conversion du Professeur Rameau;" "Le Dernier Amour" (1890), and "Dette de Haine" (1891) are among his most recent works.

Love's Conquest.

(From "Le Maître de Forges.")

The night was cruelly long to Claire. When she found herself in her own room the gravity of the situation rushed upon her and she grew terrified. Certainly it had been but a simple exercise of her right to revolt and drive away the woman who defied, threatened, outraged her in her own house. But her husband had been forced to sustain her, and it had involved him in a quarrel with the duke. She knew that De Bligny was not an adversary to be despised. If an encounter should result, would not Philippe's life be in terrible danger? She had seen Octave and the baron conferring with Le Brède and Moulinet toward the end of the evening, and on questioning them had received evasive answers. A superstitious dread seized her that this union between the iron-master and herself was ill fated, a presentiment that if her husband fought he would be killed, and terrible images haunted her throughout the night.

She saw Philippe lying lifeless and blood-stained on the turf, and the duke, with his reeking pistol in his hand, laughing his

evil laugh. Why the pistol? She vainly assured herself that the weapon chosen would be the sword, she still saw the two men with pistols in their hands, she heard the double report, she saw a light smoke ascend, and heard Philippe fall heavily on the sod.

She walked to the window, hoping to shake off the waking nightmare which pursued her. The air was soft, the clear night sparkling with stars. The expiring Venetian lanterns animated for an instant by the breeze blazed out in the darkness. The red spots seemed to her excited fancy spots of blood, and with a shiver she closed the window and drew the curtains to shut out the sinister light.

She began pacing her chamber, but her mind reverted incessantly to the thought of Philippe's death. "I bring misfortune to all who approach me," she said aloud, and the sound of her own voice in the silence terrified her. She sunk into a long chair and tried to read, but the pendulum of the clock sounded in her ears a funeral knell.

Then it came into her mind to go and find out what Philippe was doing, and crossing the little salon on tiptoe, she gained the door of his chamber. All was dark and silent. Concluding that he was asleep, and a little reassured by the thought, she returned to her room.

Philippe was not in his chamber, nor was he asleep. He had shut himself up in his cabinet on the ground-floor beneath the room occupied by Claire. He well recognized the gravity of the coming encounter between the duke and himself. The preliminaries had been all arranged between the seconds, and in spite of the tearful entreaties of Moulinet, a meeting was to take place at eight the next morning in the woods between Pont-Avesnes and Varenne, at the same rond-point which a few days before had resounded with gayety and mirth. The weapon chosen by the duke was the pistol, the distance thirty paces, and Philippe offered no objection. Though he had had little practice with the pistol, he was an excellent shot with the gun, and certain of his aim, he reflected with joy that if he risked his own life, his adversary's was in his power. Between these two men of equal courage and coolness it was impossible to predict the victor, but there seemed little doubt that one of the two was condemned to death.

Seated there alone and knowing that he had perhaps but a few hours to live, Philippe made an honest scrutiny of his

conduct. The idea that held possession of his mind was the thought that he had perhaps been too severe with Claire. He felt a profound pity for this poor troubled heart which had so deeply suffered, and which he now knew to be filled with himself. The trial to which he had subjected her was complete; there remained no room to doubt that living, Claire would be entirely his, or dead, devoted to his memory. The end he had been seeking he had gained, and he felt calm.

He could not, in his heart, feel regret that he had hammered this character of bronze and fashioned it to his will. In the result obtained there was a guarantee for Claire's happiness if chance favored him, and he returned alive. If left to herself she would with certainty have been unhappy. Too intelligent not to be conscious that she had wrecked her existence, and too proud to admit that the fault had been hers, she would have lived the prey to a bitter vindictiveness, and soured by vain regrets. The lesson he had given her had been salutary. He had recovered, reconquered this heart, and the time had come when they might be happy.

The sound of footsteps over his head made him start. He listened. It was a regular measured tread, and in each vibration of the ceiling he could divine his young wife's agitation. He saw her with tearless eyes, contracted features, and trembling hands, with the look on her face that he knew so well in the frenzy of her sorrow or anger. For the first time he felt that his love made him weak. His temples throbbed. He felt a well-nigh irrepressible longing to fly to the wife whom he adored, and who was not his. Would it not be madness to risk death without having once held her in his arms, without having pressed his lips in the perfumed tresses of her golden hair? A night of love might be his, perhaps to know no morrow. He laid his hand on the knob of the door and there he paused.

Could it be indeed he who was on the point of yielding to such a weakness? After all the suffering endured, was he about to give way at the last? It was his whole future that was at stake. If he survived, Claire was his without distrust in the present, or fear for the future. If he died he would remain in her eyes great, strong, and proud. It should be all or nothing; a whole lifetime of happiness — or death, silent and cold.

Over his head, Claire continued her feverish walk. He heard her open the door, cross the salon, and with furtive step approach his chamber. He smiled and listened attentively. In

another minute she recrossed the salon and returned to her apartment. She too then had thought of a reconciliation, and had recoiled. He felt how, in going to her, he would have fallen from the height of his superiority to become a mere vulgar being at the mercy of his senses. . . .

The iron-master had slept for two hours when a light touch on his shoulder aroused him. He opened his eyes and saw the Marquis de Beaulieu standing over him. He sprung up quickly. It was broad daylight. The hands of the clock pointed to half past six.

"We have time!" he murmured.

Never had he felt freer and stronger in body and mind. To this man of will everything that evidenced to him his mortal strength was a secret delight. He walked to the window and opened it. The air was pure and fresh, laden with the delicious perfume of flowers damp with dew. His eyes wandered over the dense shrubbery of the park. A light, transparent, blue, mist floated over the trees, the river already sparkled in the sun, now high in the heavens. Nature seemed adorned for a fête.

"A beautiful day!" he exclaimed, gayly, as if about to set out on a hunt.

His glance met that of Octave, and he read a silent reproach in his eyes. The iron-master approached his brother-in-law, and pressed his hand affectionately.

"Do not be astonished to see me careless and almost gay this morning. I feel a presentiment that it will end well for me." And becoming grave he added, "However, we must provide against mischance, and my arrangements are all completed. You will find them recorded in this letter."

And he pointed to a letter on his table addressed to Bachelin.

"My old friend and you will be my executors. To you, Octave, I leave what is dearest to me."

A flash of joy illumined the face of the marquis. His voice choked, and throwing his arms around Philippe he sobbed on his shoulder.

"Come, a little more firmness, Octave. I hope it will be from my hand that you will receive your sister. But if it should be otherwise, my friend, love her well, for she deserves it. Hers is a tender heart that the least sorrow would break."

His voice grew infinitely soft as he spoke of the sister to whom he had been a real father. Passing his hand over his forehead he recovered his composure.

"I must dress; will you go upstairs with me, and then we will go together to find the baron. I wish to leave here without attracting attention."

Octave bent his head without replying, then after a moment's silence, with an effort: —

"Philippe," he said, "before seeing you, I saw my sister. Promise me that you will not go without seeing her."

Philippe looked at the marquis inquiringly.

"You cannot surely leave her without giving her at least an opportunity to justify herself to you if it is possible."

And as the iron-master made a sudden movement of surprise: —

"I have known for three days what has passed between you and Claire. I know what my sister's fault has been; I am grieved, believe me, for the disappointment you have suffered, as much as I admire you for having been able so well to conceal it. But be indulgent to her, I implore you. It would be unworthy of you to overwhelm her with despair. Reflect that she may never see you again. Do not leave her with the double remorse of having desolated your life and perhaps of having caused your death."

The iron-master turned away his face, which had grown very pale.

"I will do as you ask," he said, "but the interview will be terribly painful to us both. Do what you can to shorten it, and facilitate my departure by coming for me."

The marquis made a sign of acquiescence, and pressing Philippe's hand, they went out together.

The baroness, coming early in the morning to Claire's room, found her after the agitation of the night in a state of torpor. On speaking to her she failed to elicit a reply. Claire sat in a long chair, with contracted features and a settled stare, as if all the life that was in her was concentrated upon some frightful vision. Each stroke of the clock announcing the passing of the hours made her start. But for this movement, and for the wild light in her eyes, it might have been supposed that she slept.

The arrival of her brother aroused her. She had concentrated all her hopes upon the passionate wish to see Philippe before his departure. She had charged Octave with obtaining this favor for her, and then she waited, walking to the window and raising the curtain to discover whether Philippe were setting off, and, when she did not see him at the door, to listen for his coming.

Suddenly a sound of footsteps made her draw back as though she shrunk from finding herself face to face with him whom she so longed to see. She turned pale, a dark shade gathered about her eyes, and signing to the baroness to leave her, she stood trembling and voiceless. Philippe entered.

They stood looking at each other speechless, he examining the traces of anguish on the face of his young wife, she striving to collect her thoughts and discovering nothing in her agitated brain but emptiness.

Unable to endure the painful silence longer, she drew near Philippe, seized his hand, and covered it with tears and kisses.

The iron-master had anticipated an explanation, had prepared himself for prayers and entreaties. This silent abandonment of grief unmanned him. He made an effort to withdraw the hand upon which the woman he loved was raining hot tears, but he could not. He shivered and felt himself without strength to resist his weakness.

"Claire!" he said, in a low voice, "I beg you! You agitate me, and I need all my self-command. Be calm, I entreat. Be strong, and spare me if you value my life."

She raised her head. The expression of her face changed.

"Your life! Ah! I would give my own a thousand times rather. Wretch that I am to have endangered you by my rashness! I ought to have endured everything. By suffering I might have expiated my wrongs toward you, but in a moment of folly I forgot everything. This duel is madness, — it must not be, — I will prevent it."

"How?" asked Philippe, knitting his brow.

"By sacrificing my pride to save you. I will humble myself to the duchess, if necessary I will see the duke, — there is yet time."

"I forbid it!" said the iron-master, with energy. "You bear my name and your humiliation is mine. Lastly, think if you can how I hate the man who has caused all my misfortune. For a year I have dreamed of finding myself confronted with him. Oh! this, believe me, is a welcome day!"

Claire bowed her head. She had long accustomed herself to obey when Philippe commanded. Calmed by this outburst, he went on: —

"I appreciate your intentions, and thank you for them. There has been from the first a misunderstanding between us which has cost us both much suffering. I do not hold you en-

tirely to blame; I failed to comprehend you. I did not know how to make sacrifice enough for you, I loved you so. But I would not leave you with the thought that I have preserved any bitter feeling toward you. In your turn, pardon me for all the ill I have done you, and bid me farewell."

Claire's face grew radiant, and with a passion of gratitude: —

"Pardon you! I!" she exclaimed. "Do you not see that I adore you? Have you not long ago read it in my eyes, in my voice —"

She drew close to him, and twining her beautiful arms round his neck, and dropping her blonde head on his shoulder, intoxicating him with her perfume, with her glances, she spoke as if in a dream: —

"Ah! do not leave me. If you knew how I love you! Stay, stay with me — all mine, my own. We are so young, we have so much time left to be happy. What are this man and woman whom we hate to us? We will forget them; let us go away, far away from here. There will be happiness, life and love."

Philippe disengaged himself gently from her embrace.

"Here," he said, simply, "are duty and honor."

The young wife uttered a groan. The frightful reality had once more seized her imagination. She saw again the duke with his reeking pistol, laughing a malevolent laugh.

"No! no!" she cried.

At the same moment Octave appeared in the door, beckoned to Philippe, and withdrew. Claire saw that the moment of departure had come, that all was over, and throwing her arms round her husband, she embraced him convulsively.

"Farewell," murmured the iron-master.

"Oh! do not leave me thus!" she said, "not with that icy word. Tell me you love me, do not go till you have said it."

Philippe remained immovable. He had said that he pardoned, he would not confess that he loved. He disengaged himself and walked toward the door, turning as he was about to quit the room.

"Pray that I may return alive," he said, throwing out these words as a supreme hope.

This was all. The wife uttered a cry which brought the baroness to her in haste, as the carriage which bore away the iron-master rumbled over the avenue.

Paying no heed to the presence of the baroness, Claire sunk back in a chair, and buried her head in the cushions to shut

out all sight and sound, wishing she could suspend her existence during the awful hour that was approaching. She had remained thus for several minutes when a soft voice aroused her: —

"May I come in?"

Claire exchanged a glance of distress with the baroness. She must dissemble and assume a smiling face before Suzanne, who was still ignorant of what had passed. Her face appeared in the door, fresh and bright.

"Come in, dear," said Claire, with a mighty effort forcing a smile.

"What! you are not dressed!" exclaimed Suzanne, seeing her sister-in-law in her dressing-gown. "I have ridden through the park in the little carriage."

She was pattering up and down the chamber with the liveliness of a young kitten: "And I met Philippe, with the baron and Monsieur Octave, in a close carriage. Where could they have been going?"

Claire turned red and pale at once. Every word of Suzanne's was a torture. Drops broke out on her forehead.

"Oh! if my husband was with them," said the baroness, "they must have an experiment at hand — a visit to the quarries."

"Which way were they going?" asked Claire, in a trembling voice.

"Toward the ponds. To Varenne, perhaps?"

"Oh, no," said the baroness, "the duke is not a man to rise before ten."

Claire heard no more. They were going to the ponds. The glade, with its soft turf, its white fence, and the waters sleeping beneath the trees, rose before her. This desolate spot was propitious for a duel, the dreariness of its aspect seemed to destine it for some tragic scene. There it was that the duke and Philippe would fight. She was sure of it; she could see it all.

"You used the little carriage? Where did you leave it?" she asked.

"In the stable-yard. They are probably unhitching it now."

"I shall take it for a little drive," said Claire, quickly.

And slipping into a dress and throwing a lace scarf over her head, she went out in haste.

She set off rapidly, driving with a sure hand. The motion, far from calming, excited her. In a frenzy of impatience she

set the horse into a gallop, dashing violently over the forest road, which threatened to smash everything to pieces, biting her lips and envying the wings of the birds, listening with breath suspended by the beatings of her heart for the report of a pistol.

The forest was silent. Far off, the bells of carriages on the highway tinkled merrily. The soft moss carpet muffled the sound of her horse's footsteps. She sprung out and hastened across the woods, an instinct warning her that she was nearing the spot. She listened and heard voices.

At the distance of twenty paces from the pond stood M. Moulinet's Chinese kiosk, mirrored in the waters. From thence Claire might see without being seen. Lightly as a hunted hind she glided through the trees, and ascending the steps leading to the circular gallery, paused, anxious and terrified.

In the middle of the rond-point, the baron was marking off the distance with long strides. La Brède was loading the weapons, assisted by Moulinet, pale and discomposed. Philippe, at the further end of the glade, was walking slowly and talking with Octave and the doctor. The duke stood a few paces from the kiosk munching a cigar, with a rush cane in his hand with which he mechanically struck the tall stems of foxglove. Claire recalled with a horrible pressure at her heart this same rond-point, filled with horsemen and groups of elegantly dressed women, and the buffet served by the solemn valets of Varenne, a gay and brilliant scene. She was jealous then, but what was her jealousy to the torture which she was enduring now? Another instant and one of the two men who sought each other's lives for her sake would be stretched on the green turf.

A mist passed before her eyes, and she had to cling to the balustrade for support. But her weakness did not last long. She looked again, breathless, and with a horrible curiosity.

The adversaries had taken their places. M. Moulinet had just called out in supplicating accents: "Gentlemen, I beg you, gentlemen!" and was led away by La Brède and lectured in a corner. Octave handed Philippe his weapon and retired.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" asked La Brède, and was answered by a simultaneous "Yes."

La Brède resumed slowly, "One — two — three — fire!"

Claire saw the pistols levelled, and in this supreme moment

her reason forsook her. She sprung forward with a cry, descended at a single bound from the kiosk, and flinging herself in front of the weapon aimed at Philippe, stopped the barrel with her white hand.

There was an explosion. Claire turned pale as death, and waving frantically her torn and bloody hand, bespattered the duke's face with warm, red drops. Then with a sigh she fainted away.

There was a moment of indescribable confusion. The duke had drawn back in horror as he felt the warm, crimson shower. Philippe sprung forward, and raising Claire like an infant, transported her to the carriage which was waiting at the terminus of the road.

Claire's eyes were closed. Anxiously the iron-master, assisted by the physician, raised the poor mutilated hand that suffered for him and kissed it with adoration. The physician felt it with the delicate skill of a woman.

"There is nothing broken," he said at last with relief. "We shall come off better than could have been hoped. The hand will be scarred, but that may be concealed by a glove."

And recovering his professional sang-froid, he began arranging the cushions of the carriage to make the patient more comfortable.

Philippe's eyes never quitted Claire. Her prolonged insensibility made him uneasy. The baron, accompanied by La Brède, recalled him to a sense of the situation.

"I am charged, sir, by the Duke de Bligny," said the last, "to express his profound regret for the catastrophe of which he is the cause. He is deeply distressed at the accident to Madame Derblay, and finds his ideas greatly modified. It seems now impossible to proceed with the affair. The courage of my friend is beyond dispute, as is yours also, monsieur. We give our word of honor that the secret of what has passed shall be faithfully kept."

The iron-master glanced toward the duke. De Bligny, trembling and livid, was leaning against the fence mechanically wiping his face, his handkerchief each time marked with a crimson stain. As he thought that his ball might have wounded Claire mortally, might have entered her beautiful brow or her white bosom, his conduct presented itself to him in its true light, and he made a vow to remove forever from the path of the woman to whom he had brought so much suffering.

La Brède continued talking to Philippe with an emotion that was not usual with him. Philippe vaguely understood that he was expressing to him his personal regrets. He suffered his hand to be pressed, and seeing the duke move off, accompanied by Moulinet, hurried the physician into the carriage, and mounting the box, took the reins and set off rapidly.

In the great tapestried chamber where goddesses were filling the cups of warriors, as during Claire's long illness, Philippe was seated in silence at the foot of her bed.

Claire had not recovered consciousness and was tossing on her pillow in a high fever. She opened her eyes and looked vaguely around for Philippe. The iron-master rose quickly and bent over her. A smile broke over her lips, she wound a bare arm around her husband's neck, and drew him toward her. Her excited brain had as yet but an indistinct recollection of what had taken place. She seemed to be floating immaterial in celestial space. A delicious languor had crept over her. So low that Philippe hardly heard, she murmured: —

"I am dead, am I not, my beloved, and dead for you! How happy I am! You smile on me, you love me. I am in your arms. How sweet death is! What an adorable eternity!"

The sound of her own voice aroused her suddenly. A severe pain shot through her hand. All came back to her, her despair, her anguish, and her sacrifice.

"No! I am alive!" she exclaimed.

She shrunk back, and looking at Philippe as if life and death hung on his answer: —

"One word only!" she said. "Do you love me?"

Philippe turned upon her a face radiant with happiness.

"Yes," he answered. "There are two women in you. The one who has made me suffer so much is no more. You are she whom I have never ceased to adore."

Claire uttered a cry. Her eyes filled with tears, she clung desperately to Philippe, their lips met, and with a thrill of joy they exchanged their first kiss of love.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

Oliphant, Laurence, an English traveller and diplomatist; born in Cape Town, South Africa, in 1829; died at Twickenham, England, December 23, 1888. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, and was admitted to the bar. In 1852 he travelled in Southern Russia. He succeeded in entering the fortified port of Sebastopol, of which he gave the earliest account in his "Russian Shores of the Black Sea" (1855). In 1855 he became private secretary to Lord Elgin, Governor-General of Canada, travelled in British America and the United States, and published "Minnesota and the Far West" (1855). In 1857 he accompanied Lord Elgin to China and Japan, and wrote a valuable "Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan" (1860). In 1861 he retired from the diplomatic service. From 1865 to 1867 he was a member of Parliament. He was afterward made Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Canada. During the latter years of his life he resided in Palestine. Among his miscellaneous writings are "Transcaucasian Campaign of Omar Pasha" (1856); "Piccadilly, a Fragment of Contemporaneous Biography" (1870); "The Land of Gilead" (1882); "Tracts and Travesties, Social and Political" (1882); "Altiora Peto, a Novel" (1883); "Episodes in a Life of Adventure" (1887); "Haifa, or Life in Modern Palestine" (1887); and "Scientific Religion" (1888). His life and that of his first wife, Alice Oliphant, has been written by Mrs. Margaret Oliphant (1891).

The Attack on the British Legation in Japan in 1861.

(From "Episodes in a Life of Adventure.")

In October, 1860, Mr. de Norman, First Secretary of Legation in Japan, who was temporarily attached to Lord Elgin's second special embassy to China, was barbarously tortured and murdered at Pekin; and early in the following year I was sent out to succeed him. Sir Rutherford Alcock, who had been appointed minister to Japan under the treaty which we made with that country in 1858, when I was acting secretary to the special

MADONNA AND CHILD

From a Painting by Giovanni Bellini

mission, had applied for two years' leave; and thus the prospect was opened to me of acting as *chargé d'affaires* at Yedo for that period. It was one which my former brief experience in that interesting and comparatively unknown country rendered extremely tempting; and early in June I reached Shanghai, on my way to Yokohama. I was extremely sorry to find that I had just missed Sir Rutherford, who had left Shanghai only a fortnight before for Nagasaki, from which town he intended to travel overland to Yedo — a most interesting journey of at least a month, through an entirely unknown country; an experience which, in view of my future residence in it, would have been valuable in many ways. There was nothing left for it but to go, on the first opportunity, by sea; and towards the end of the month I reached Yokohama, from which port I lost no time in pushing on to Yedo. Here I found the legation established in a temple at the entrance to the city, in one of its principal suburbs, called Sinagawa. It was separated from the sea by a high-road, and on entering the large gateway, an avenue, about three hundred yards long, led to a second gateway, behind which stood the temple buildings. In the outside court were the servants' offices and stables, in which stood always, saddled and bridled, like those of the knights of Branksome Hall, the horses of our mounted Japanese body-guard, without whose escort no member of the legation could at that time take a ride abroad. Besides these, there was a foot-guard, partly composed of soldiers of the tycoon, or temporal emperor, as he was then called, and partly by retainers of the daimios, or feudatory chiefs of the country — the whole amounting to one hundred and fifty men. These guards were placed here by the government for our protection, although some of us at the time thought that the precaution was altogether exaggerated and unnecessary, and that their constant presence was intended rather as a measure of surveillance over our movements. To what extent this latter motive operated it is impossible to conjecture, but the sequel showed that the appehensions of the government for our safety were by no means unfounded. I had been accompanied from England by Mr. Reginald Russell, who had been appointed *attaché*, and it was with no little curiosity that we rode up the avenue to what was to be our future home.

Two or three members of the legation were waiting to receive us, and showed us over the quaint construction which had been appropriated by the Japanese government to the use of the

first foreign minister who had ever resided in their capital. Part of the building was still used for ecclesiastical purposes, and haunted by priests; but our quarters were roomy and comfortable, the interior economy being susceptible of modification in the number, size, and arrangement of the rooms by the simple expedient of moving the partition-walls, which consisted of paper-screens running in grooves. The ease with which these could be burst through, as it afterwards proved, afforded equal facilities of escape and attack. One felt rather as if one were living in a bandbox; and there was an air of flimsiness about the whole construction by no means calculated to inspire a sense of security in a capital of over two millions of people, a large proportion of whom, we were given to understand, were thirsting for our lives. Fortunately for our peace of mind, we did not realize this at the time, and were taken up rather by the quaintness and novelty of our new abode, and the picturesqueness of its surroundings. We congratulated ourselves upon the charming garden and grounds, comprising probably two or three acres, abundantly furnished with magnificent wide-spreading trees, and innumerable shrubs and plants which were new to us; while small ponds and tiny islands contributed a feature which is generally to be found in the landscape-gardening in which the Japanese are so proficient. Sir Rutherford Alcock was not expected to arrive for a week, and I occupied the time in establishing myself in my new quarters, and in exploring the neighborhood on horseback.

On these occasions we were always accompanied by an escort of twenty or thirty horsemen, or *yaconins*, as they are called, mounted on wiry ponies, shod with straw shoes, and with a marked tendency to being vicious and unmanageable. These exploratory rides were a great source of delight and interest to me, for although I had been in the country before, my visit had only lasted a fortnight; and my time had been exclusively devoted to official work, and the examination of the city of Yedo itself, so that I had seen nothing whatever of the surrounding country. Now we scampered across it, to the great consternation of our escort, who found great difficulty in keeping up with us — so much so that, upon more than one occasion, only two or three of the original number succeeded in reaching home with us. I had determined, moreover, upon making an entomological collection for the British Museum, and set the juvenile part of the population of the villages through which I

YOKOHAMA

(*Japan*)

passed to collecting insects, in the hope that on subsequent visits I might find something worth having. I was successful in almost my first ride in finding a common-looking but very rare beetle; and in this pursuit my English servant — who had spent his youth in the house of a naturalist and ornithologist, and was skilled in the use of the blow-pipe, and in the cleaning and stuffing of birds — took an eager interest.

After I had been at Yedo about a week, we received news of the approach of Sir Rutherford Alcock and his party, and rode out ten miles to meet them. We were delighted to see them arrive safe and sound after a land-journey of thirty-two days, as we had not been without anxiety on their behalf — for Japan at that period was a region in which sinister rumors were rife, and we never knew how much or how little to believe of them; but now the great experiment of traversing the country for the first time by Europeans had been safely and successfully accomplished, and perhaps contributed to lull us into a security the fallacy of which was destined so shortly to be proved to us.

On the night of the 5th of July a comet was visible, a circumstance to which some of us possibly owed our lives, for we sat up till an unusually late hour looking at it. As one of the party was gifted with a good voice and an extensive repertory of songs, and the evening was warm and still, we protracted our vigil in the open air until past midnight. At our midday halt on my ride from Yokohama to Yedo, I had acquired the affections of a stray dog, by feeding him with our luncheon-scraps; and this animal had permanently attached himself to me, and was lying across the threshold of the door of my room when I went to bed. I had scarcely blown out my candle and settled myself to a grateful repose, when this dog broke into a sudden and furious barking, and at the same moment I heard the sounds of a watchman's rattle. We had two of these functionaries, whose business it was to perambulate the garden alternately throughout the night, and to show that they were on the alert by springing, from time to time, a rattle made of bamboo which they carried. Roused by these noises, I listened attentively, and distinctly heard the sounds of what seemed a scuffle at the front door. My room was on the other side of the house, and opened on to the garden, from which quarter it was entirely unprotected. It was connected with the front of the house by a narrow passage, the walls of which, if I remember right, were of lath-and-plaster, or at all events of some firmer material than the usual paper screens.

Thinking that the disturbance was probably caused by some quarrel among the servants, I jumped out of bed, intending to arm myself with my revolver, which was lying in its case on the table. Unfortunately my servant had that day been cleaning it, and after replacing it and locking the case, had put the key where I could not lay my hand upon it. A box which contained a sword and a coat of mail, which had been laughingly presented to me before leaving England by an anxious friend, had not been opened; so, although well supplied with means both of offence and defence, I was forced in the hurry of the moment to content myself with a hunting-crop, the handle of which was so heavily weighted that I considered it a sufficiently formidable weapon with which to meet anybody belonging to our own household that I was likely to encounter. Meantime the dog continued to bark violently, and to exhibit umistakable signs of alarm. Stepping past him, I proceeded along the passage leading to the front of the house, which was only dimly lighted by an oil-lamp that was standing in the dining-room; the first room on my left was that occupied by Russell, whom I hurriedly roused, and then, hearing the noise increasing, rushed out towards it. I had scarcely taken two steps, when I dimly perceived the advancing figure of a Japanese, with uplifted arms and sword; and now commenced a struggle of which it is difficult to render an account. I remember feeling most unaccountably hampered in my efforts to bring the heavy butt-end of my hunting-whip to bear upon him, and to be aware that he was aiming blow after blow at me, and no less unaccountably missing me, and feeling ready to cry with vexation at being without my revolver, and being aware that it was a life-and-death struggle, which could only end one way, when suddenly I was blinded by the flash of a shot, and my left arm, which I was instinctively holding up to shield my head, dropped disabled. I naturally thought I had been shot, but it turned out that this shot saved my life.

Among those who had accompanied Sir Rutherford Alcock from Nagasaki was Mr. Morrison, then consul at that port. His servant seems to have encountered one of our assailants, masked and in chain-armor, in his first rush into the building, about which he fortunately did not know his way, and the servant, escaping from him, succeeded in safely reaching his master's room, and in arousing him. Seizing his revolver, Morrison sallied forth, and, attracted by the noise of my struggle, approached from behind me, and placing his revolver over my

shoulder, shot my antagonist at the very moment that he had inflicted a severe cut with his long two-handed sword on my left arm, a little above the wrist. A moment after, Morrison received a cut over the forehead and across the eyebrow from another Japanese, at whom he emptied the second barrel of his pistol. An instant lull succeeded these shots. It was too dark to see what their effect had been, but the narrow passage was no longer blocked by the forms of our assailants. My impression is that one was on the ground. We were both bleeding so profusely, and felt so disabled, that there was nothing left for us but to retreat, and this we instinctively did to the room which contained the light. This was placed in a part of the dining-room which had been screened off so as to make an office for Sir Rutherford Alcock, with whose bedroom it communicated. The screen reached about three-fourths across the dining-room. In this office we found Sir Rutherford, who had just been roused, and were joined in the next minute or two by three other members of the legation, Mr. Russell and my servant B., all hurriedly escaping from a noise and confusion which increased in intensity every moment. B., on the first alarm, had begun to load his double-barrelled gun, and had finished with the exception of putting on the caps — this was before the days of breech-loaders — when two Japanese jumped in at his window. Fortunately, spread out before it on a table were two open insect-cases, with the spoils of the week impaled on pins. On these the assailants jumped with their bare feet, and upsetting the table, came sprawling into the room, thus giving B., who had lost the caps in the start he received, time to spring through the paper wall of his room, like a harlequin, and reach us in safety. At this juncture the position of affairs was not reassuring. We numbered eight behind the screen, of whom two were *hors de combat.* Our available means of defence consisted of three revolvers and a double-barrelled gun. Of the European inmates of the legation three were missing; one of them was Mr. Wirgman, the artist of the "Illustrated London News," who had accompanied Sir Rutherford in his journey from Nagasaki; and of the two others, one lived in a cottage somewhat detached from the temple. Meantime Sir Rutherford, who fortunately possessed some surgical skill, was engaged in binding up my arm. The gash was to the bone, cutting through three of the extensor tendons, so that to this day I am unable to hold erect three fingers of my left hand. I should undoubtedly

have bled to death had it not been for the efficient measures thus kindly and promptly adopted to stop the hemorrhage. As it was, I was becoming very faint from loss of blood, as I now discovered that I had also received another and very serious wound over the right collar-bone, and unpleasantly near the jugular vein, of which, in the excitement of the struggle, I had been totally unconscious. Also a very slight tip from the sword high up on the right arm, the mark of which, however, is still visible; and a blow which I did not discover till next day, which broke several of the metacarpal bones of the left hand. I never could imagine how or when I received this blow; but it was an evidence that we must have been at one moment of the struggle at very close quarters.

Meantime the noise of cutting and slashing resounded through the house; and while it drew nearer every moment, we were at a loss to conceive who our assailants could be, and why the guard had not come to our rescue — unless, indeed, they were in the plot to murder us. At last we heard all the glass crash on the sideboard in the dining-room, and we knew that our moment had come. My companions had made up their minds to sell their lives dearly; and every man who was fortunate enough to possess one, was standing with his finger on the trigger of his revolver, while this time the caps were safely on B.'s double-barrelled gun. I suggested to one of the party — I forget which now — that they would have a chance for their lives by escaping into the garden and hiding among the bushes, which they could easily have done; but the answer was that they could not take me with them, and they had determined not to desert me, but to stand or fall together — for which I felt at the time intensely grateful, and do still, though I had at that moment given up all hope of escape. I was overcome by a feeling of faintness, which made me regard the prospect of immediate death with complete indifference, until B., while he was giving me some water to drink, murmured in my ear, "Do you think they will torture us, sir, before they kill us?" This horrible suggestion brought out a cold perspiration; and I trust I may never again experience the sensation of dread with which it inspired me, and which I was too weak to fight against. It did not last long, however, for almost at the same moment there was an immense increase of noise, and the clashing of swords, intermingled with sharp cries and ejaculations, resounded from the other side of the screen, and our curiosity and hope were

excited in the highest degree, for we thought it indicated a possible rescue. In a few moments it subsided, and all was still, and Sir Rutherford, followed by Mr. Lowder, went cautiously out on a reconnoitring expedition, to find the dining-room looking like a shambles, and to discover some Japanese retreating down the passage, at whom Mr. Lowder fired a shot from his revolver. Shortly after they returned, Mr. Macdonald, one of the gentlemen whose room was situated out of the line of attack, appeared disguised in a Japanese dress accompanied by some of the guard, excited and blood-bespattered, and we knew that we were saved by them, though not a second too soon. Had our assailants not been attacked in rear by the guard at the moment they were in the dining-room, they must inevitably in a few seconds more have discovered us behind the screen, and this account of that eventful night's proceedings would never have been written. We were now informed that some of our assailants had been killed, that the guard were searching for others in the grounds, and that reinforcements had been sent for. These appeared soon after; and I have never seen a more dramatic and picturesque sight than these men, all clad in chain-armor, with their steel head-pieces, long two-handed swords, and Japanese lanterns, filing through the house, and out into the starlight. It was like a scene from the "Huguenots," and as I watched them from the arm-chair in which I was still lying swathed and bandaged, was one of the most vivid impressions produced upon my mind on that night of lively sensations.

About this time Mr. Wirgman, the artist of the "Illustrated London News," turned up, coated with a thick breastplate of mud. He had taken refuge under the house, which was raised about eighteen inches from the ground, and, crawling in on his stomach, had remained in profound but somewhat dirty security under the flooring. With the true spirit of his calling he immediately set about portraying the most striking features of the episode, for the benefit of the British public. Mr. Gower, another gentleman who lived in a little cottage apart, also appeared safe and sound, having been throughout removed from the scene of the strife.

It was about three o'clock in the morning that I determined to struggle back to bed; and even then the soldiers were hunting about the garden for concealed members of the gang that had attacked us, prodding the bushes with their swords, and searching into hidden recesses. As, supported by

friendly arms, I tottered round the screen into the dining-room, a ghastly sight met my gaze. Under the sideboard, completely severed from the body, was a man's head. The body was lying in the middle of the room. I had in the first instance rushed out of my bedroom barefooted, and in my night-dress. I now found myself slipping about in blood — for butcher's work had been done here — and feeling something like an oyster under my bare foot, I perceived it was a human eye. One of the bodies was terribly disfigured; the whole of the front part of the head had been sliced off as though with an adze, leaving only the back of the brain visible. Early in the morning I was roused from a troubled doze by six or eight solemn-looking elderly Japanese, who announced that they were the imperial physicians come to inquire after my health. I positively refused to allow them to remove the bandages and examine the wounds; so they contented themselves with looking very wise, examining my tongue, and placing their ears over my heart. As the day advanced, and I recovered somewhat from the excitement and the exhaustion, I was surprised at finding that I suffered so little pain, and felt so well, considering the amount of blood that I had lost. So I scrambled out to look at the scene of the conflict — for it was difficult under the circumstances to remain quietly in bed. I naturally first visited the spot where I had met my Japanese opponent, and discovered that the reason we had so much difficulty in getting at each other was owing to a small beam, or rather rafter, which spanned the narrow passage, about seven feet from the ground. Its edge was as full of deep sword-cuts as a crimped herring, any one of which would have been sufficient to split open my skull, which my antagonist must have thought unusually hard. I evidently owed my life to the fact that I had remained stationary under this beam, which had acted as a permanent and most effective guard — the cuts I received being merely the tips from the sword as it glanced off. There was a plentiful bespattering of blood on the wall at the side, in which was also indented the shape of the handle of my hunting-whip. The blow must have been given with considerable force to make it; but I feel convinced that under such circumstances one is for the moment endowed with an altogether exceptional strength. I now pursued my investigations into some of the other rooms, which all bore marks of the ferocious nature of the attack. The assailants appear to have slashed about recklessly in the dark, in the hope of striking a victim. Some of the mattresses were

prodded through and through; one bedpost was completely severed by a single sword-cut; and a Bible lying on a table was cut three quarters through. We were now in a position to add up the list of killed and wounded, and estimate results generally, while we also had to calculate how they might affect our own future position and policy.

Although one of our assailants, a stalwart young fellow with a somewhat hang-dog countenance, was taken prisoner and afterwards executed, we had some difficulty in making out at the time of whom the gang was actually composed. That they were Lonins there was no doubt. Lonins are an outlaw class, the retainers or clansmen of Daimios who, having committed some offence, have left the service of their prince, and banding themselves together form a society of desperadoes, who are employed often by their old chiefs, to whom they continue to owe a certain allegiance, for any daring enterprise by which, if it fails, he is not compromised, while if they succeed in it, they have a chance of regaining their position. The question was, to which particular Daimio these Lonins belonged; and upon this point our guard was singularly reticent. Nor was any light thrown upon the matter by the following document, which was found on the body of one of the gang who was killed, and which ran as follows: —

"I, though I am a person of low standing, have not patience to stand by and see the sacred empire defiled by foreigners. This time I have determined in my heart to undertake to follow out my master's will. Though, being altogether humble myself, I cannot make the might of the country to shine on foreign nations, yet with a little faith, and a little warrior's power, I wish in my heart separately, though I am a person of low degree, to bestow upon my country one out of a great many benefits. If this thing from time to time may cause the foreigners to retire, and partly tranquillize the minds of the mikado and the government, I shall take to myself the highest praise. Regardless of my own life, I am determined to set out." Here follow fourteen signatures.

This document, while it showed that the motive which suggested the attack was the hope that it might frighten us out of the country, also proved that the number who had been engaged in it, on this occasion, was fourteen. Some years afterwards I met several Japanese in London, and had some opportunities of being of service to them. I happened one day to mention to

one of them that I had been in the British legation on the night of this attack. "You don't say so!" he replied, "How glad I am that you escaped safely! for I, to whom you have shown so much kindness, planned the whole affair and was in Sinagawa, just outside the gates, all that night, though, not being a Lonin myself, I did not take an active part in it." He then told me that the Lonins belonged to Prince Mito, upon whom, from his known hostility to foreigners, our suspicion had rested from the first; and as a reminiscence of the event, in addition to the one I already carried on my arm, he presented me with his photograph. We now heard that three of the Lonins, to avoid being captured alive, had committed suicide by ripping themselves up, an example which was followed by two more a day or two afterwards, making the total list of killed and wounded twenty-eight.

Revolutions in China.

While it happens that the wonderful endurance of a Chinaman will enable him to bear an amount of injustice from his Government which would revolutionize a Western state, it is no less true that the limits may be passed; when a popular movement ensues, assuming at times an almost Constitutional character. When any *émeute* of this description takes place, as directed against a local official, the Imperial Government invariably espouses the popular cause, and the individual, whose guilt is inferred from the existence of disturbance, is at once degraded. Thus a certain sympathy or tacit understanding seems to exist between the Emperor and his subjects as to how far each may push their prerogatives; and, so long as neither exceeds these limits, to use their own expression, "the wheels of the chariot of Imperial Government revolve smoothly on their axles." So it happens that disturbances of greater or less import are constantly occurring in various parts of the country. Sometimes they assume the most formidable dimensions, and spread like a running fire over the Empire; but if they are not founded on a real grievance, they are not supported by popular sympathy, and gradually die out, the smouldering embers kept alive, perhaps, for some time by the exertions of the more lawless part of the community, but the last spark ultimately expiring, and its blackened trace being in a few years utterly effaced.

MARGARET WILSON OLIPHANT.

Oliphant, Margaret (Wilson), a Scottish novelist, biographer, and historical writer; born at Wallyford, Midlothian, in April, 1828; died at Wimbledon, June 25, 1897. She was of Scottish parentage, married into a Scottish family, and most of her earlier novels were Scottish in their scene and character. Her first novel, "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside," appeared in 1849; this was followed for more than forty years by many others, among which are "Adam Græme of Mossgray" (1852); "Lilliesleaf" (1857); "Chronicles of Carlingford" (1866–1876); "The Minister's Wife" (1869); "Squire Arden" (1871); "A Rose in June" (1874); "Young Musgrave" (1877); "He that Will Not When He May" (1880); "A Little Pilgrim" (1882); "The Ladies Lindores" (1883); "Oliver's Bride" (1886); in conjunction with T. B. Aldrich, "The Second Son" (1888); "Joyce" (1888); "Neighbors on the Green," "A Poor Gentleman" (1889); "The Cuckoo in the Nest" (1892); "The Unjust Steward" (1896); "The Ways of Life" (1897). Among her works in biography and general literature are "Life of Edward Irving" (1862); "Historical Sketches of the Reign of George II.," originally published in "Blackwood's Magazine" (1869); "St. Francis of Assisi" (1871); "Memoir of Count Montalembert" (1872); "The Makers of Florence" (1874); "The Literary History of England during the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries" (1882); "The Makers of Venice" (1887), and a "Biography of Laurence Oliphant" (1889).

A Comfort to Her Dear Papa.

(From "Miss Marjoribanks.")

Miss Marjoribanks lost her mother when she was only fifteen, and when, to add to the misfortune, she was absent at school, and could not have it in her power to soothe her dear mamma's last moments, as she herself said. Words are sometimes very poor exponents of such an event; but it happens now and then, on the other hand, that a plain intimation expresses too much, and suggests emotion and suffering which in

reality have but little if any existence. Mrs. Marjoribanks, poor lady, had been an invalid for many years; she had grown a little peevish in her loneliness, not feeling herself of much account in this world. There are some rare natures that are content to acquiesce in the general neglect, and forget themselves when they find themselves forgotten; but it is unfortunately much more usual to take the plan adopted by Mrs. Marjoribanks, who devoted all her powers, during the last ten years of her life, to the solacement and care of that poor self which other people neglected. The consequence was, that when she disappeared from her sofa, — except from the mere physical fact that she was no longer there, — no one except her maid, whose occupation was gone, could have found out much difference. Her husband, it is true, who had somewhere, hidden deep in some secret corner of his physical organization, the remains of a heart, experienced a certain sentiment of sadness when he reentered the house from which she had gone away forever. But Dr. Marjoribanks was too busy a man to waste his feelings on a mere sentiment.

His daughter, however, was only fifteen, and had floods of tears at her command, as was natural at that age. All the way home she revolved the situation in her mind, which was considerably enlightened by novels and popular philosophy; for the lady at the head of Miss Marjoribanks's school was a devoted admirer of "Friends in Council," and was fond of bestowing that work as a prize, with pencil-marks on the margin, — so that Lucilla's mind had been cultivated, and was brimful of the best of sentiments. She made up her mind, on her journey, to a great many virtuous resolutions; for in such a case as hers, it was evidently the duty of an only child to devote herself to her father's comfort, and become the sunshine of his life, as so many young persons of her age have been known to become in literature. Miss Marjoribanks had a lively mind, and was capable of grasping all the circumstances of the situation at a glance. Thus, between the outbreaks of her tears for her mother, it become apparent to her that she must sacrifice her own feelings, and make a cheerful home for papa, and that a great many changes would be necessary in the household — changes which went so far as even to extend to the furniture. Miss Marjoribanks sketched to herself, as she lay back in the corner of the railway carriage with her veil down, how she would wind herself up to the duty of presiding at her papa's dinner parties, and

charming everybody by her good-humor, and brightness, and devotion to his comfort; and how, when it was all over, she would withdraw and cry her eyes out in her own room, and be found in the morning languid and worn-out, but always herocial, ready to go downstairs and assist at her dear papa's breakfast, and keep up her smiles for him till he had gone out to his patients.

Altogether the picture was a very pretty one; and considering that a great many young ladies in deep mourning put force upon their feelings in novels, and maintain a smile for the benefit of the observant male creatures of whom they have the charge, the idea was not at all extravagant, considering again that Miss Marjoribanks was but fifteen. She was not however exactly the kind of figure for this *mise en scène*. When her schoolfellows talked of her to her friends, — for Lucilla was already an important personage at Mount Pleasant, — the most common description they gave of her was that she was "a large girl;" and there was great truth in the adjective. She was not to be described as a tall girl, which conveys an altogether different idea, but she was large in all particulars, — full and well developed, with somewhat large features; not at all pretty as yet, though it was known in Mount Pleasant that somebody had said that such a face might ripen into beauty, and become "grandiose," for anything anybody could tell. Miss Marjoribanks was not vain: but the word had taken possession of her imagination, as was natural, and solaced her much when she made the painful discovery that her gloves were half a number larger, and her shoes a hair-breadth broader, than those of any of her companions; but the hands and the feet were both perfectly well shaped, and being at the same time well clothed and plump, were much more presentable and pleasant to look upon than the lean, rudimentary schoolgirl hands with which they were surrounded. To add to these excellences, Lucilla had a mass of hair, which, if it could but have been cleared a little in its tint, would have been golden, though at present it was nothing more than tawny, and curly to exasperation. She wore it in large thick curls, which did not however float or wave, or do any of the graceful things which curls ought to do; for it had this aggravating quality, that it would not grow long, but would grow ridiculously, unmanageably thick, — to the admiration of her companions, but to her own despair, for there was no knowing what to do with those short but ponderous locks.

These were the external characteristics of the girl who was going home to be a comfort to her widowed father, and meant to sacrifice herself to his happiness. In the course of her rapid journey she had already settled upon everything that had to be done; or rather, to speak more truly, had rehearsed everything according to the habit already acquired by a quick mind a good deal occupied with itself. First she meant to fall into her father's arms, — forgetting, with that singular facility for overlooking the peculiarities of others which belongs to such a character, that Dr. Marjoribanks was very little given to embracing, and that a hasty kiss on her forehead was the warmest caress he had ever given his daughter, — and then to rush up to the chamber of death and weep over dear mamma. "And to think I was not there to soothe her last moments!" Lucilla said to herself with a sob, and with feelings sufficiently real in their way. After this, the devoted daughter made up her mind to come downstairs again, pale as death, but self-controlled, and devote herself to papa. Perhaps, if great emotion should make him tearless, — as such cases had been known, — Miss Marjoribanks would steal into his arms unawares, and so surprise him into weeping. All this went briskly through her mind, undeterred by the reflection that tears were as much out of the doctor's way as embraces; and in this mood she sped swiftly along in the inspiration of her first sorrow, as she imagined, — but in reality to suffer her first disappointment, which was of a less soothing character than that mild and manageable grief.

When Miss Marjoribanks reached home, her mother had been dead for twenty-four hours; and her father was not at the door to receive her as she had expected, but by the bedside of a patient in extremity, who could not consent to go out of the world without the doctor. This was a sad reversal of her intentions, but Lucilla was not the woman to be disconcerted. She carried out the second part of her programme without either interference or sympathy, except from Mrs. Marjoribank's maid, who had some hopes from the moment of her arrival. "I can't abear to think as I'm to be parted from you all, miss," sobbed the faithful attendant. "I've lost the best missus as ever was, and I should n't mind going after her. Whenever any one gets a good friend in this world, they 're the first to be took away," said the weeping handmaiden, who naturally saw her own loss in the most vivid light.

"Ah, Ellis," cried Miss Marjoribanks, reposing her sorrow in

the arms of this anxious attendant, "we must try to be a comfort to poor papa!" With this end, Lucilla made herself very troublesome to the sober-minded doctor during those few dim days before the faint and daily lessening shadow of poor Mrs. Marjoribanks was removed altogether from the house. When that sad ceremony had taken place, and the doctor returned — serious enough, heaven knows — to the great house, where the faded, helpless woman, who had notwithstanding been his love and his bride in other days, lay no longer on the familiar sofa, the crisis arrived which Miss Marjoribanks had rehearsed so often; but after quite a different fashion. The widower was tearless, indeed; but not from excess of emotion. On the contrary, a painful heaviness possessed him when he became aware how little real sorrow was in his mind, and how small an actual loss was this loss of his wife, which bulked before the world as an event of just as much magnitude as the loss, for example, which poor Mr. Lake, the drawing-master, was at the same moment suffering. It was even sad, in another point of view, to think of a human creature passing out of the world and leaving so little trace that she had ever been there. As for the pretty creature whom Dr. Marjoribanks had married, she had vanished into thin air years and years ago. These thoughts were heavy enough, — perhaps even more overwhelming than that grief which develops love to its highest point of intensity. But such were not precisely the kind of reflections which could be solaced by paternal *attendrissement* over a weeping and devoted daughter.

It was May, and the weather was warm for the season: but Lucilla had caused the fire to be lighted in the large gloomy library where Dr. Marjoribanks always sat in the evenings, with the idea that it would be "a comfort" to him; and for the same reason she had ordered tea to be served there, instead of the dinner, for which her father, as she imagined, could have little appetite. When the doctor went into his favorite seclusion, tired and heated and sad, — for even on the day of his wife's funeral the favorite doctor of Carlingford had patients to think of, — the very heaviness of his thoughts gave warmth to his indignation. He had longed for the quiet and the coolness and the solitude of his library, apart from everybody; and when he found it radiant with firelight, tea set on the table, and Lucilla crying by the fire in her new crape, the effect upon a temper by no means perfect may be imagined. The unfortunate man threw both the windows open and rang the bell violently, and gave instant

orders for the removal of the unnecessary fire and the tea service. "Let me know when dinner is ready," he said in a voice like thunder; "and if Miss Marjoribanks wants a fire, let it be lighted in the drawing-room."

Lucilla was so much taken by surprise by this sudden overthrow of her programme, that she submitted as a girl of much less spirit might have done, and suffered herself and her fire and her tea things to be dismissed upstairs; where she wept still more at sight of dear mamma's sofa, and where Ellis came to mingle her tears with those of her young mistress, and to beg dear Miss Lucilla, for the sake of her precious 'ealth and her dear papa, to be persuaded to take some tea. On the whole, master stood lessened in the eyes of all the household by his ability to eat his dinner, and his resentment at having his habitudes disturbed. "Them men would eat and drink if we was all in our graves," said the indignant cook, who indeed had a real grievance; and the outraged sentiment of the kitchen was avenged by a bad and hasty dinner, which the doctor, though generally "very particular," swallowed without remark.

About an hour afterwards he went upstairs to the drawing-room, where Miss Marjoribanks was waiting for him, much less at ease than she had expected to be. Though he gave a little sigh at the sight of his wife's sofa, he did not hesitate to sit down upon it, and even to draw it a little out of its position, which, as Lucilla described afterwards, was like a knife going into her heart; though indeed she had herself decided already, in the intervals of her tears, that the drawing-room furniture had got very faded and shabby, and that it would be very expedient to have it renewed for the new reign of youth and energy which was about to commence. As for the doctor, though Miss Marjoribanks thought him insensible, his heart was heavy enough. His wife had gone out of the world without leaving the least mark of her existence, except in that large girl, whose spirits and forces were unbounded, but whose discretion at the present moment did not seem much greater than her mother's. Instead of thinking of her as a comfort, the doctor felt himself called upon to face a new and unexpected embarrassment. It would have been a satisfaction to him just then to have been left to himself, and permitted to work on quietly at his profession, and to write his papers for the "Lancet," and to see his friends now and then when he chose; for Dr. Marjoribanks was not a man who had any great need of sympathy by nature, or who was at

all addicted to demonstrations of feeling: consequently he drew his wife's sofa a little further from the fire, and took his seat on it soberly, quite unaware that by so doing he was putting a knife into his daughter's heart.

"I hope you have had something to eat, Lucilla," he said: "don't get into that foolish habit of flying to tea as a man flies to a dram. It's a more innocent stimulant, but it's the same kind of intention. I am not so much against a fire: it has always a kind of cheerful look."

"Oh, papa," cried his daughter, with a flood of indignant tears, "you can't suppose I want anything to look cheerful this dreadful day."

"I am far from blaming you, my dear," said the doctor: "it is natural you should cry. I am sorry I did not write for my sister to come, who would have taken care of you; but I dislike strangers in the house at such a time. However, I hope, Lucilla, you will soon feel yourself able to return to school: occupation is always the best remedy, and you will have your friends and companions —"

"Papa!" cried Miss Majoribanks; and then she summoned courage, and rushed up to him, and threw herself and her clouds of crape on the carpet at his side (and it may here be mentioned that Lucilla had seized the opportunity to have her mourning made *long*, which had been the desire of her heart, baffled by mamma and governess, for at least a year). "Papa!" she exclaimed with fervor, raising to him her tear-stained face, and clasping her fair plump hands, "oh, don't send me away! I was only a silly girl the other day, but *this* has made me a woman. Though I can never, never hope to take dear mamma's place, and be — all — that she was to you, still I feel I can be a comfort to you if you will let me. You shall not see me cry any more," cried Lucilla with energy, rubbing away her tears. "I will never give way to my feelings. I will ask for no companions — nor — nor anything. As for pleasure, that is all over. O papa, you shall never see me regret anything, or wish for anything. I will give up everything in the world to be a comfort to you!"

This address, which was utterly unexpected, drove Dr. Marjoribanks to despair. He said, "Get up, Lucilla;" but the devoted daughter knew better than to get up. She hid her face in her hands, and rested her hands upon her mother's sofa, where the doctor was sitting; and the sobs of that emotion, which she meant to control henceforward, echoed through the room: "It is only for this once — I can — cannot help it," she cried.

When her father found that he could neither soothe her nor succeed in raising her, he got up himself, which was the only thing left to him, and began to walk about the room with hasty steps. Her mother too had possessed this dangerous faculty of tears; and it was not wonderful if the sober-minded doctor, roused for the first time to consider his little girl as a creature possessed of individual character, should recognize, with a thrill of dismay, the appearance of the same qualities which had wearied his life out, and brought his youthful affections to an untimely end. Lucilla was, it is true, as different from her mother as summer from winter; but Dr. Marjoribanks had no means of knowing that his daughter was only doing her duty by him in his widowhood, according to a programme of filial devotion resolved upon, in accordance with the best models, some days before.

Accordingly, when her sobs had ceased, her father returned and raised her up not unkindly, and placed her in her chair. In doing so, the doctor put his finger by instinct upon Lucilla's pulse, which was sufficiently calm and well regulated to reassure the most anxious parent. And then a furtive momentary smile gleamed for a single instant round the corners of his mouth.

"It is very good of you to propose sacrificing yourself for me," he said; "and if you would sacrifice your excitement in the meantime, and listen to me quietly, it would really be something: but you are only fifteen, Lucilla, and I have no wish to take you from school just now; — wait till I have done. Your poor mother is gone, and it is very natural you should cry; but you were a good child to her on the whole, which will be a comfort to you. We did everything that could be thought of to prolong her days, and when that was impossible, to lessen what she had to suffer; and we have every reason to hope," said the doctor, as indeed he was accustomed to say in the exercise of his profession to mourning relatives, "that she's far better off now than if she had been with us. When that is said, I don't know that there is anything more to add. I am not fond of sacrifices, either one way or another: and I've a great objection to any one making a sacrifice for me — "

"But oh, papa, it would be no sacrifice," said Lucilla, "if you would only let me be a comfort to you!"

"That is just where it is, my dear," said the steady doctor: "I have been used to be left a great deal to myself; and I am not prepared to say that the responsibility of having you here without a mother to take care of you, and all your lessons inter-

rupted, would not neutralize any comfort you might be. You see," said Dr. Marjoribanks, trying to soften matters a little, "a man is what his habits make him; and I have been used to be left a great deal to myself. It answers in some cases, but I doubt if it would answer with me."

And then there was a pause, in which Lucilla wept and stifled her tears in her handkerchief, with a warmer flood of vexation and disappointment than even her natural grief had produced. "Of course, papa, if I can't be any comfort — I will — go back to school," she sobbed, with a touch of sullenness which did not escape the doctor's ear.

"Yes, my dear, you will certainly go back to school," said the peremptory father: "I never had any doubt on that subject. You can stay over Sunday and rest yourself. Monday or Tuesday will be time enough to go back to Mount Pleasant; and now you had better ring the bell, and get somebody to bring you something — or I'll see to that when I go downstairs. It's getting late, and this has been a fatiguing day. I'll send you up some negus, and I think you had better go to bed."

And with these commonplace words, Dr. Marjoribanks withdrew in calm possession of the field. As for Lucilla, she obeyed him, and betook herself to her own room; and swallowed her negus with a sense not only of defeat, but of disappointment and mortification, which was very unpleasant. To go back again and be an ordinary schoolgirl, after the pomp of woe in which she had come away, was naturally a painful thought; — she who had ordered her mourning to be made long, and contemplated new furniture in the drawing-room, and expected to be mistress of her father's house, not to speak of the still dearer privilege of being a comfort to him; and now, after all, her active mind was to be condemned over again to verbs and chromatic scales, though she felt within herself capacities so much more extended. Miss Marjoribanks did not by any means learn by this defeat to take the characters of the other *personæ* in her little drama into consideration, when she rehearsed her pet scenes hereafter, — for that is a knowledge slowly acquired, — but she was wise enough to know when resistance was futile; and like most people of lively imagination, she had a power of submitting to circumstances when it became impossible to change them. Thus she consented to postpone her reign, if not with a good grace, yet still without foolish resistance, and retired with the full honors of war. She had already rearranged all the details, and settled

upon all the means possible of preparing herself for what she called the charge of the establishment when her final emancipation took place, before she returned to school. "Papa thought me too young," she said, when she reached Mount Pleasant, "though it was dreadful to come away and leave him alone with only the servants: but dear Miss Martha, you will let me learn all about political economy and things, to help me manage everything; for now that dear mamma is gone, there is nobody but me to be a comfort to papa."

And by this means Miss Marjoribanks managed to influence the excellent woman who believed in "Friends in Council," and to direct the future tenor of her education; while at least, in that one moment of opportunity, she had achieved long dresses, which was a visible mark of womanhood, and a step which could not be retraced.

The Second Generation of Painters.

(From "The Makers of Venice.")

The day of art had now fully risen in Venice. The dawning had been long; progressing slowly, through all the early efforts of decoration and ornament, and by the dim, religious light of nameless masters, to the great moment in which the Bellini revealed themselves, making Venice splendid with the sunrise of a new faculty, entirely congenial to her temperament and desires. It would almost appear as if the first note, once struck, of a new departure in life or in art, was enough to wake up in all the regions withing hearing the predestined workers, who, but for that awaking, might have slumbered forever, or found in other fields an incomplete development. While it is beyond the range of human powers to determine what cause or agency it is which enables the first fine genius — the Maker, who in every mode of creative work is like the great priest of the Old Testament, without father and without mother — to burst all bonds and outstep all barriers, it is comparatively easy to trace how, under his influence and by the stimulus of a sudden new impulse felt to be almost divine, his successors may spring into light and being. Nothing, to our humble thinking, explains the Bellini; but the Bellini to a certain extent explain Titian and all the other splendors to come.

When the thrill of the new beginning had gone through all the air, mounting up among the glorious peaks and snows to Cadore

on one side, and over the salt-water country and marshy plains on the other to Castel Franco, two humble families had each received the uncertain blessing of a boy, who took to none of the established modes of living, and would turn his thoughts neither to husbandry nor to such genteel trades as became the members of a family of peasant nobility, but dreamed and drew, with whatsoever material came to their hands, upon walls or other handy places. At another epoch it is likely enough that parental force would have been employed to balk, for a time at least, these indications of youthful genius; but no doubt some of the Vecelli family, the lawyer uncle or the soldier father, had some time descended from his hilltop to the great city which lay gleaming upon the edge of those great plains of sea that wash the feet of the mountains, and had seen some wonderful work in church or senate chamber, which made known a new possibility to him, and justified in some sort the attempts of the eager child. More certainly still a villager from the Trevisano, carring his rural merchandise to market, would be led by some gossip in the Erberia to see the new Madonna in San Giobbe, and ask himself whether by any chance little Giorgio, always with that bit of chalk in his fingers, might come to do such a wonder as that if the boy had justice done him. They came accordingly, with beating hearts, the two little rustics, each from his village, to Zuan Bellini's *bottega* in the Rialto to learn their art. The mountain boy was but ten years old — confided to the care of an uncle who lived in Venice; but whether he went at once into the headquarters of the art is unknown, and unlikely, for so young a student could scarcely have been far enough advanced to profit by the instructions of the greatest painter in Venice. It is supposed by some that he began his studies under Zuccato, the mosaicist, or some humbler instructor. But all this would seem mere conjecture. Vasari, his contemporary and friend, makes no mention of any preliminary studies, but places the boy at once under Giovanni Bellini. Of the young Barbarella from Castel Franco the same story is told. He, too, was brought to Venice by his father and placed under Bellini's instruction. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have confused these bare but simple records with theories of their own respecting the influence of Giorgione upon Titian, which is such, they think, or thought, as could only have been attained by an elder over a younger companion, whereas all the evidence goes to prove that the two were as nearly as possible the same age, and that they were fellow-

pupils, perhaps fellow-apprentices, in Bellini's workshop. We may, however, find so much reason for the theory as this, that young Tiziano was in his youth a steady and patient worker, following all the rules and discipline of his master, and taking into his capacious brain everything that could be taught him, awaiting the moment when he should turn these stores of instruction to use in his own individual way; whereas young Giorgio was more masterful and impatient, and with a quicker eye and insight (having so much less time to do his work in) seized upon those points in which his genius could have full play. Vasari talks as if this brilliant youth, with all the fire of purpose in his eyes, had blazed all of a sudden upon the workshop in which Bellini's pupils labored — Titian among them, containing what new lights were in him in dutiful subordination to the spirit of the place — "about the year 1507," with a new gospel of color and brightness scattering the clouds from the firmament. Ridolfi, on the other hand, describes him as a pupil whom the master looked upon with a little jealousy, "seeing the felicity with which all things were made clear by this scholar. And certainly," adds the critic, in his involved and ponderous phraseology, "it was a wonder to see how this boy added to the method of Bellini (in whom all the beauties of painting had seemed conjoined) such grace and tenderness of color, as if Giorgione, participating in that power by which Nature mixes human flesh with all the qualities of the elements, harmonized with supreme sweetness the shadow and the light, and threw a delicate flush of rose tints upon every member through which the blood flows."

Giorgione, with his bolder impulse and that haste which we perceive to have been so needful for his short life, is more apparent than his fellow-student in these early years. When he came out of Bellini's workshop, his apprenticeship done, he roamed a little from *bottega* to *bottega;* painting now a sacred picture for an oratory or chapel, now a marriage chest or cabinet. "*Quadri di devotione, ricinti da letto, e gabinetti,*" says Ridolfi — not ashamed to turn his hand to anything there might be to do. Going home afterward to his village, he was received, the same authority informs us, with enthusiasm, as having made himself a great man and a painter, and commissions showered upon him. Perhaps it was at Castel Franco, amid the delight and praise of his friends, that the young painter first recognized fully his own powers. At all events, when he had

exhausted their simple applauses and filled the village church and convent with his work, he went back to Venice, evidently with a soul above the *ricinti da letto*, and launched himself upon the world. His purse was, no doubt, replenished by the work he had done at home; a number of the wealthy neighbors having had themselves painted by little Giorgio — an opportunity they must have perceived that might not soon recur. But it was not only for work and fame that he returned to Venice. He was young, and life was sweet — sweeter there than anywhere else in all the world; full of everything that was beautiful and bright. He took a house in the Campo San Silvestro, opposite the church of that name, not far from the Rialto, in the midst of all the joyous companions of his craft; and "by his talent and his pleasant nature," drawing round him a multitude of friends, lived there amid all the delights of youth, — *dilettandosi suonar il liuto*, — dividing his days between the arts. No gayer life nor one more full of pleasure could be; his very work a delight, a continual crowd of comrades, admiring, imitating, urging him on, always round him, every man with his *canzone* and his picture; and all ready to fling them down at a moment's notice, and rush forth to swell the harmonies on the canal, or steal out upon the lagoon in the retirement of the gondola, upon some more secret adventure. What hush there would be of all the laughing commentaries when a fine patrician in his sweeping robes was seen approaching across the *campo*, a possible patron; what a rush to the windows, when, conscious perhaps of all the eyes upon her, but without lifting her own, some lovely Madonna, wrapped in her veil, with her following of maidens, would come in a glory of silken robes and jewels out of the church door! "*Per certo suo decoroso aspetto si detto Giorgione*," says Ridolfi, but perhaps the word *decoroso* would be out of place in our sense of it — for his delightsome presence rather and his pleasant ways. The Italian tongue still lends itself to such caresses, and is capable of making the dear George, the delightful fellow, the beloved of all his companions, into Giorgione still.

And amid all his babble of lutes and laughter, and all the glow of color and flush of youth, the other lad from the mountains would come and go, no less gay perhaps than any of them, but working on, with that steady power of his, gathering to himself slowly but with an unerring instinct the new principles which his comrade, all impetuous and spontaneous, made known

in practice rather than in teaching, making the blood flow and the pulses beat in every limb he drew. Young Tiziano had plodded through the Bellini system without making any rebellious outbreak of new ideas as Giorgione had done; taking the good of his master, so far as that master went, but with his eyes open to every suggestion, and very ready to see that his comrade had expanded the old rule, and done something worth adopting and following in this joyful, splendid outburst of his. It was in this way, no doubt, that the one youth followed the other, half by instinct, by mingled sympathy and rivalry, by the natural contagion of a development more advanced than that which had been the starting point of both — confusing his late critics after some centuries into an attempt to prove that the one must have taught the other, which was not necessary in any formal way. Titian had ninety years to live, and Nature worked in him at leisure, while Giorgione had but a third of that time and went fast; flinging about what genius and power of instruction there were in him with careless liberality; not thinking whether from any friendly comrade about him he received less than he gave. Perhaps the same unconscious hurry of life, perhaps only his more impetuous temper, induced him, when work flagged and commissions were slow of coming in, to turn his hand to the front of his own house and paint that, in default of more profitable work. It was, no doubt, the best of advertisements for the young painter. On the higher story, in which most probably he lived, he covered the walls with figures of musicians and poets with their lutes, and with groups of boys, the *putti* so dear to Venice, as well as *altre fantasie*, and historic scenes of more pretension which were the subject of "a learned eulogy by Signor Jacopo Pighetti, and a celebrated poem by Signor Paolo Vendramin," says Ridolfi. The literary tributes have perished, and so have the frescoes, although the spectator may still see some faded traces of Giorgione's *putti* upon the walls of his house; but they answered what, no doubt, was at least one of their purposes by attracting the attention of the watchful city, ever ready to see what beautiful work was being done. It was at this moment that the Fondaco de' Tedeschi, the German factory, so to speak, on the edge of the Grand Canal, was rebuilding; a great house wanting decoration. The jealous authorities of the republic, for some reason one fails to see, had forbidden the use of architectural ornamentation in the new

building, which, all the same, was their own building, not the property of the Germans. Had it belonged to the foreigner there might have been a supposable cause in the necessity for keeping these aliens down, and preventing any possible emulation with native-born Venetians. We can only suppose that this was actually the reason, and that, even in the house which Venice built for them, these traders were not to be permitted to look as fine or feel as magnificent as their hosts and superiors. But a great house with four vast walls, capable of endless decoration, and nothing done to them, would probably have raised a rebellion in the city, or at least among the swarms of painters on the other side of the Rialto, gazing at it with hungry eyes. So it was conceded by the authorities that this square, undecorated house — a singularly uninteresting block of buildings to stand on such a site — should be painted at least to harmonize it so far with its neighbors. It is not to be supposed that this was the first piece of work on which Titian had been engaged. No doubt he had already produced his tale of Madonnas, with a few portraits, to make him known. But he steps into sight for the first time publicly when we hear that the wall on the land side, the street front, was allotted to him, while the side toward the canal was confided to Giorgione. Perhaps the whole building was put into Giorgione's hands, and part of the work confided by him to his comrade; at all events they divided it between them. Every visitor to Venice is aware of the faint and faded figure high up in the right-hand corner, disappearing as all its neighboring glories have disappeared, which is the last remnant of Giorgione's work upon the canal front of this great, gloomy house. Of Titian's group over the great door-way in the street there remains nothing at all; the sea breezes and the keen air have carried all these beautiful things away.

In respect to these frescoes, Vasari tells one anecdote which is natural and characteristic, and may indicate the point at which these two young men detached themselves, and took each his separate way. He narrates how "many gentlemen," not being aware of the division of labor, met Giorgione on the evening of the day on which Titian had uncovered a portion of his work, and crowded round him with their congratulations, assuring him that he had never done anything so fine, and that the front toward the Merceria quite excelled the river front! Giorgione was so indignant, *sentiva tanto sdegno*, at this unlucky compliment that, until Titian had finished the work and it had

become well known which portion of it was his, the sensitive painter showed himself no more in public, and from that moment would neither see Titian nor acknowledge him as a friend. Ridolfi tells the same story, with the addition that it was a conscious mistake made maliciously by certain comrades, who feigned not to know who had painted the great "Judith" over the door.

This is not a history of the Venetian painters, nor is it necessary to follow the life and labor of these two brilliant and splendid successors of the first masters in our city. Whether it was by the distinct initiative of Giorgione in painting his own house that the habit of painting Venetian houses in general originated, or whether it was only one of the ever-increasing marks of luxury and display, we do not pretend to decide. At all events it was an expedient of this generation to add to the glory of the city and the splendid aspect which she bore. The nobler dignity of the ancient architecture had already been partially lost, or no longer pleased in its gravity and stateliness the race which loved color and splendor in all things. A whole city glowing in crimson and gold, with giant forms starting up along every wall, and sweet groups of cherub boys tracing every course of stone, and the fables of Greece and Rome taking form upon every façade, must have been, no doubt, a wonderful sight. The reflections in the Grand Canal, as it flowed between these pictured palaces, must have left little room for sky or atmosphere in the midst of that dazzling confusion of brilliant tints and images. And every *campo* must have lent its blaze of color, to put the sun himself to shame. But we wonder whether it is to be much regretted that the sun and the winds have triumphed in the end and had their will of those fine Venetian houses. Among so many losses this is the one for which I feel the least regret.

It is recorded among the expenses of the republic in December, 1508, that one hundred and fifty ducats were paid to Zorzi da Castel Franco for his work upon the Fondaco, in which, according to this businesslike record, Victor Carpaccio had also some share; but this is the only indication of the fact, and the total disappearance of the work makes all other inquiry impossible.

By this time, however, Giorgione's brief and gay life was approaching its end. That stormy, joyous existence, so full of work, so full of pleasure, as warm in color as were his pictures, and pushed to a hasty perfection, all at once, without the modesty

of any slow beginning, ended suddenly as it had begun. Vasari has unkindly attributed his early death to the disorders of his life; but his other biographers are more sympathetic. Ridolfi gives two different accounts, both popularly current; one that he caught the plague from a lady he loved; the other, that being deserted by his love he died of grief, *non trovando altro remedio*. In either case the impetuous young painter, amid his early successes, — more celebrated than any of his compeers, the leader among his comrades, the only one of them who had struck into an individual path, developing the lessons of Bellini, — died in the midst of his loves and pleasures at the age of thirty-four, not having yet reached the *mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*, which Dante had attained when his great work began.

This was in the year 1511, only three years after the completion of his work at the Fondaco, and while old Zuan Bellini was still alive and at work, in his robust old age, seeing his impetuous pupil out. It was one of the many years in which the plague visited Venice, carrying consternation through the gay and glowing streets. It is said that Giorgione was working in the hall of the Great Council, among the other painters, at the picture in which the emperor is represented as kissing the Pope's foot, at the time of his death. At all events he had lived long enough to make his fame great in the city, and to leave examples of his splendid work in many of the other great cities of Italy, as well as in his own little *borgo* at Castel Franco, where still they are the pride and glory of the little town.

It would almost seem as if it were only after the death of Giorgione that Titian began to be estimated at his just value. The one had given the impulse, the other had received it, and Vasari does not hesitate to call Titian the pupil of his contemporary, though not in the formal sense attached to the word by modern writers, notwithstanding the fact that they were of the same age. Ridolfi's formal yet warm enthusiasm for the painter "to whom belonged perpetual praise and honor, since he has become a light to all those who come after him," assigns to Giorgione a higher place than that which the spectator of to-day will probably think justified. His master, Bellini, appeals more warmly to the heart; his pupil, Titian, filled a much greater place in the world and in art. But "it is certain," says the historian and critic of the sixteenth century, with a double affirmation, "that Giorgio was without doubt the first who showed the good way in painting, fitting himself [*approssi-man-*

dosi] by the mixture of his colors to express with facility the works of nature, concealing as much as possible the difficulties to be encountered in working, which is the chief point; so that in the flesh tints of this ingenious painter the innumerable shades of gray, orange, blue, and other such colors, customarily used by some, are absent. . . . The artificers who followed him, with the example before them of his works, acquired the facility and true method of color by which so much progress was made."

The works of Giorgione, however, are comparatively few; his short life and perhaps the mirth of it, the sounding of the lute, the joyous company, and all the delights of that highly colored existence, restrained the splendid productiveness which was characteristic of his art and age. And yet perhaps this suggestion does the painter injustice; for amid all those diversions, and the numerous round of loves and festivities, the list of work done is always astonishing. Many of his works, however, were frescoes, and the period in which he and Titian were, as Mr. Ruskin says, house-painters, was the height of his genius. The sea air and the keen *tramontana* have thus swept away much that was the glory of the young painter's life.

The moment at which Titian appears publicly on the stage, so to speak, of the great hall, called to aid in the work going on there, was not till two years after the death of his companion. Whether Giorgione kept his hasty words, and saw no more of him after that unfortunate compliment about the "Judith" over the doorway of the Fondaco, we are not told; but it was not until after the shadow of that impetuous, youthful genius had been removed that the other, the patient and thoughtful, who had not reached perfection in a burst, but by much consideration and comparison and exercise of the splendid faculty of work that was in him, came fully into the light. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle make much of certain disputes and intrigues that seem to have surrounded this appointment, and point out that it was given and withdrawn, and again conferred upon Titian, according as his friends or those of the older painters were in the ascendant in the often-changed combinations of power in Venice. Their attempts to show that old Zuan Bellini, the patriarch of the art, schemed against his younger rival, and endeavored to keep him out of state patronage, are happily supported by no documents, but are merely an inference from the course of events, which show certain waverings and uncertainties in the

bargain between the Signoria and the painter. The manner in which this bargain was made, and in which the money was provided to pay for the work of Titian and his associates, is very characteristic and noticeable. After much uncertainty as to what were the intentions of the Signoria, the painter received an invitation to go to Rome through Pietro Bembo, which, however *bona fide* in itself, was probably intended to bring matters to a crisis, and show the authorities, who had not as yet secured the services of the most promising of all of the younger artists then left in Venice, that their decision must be made at once. Titian brings the question before them with much firmness — will they have him or not? must he turn aside to the service of the Pope instead of entering that of the magnificent Signoria, which, "desirous of fame rather than of profit," he would prefer? Pressing for a decision, he then sets forth the pay and position for which he is willing to devote his powers to the public service. These are: The first brokership that shall be vacant in the Fondaco de' Tedeschi, "irrespective of all promised reversions of such patent," and the maintenance of two pupils as his assistants, to be paid by the salt office, which also is to provide all colors and necessaries required in their work. The curious complication of state affairs which thus mixes up the most uncongenial branches, and defrays the expenses of this, the supremest luxury of the state, out of the tarry purse of its oldest and rudest industry, is very remarkable; and the bargain has a certain surreptitious air, as if even the magnificent Signoria did not care to confess how much their splendors cost. If our own government, ashamed to put into their straightforward budget the many thousands expended on the purchase of the Blenheim "Madonna," had added it in with the accounts of the inland revenue, it would be an operation somewhat similar. But such balancings and mutual compensations, robbing Peter to pay Paul, were common in those days. The brokership, however, is about as curious an expedient for the pay of a painter as could be devised. The German merchants were forbidden to trade without the assistance of such an official, and the painter of course fulfilled the duties of the office by deputy. It affords an amazing suggestion, indeed, to think of old Bellini, or our magnificent young Titian, crossing the Rialto by the side of some homely Teuton with his samples in his pocket, to drive a noisy bargain in the crowded Piazza round San Giacomo, where all the merchants congregated. But the expedient was perfectly

natural to the times in which they lived, and, indeed, such resources have not long gone out of use even among ourselves.

Titian's proposal was accepted, then modified, and finally received and established, with the odious addition that the broker's place to be given to him was not simply the first vacancy, but the vacancy which should occur at the death of Zuan Bellini, then a very old man, and naturally incapable of holding it long. This brutal method of indicating that one day was over and another begun, and of pushing the old monarch from his place, throws an unfavorable light upon the very pushing and practical young painter, who was thus determined to have his master's seat.

When Bellini died, in 1516, it is gratifying to know that there was still some difficulty about the matter, other promises apparently having been made, and other expectations raised as to the vacant brokership. Finally, however, Titian's claim was allowed, and he entered into possession of the income about which he had been so eager. He then established himself at San Samuele, abandoning, it would seem, the old center of life at the Rialto where all the others had been content to live and labor. It was like a migration from the business parts of the town to those of fashion, or at least gentility; and perhaps this change showed already a beginning of pretension to the higher social position which Titian, in his later days at least, evidently enjoyed. They were noble in their rustic way up at Cadore, and he who was presently to stand before kings probably assumed already something more of dignity than was natural to the son of painters, or to the village genius who is known to posterity only by his Christian name.

Another day had now dawned upon the studies and workshops. The reign of the Bellini was over and that of Titian had begun. Of his contemporaries and disciples we cannot undertake any account. The nearest in association and influence to the new master was the gentle Palma, with all the silvery sweetness of color which, so far as the critics know, he had found for himself in his village on the plains, or acquired somehow by the grace of heaven, no master having the credit of them. Some of these authorities believe that, from this modest and delightful painter, Titian, all acquisitive, gained something too; so much as to be almost a pupil of the master who is so much less great than himself. And that is possible enough, for it is evident that Titian, like Molière, took his goods where he

found them, and lost no occasion for instruction, whoever supplied it. He was, at all events for some time, much linked with Palma, whose daughter was long supposed to be the favorite model of both these great painters. The splendid women whom they loved to paint, and who now stepped in, as may be said, into the world of fancy, a new and radiant group, with the glorious hair upon which both these masters expended so much skill, so that "every thread might be counted," Vasari says, represent, as imagination hopes, the women of that age, the flower of Venice at her highest perfection of physical magnificence. So, at least, the worshipper of Venice believes; finding in those grand forms, and in their opulence of color and natural endowment, something harmonious with the character of the race and time. From the same race, though with a higher inspiration, Bellini had drawn his Madonnas, with stately throats like columns and a noble amplitude of form. There is still much beauty in Venice, but not of this splendid kind. The women have dwindled, if they were ever like Violante. But she and her compeers have taken their place as the fit representatives of that age of splendor and luxury. When we turn to records less imaginative, however, the ladies of Venice appear to us under a different guise. They are attired in cloth of gold, in brocaded silks and velvets, with cords, fringes, pendants, and embroidery in gold, silver, pearls, and precious stones; "even their shoes richly ornamented with gold," Sanudo tells us; but they are feeble and pale, probably because of their way of living, shut up indoors the greater part of their time, and when they go out, tottering upon heels so high that walking is scarcely possible, and the unfortunate ladies in their grandeur have to lean upon the shoulders of their servants (or slaves) to avoid accident. Their heels were at least half the Milanese *braccio* in height (more than nine inches), says another authority. Imagination refuses to conceive the wonderful lady who lives in Florence, the "Bella" of Titian, in all her magnificent apparel, thus hobbling on a species of stilts about the streets, supported by one of those grinning negroes whose memory is preserved in the parti-colored figures in black and colored marble which pleased the taste of a later age. Such, however, were the shoes worn in those days of Bellini and Carpaccio which the great art critic of our time points out as so much nobler than our own; even pausing in his beautiful talk to throw a little malicious dart aside at modern English (or Scotch) maidens in high-heeled

boots. The nineteenth century has not after all deteriorated so very much from the fifteenth, for the veriest Parisian abhorred of the arts has never yet attempted to poise upon heels half a *braccio* in height.

These jeweled clogs, however, which, if memory does not deceive us, are visible on the floor in Carpaccio's picture of the two Venetian ladies in the Museo Correr, so much praised by Mr. Ruskin, were part of the universal ornamentation of the times. The great wealth of Venice showed itself in every kind of decorative work, designed in some cases rather by skill than by common sense. The Venetian houses were not only painted without, throwing abroad a surplus splendor to all the searching of the winds, but were all glorious within, as in the Psalms, the furniture carved and gilded, the curtains made of precious stuff, the chimney-pieces decorated with the finest pictures, the beds magnificent with golden embroidery and brocaded pillows, the very sheets edged with delicate work in gold thread. When Giorgione opened his studio, setting up in business, so to speak, he painted wardrobes, spinning wheels, and more particularly chests, the wedding coffers of the time, of which so many examples remain; and — a fact which takes away the hearer's breath — when Titian painted that noble pallid Christ of the Tribute Money, he did it, oh! heavens, on a cabinet; a fact which, though the cabinet was in the study of Alfonso of Ferrara, strikes us with a sensation of horror. Only a prince could have his furniture painted with such a work; but, no doubt, in Titian's splendid age there might be many *armari armoires* — aumries, as they were once called in Scotland — with bits of his youthful work, and glowing panels painted by Giorgione on the mantel-pieces, to be found in the Venetian houses. This was the way of living of the young painters, by which they came into knowledge of the world. Perhaps the doors of the wardrobe in a friend's house, or the panels over the fireplace, might catch the eye of one of the Savii, now multiplied past counting in every office of the state, who would straightway exert himself to have a space in the next church allotted to the young man to try his powers on; when, if there was anything in him, he had space and opportunity to show it and prove himself worthy of still higher promotion.

It would seem, however, that Titian was not much appreciated by his natural patrons during all the beginning of his career. There is no name of fondness for him such as there

was for Giorgio of Castel Franco. Was it perhaps that these keen Venetians, who, notwithstanding that failure of religious faith with which they are suddenly discredited, and which is supposed to lie at the root of all decadence in art, had still a keen eye and insight for the true and real, perceived that in the kind of pictures they most desired something was wanting which had not been wanting either in the Madonnas of Bellini or the saints of Carpaccio — a something higher than manipulation, more lovely than the loveliest color of the new method? These sacred pictures might be beautiful but they were not divine. The soul had gone out of them. That purity and wholesome grace which was in every one of old Zuan's Holy Families had stolen miraculously out of Titian, just as it had stolen miraculously in, no one knowing how, to the works of the elder generation. If this was the case indeed it was an effect only partially produced by the works of the young master, for his portraits were all alight with life and meaning, and in other subjects from his hand there was no lack of truth and energy. Whatever the cause might be, it is clear however that he was not popular, though the acknowledged greatest of all the younger painters. It was only the possibility of seeing his services transferred to the Pope that procured his admission to the privileges of state employment; and it was after his fame had been echoed from Ferrara and Bologna and Rome, and by the great emperor himself — the magnificent patron who picked up his brush, and with sublime condescension declared that a Titian might well be served by Cæsar — that the more critical and fastidious Venetians, or perhaps it might only be the more prejudiced and hardly judging, gave way to the strong current of opinion in his favor, and began to find him a credit to Venice. As soon as this conviction became general the tide of public feeling changed, and the republic became proud of the man who, amid all the disasters that began to disturb her complacence and interrupt her prosperity, had done her credit and added to her fame.

CHARLES WILLIAM CHADWICK OMAN.

Oman, Charles William Chadwick, an English historian; born at Mozufferpore, India, January 12, 1860. He was educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, and since 1883 has been a Fellow of All Souls, Oxford. He is a lecturer at New College. His writings include "A History of Greece" (1888); "Warwick, the Kingmaker" (1891); "A Short History of the Byzantine Empire" (1892); "A History of Europe, 476–918" (1893); "A Short History of England" (1895); "A History of the Art of War in the Middle Ages" (1897); "England and The Hundred Years' War" (1898).

The Return of King Edward.

(From "Warwick, the Kingmaker.")

The expulsion of King Edward had been marvellously sudden. Within eleven days after his landing at Dartmouth Warwick was master of all England. Not a blow had been struck for the exiled King. From Calais to Berwick every man mounted the Red Rose or the Ragged Staff with real or simulated manifestations of joy. On October 6th the Earl reached London, which opened its gates with its accustomed readiness. It had only delayed its surrender in fear of a riotous band of Kentishmen, whom Sir Geoffrey Gate had gathered in the Earl's name. They had wrought such mischief in Southwark that the Londoners refused to let them in, and waited for the arrival of Warwick himself before they would formally acknowledge King Henry. Meanwhile all the partisans of York had either fled from the city or taken sanctuary. Queen Elizabeth sought refuge in the precincts of Westminster, where she was soon after delivered of a son, the first male child that had been born to King Edward.

Riding through the city Warwick came to the Tower, and found King Henry in his keeper's hands, "not worshipfully arrayed as a prince, and not so cleanly kept as should beseem his state." The Earl led him forth from the fortress, — whither

THE TOWER OF LONDON TO-DAY

From a Painting by Édouard Detaille

he had himself conducted him, a prisoner in bonds, five years before, — arrayed him in royal robes, and brought him in state to St. Paul's, the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, with all the Common Council, walking before him, "while all the people to right and left rejoiced with clapping of hands, and cried, 'God save King Henry!'" Then the King, after returning thanks for his deliverance in the Cathedral, rode down Cheapside and took up his residence in the palace of the Bishop of London.

Henry was much broken and enfeebled by his captivity. "He sat on his throne as limp and helpless as a sack of wool," says one unfriendly chronicler. "He was a mere shadow and pretence, and what was done in his name was done without his will and knowledge." All that remained unbroken in him was his piety and his imperturbable long-suffering patience. But his weakness only made him the more fit for Warwick's purpose. His deliverance took place on the 6th, and on October 9th we find him beginning to sign a long series of documents which reconstituted the government of the realm. It was made clear from the first that Warwick and his friends were to have charge of the King rather than the Lancastrian peers. In the first batch of appointments Warwick became the King's Lieutenant, and resumed his old posts of Captain of Calais and Admiral. George Neville was restored to the Chancellorship, and Sir John Langstrother, Prior of the Hospitallers, received again the Treasury, which Warwick had bestowed on him in 1469. The Duke of Clarence was made Lieutenant of Ireland, a post he had enjoyed under his brother till his exile in 1470. Among the Lancastrians, Oxford was made Constable, and Pembroke joint-Lieutenant under Warwick. The rest received back their confiscated lands, but got no official preferment.

For five months the Earl's reign was undisturbed. There was no one in the country who dared dispute his will. Queen Margaret, whose presence would have been his greatest difficulty, had not yet crossed the seas. Her delay was strange. Perhaps she still dreaded putting herself in the hands of her old enemy; perhaps the King of France detained her till Warwick should have made his power in England too firm to be troubled by her intrigues. But the Earl himself actually desired her presence. He several times invited her to hasten her arrival. and at last sent over Langstrother, the Treasurer of England, to urge his suit and escort Margaret and her son across the

Channel. It was not till March that she could be induced to move; and by March the time was overdue.

Meanwhile King Edward had received but a lukewarm reception at the Court of Burgundy. Duke Charles, saddled with his French war, would have preferred to keep at peace with England. His sympathies were divided between Lancaster and York. If his wife was Edward's sister, he himself had Lancastrian blood in his veins, and had long maintained Somerset, Exeter, and other Lancastrian exiles at his Court. But he was driven into taking a decided line in favor of Edward by the fact that Warwick, his personal enemy, was supreme in the counsels of England. If the Earl allied himself to Louis of France, it became absolutely necessary for Duke Charles to lend his support to his exiled brother-in-law, with the object of upsetting Warwick's domination.

Edward himself had found again his ancient restless energy in the day of adversity. He knew that in the last autumn he could have made a good defence if it had not been for Montagu's sudden treachery, and was determined not to consider his cause lost till it had been fairly tried by the arbitrament of the sword. He was in full communication with England, and had learnt that many more beside Clarence were eager to see him land. The adventure would be perilous, for he would have to fight not only, as of old, the Lancastrian party, but the vast masses of the Commons whose trust had always been in the great Earl. But peril seems to have been rather an incentive than a deterrent to Edward, when the reckless mood was on him. He took the aid that Charles of Burgundy promised, though it was given in secret and with a grudging heart. After a final interview with the Duke at Aire, he moved off in February to Flushing, where a few ships had been collected for him in the haven among the marshes of Walcheren. About fifteen hundred English refugees accompanied him, including his brother of Gloucester and Lords Hastings, Say, and Scales. The Duke had hired for him three hundred German hand-gun men, and presented him with fifty thousand florins in gold. With such slender resources the exiled King did not scruple to attempt the reconquest of his kingdom. On March 11th he and his men set sail. They were convoyed across the German Ocean by a fleet of fourteen armed Hanseatic vessels, which the Duke had sent for their protection. Yet the moment that Charles heard they were safely departed, he published, for War-

wick's benefit, a proclamation warning any of his subjects against aiding or abetting Edward of York in any enterprise against the realm of England.

However secretly Edward's preparations were concerted, they had not entirely escaped his enemy's notice. Warwick had made dispositions for resisting a landing to the best of his ability. A fleet stationed at Calais, under the Bastard of Fauconbridge, watched the straits and protected the Kentish coast. The Earl himself lay at London to overawe the discontented and guard King Henry. Oxford held command in the Eastern Counties — the most dangerous district, for Norfolk and the Bourchiers were rightly suspected of keeping up communication with Edward. In the north, Montagu and the Earl of Northumberland were in charge from Hull to Berwick with divided authority.

As Warwick had expected, the invaders aimed at landing in East Anglia. On March 12th Edward and his fleet lay off Cromer. He sent two knights ashore to rouse the country ere he himself set foot on land. But in a few hours the messengers returned. They bade him hoist sail again, for Oxford was keeping strict watch over all those parts, and Edward's friends were all in prison or bound over to good behavior. On receiving this disappointing intelligence, Edward determined on one of those bold strokes which were so often his salvation. If the friendly districts were so well watched, it was likely that the counties where Warwick's interest was supreme would be less carefully secured. The King bade his pilot steer north and make for the Humber mouth, though Yorkshire was known to be devoted to the great Earl.

That night a gale from the south swept over the Wash and scattered Edward's ships far and wide. On March 15th it abated, and the vessels came to land at various points on the coast of Holderness. The King and Hastings, with five hundred men, disembarked at Ravenspur — a good omen, for this was the same spot at which Henry of Bolingbroke had commenced his victorious march on London in 1399. The other ships landed their men at neighboring points on the coast, and by the next morning all Edward's two thousand men were safely concentrated. Their reception by the country-side was most discouraging. The people deserted their villages and drew together in great bands, as if minded to oppose the invaders. Indeed, they only needed leaders to induce them to take the

offensive; but no man of mark chanced to be in Holderness. Montagu lay in the West-Riding and Northumberland in the north. A squire named Delamere, and a priest named Westerdale, the only leaders whom the men of Holderness could find, contented themselves with following the King at a distance, and with sending news of his approach to York.

A less resolute adventurer than Edward Plantagenet would probably have taken to his ships again when he found neither help nor sympathy in Yorkshire. But Edward was resolved to play out his game; the sight of the hostile country-side only made him determine to eke out the lion's hide with the fox's skin. Calling to mind the stratagem which Henry of Bolingbroke had practised in that same land seventy-two years ago, he sent messengers everywhere to announce that he came in arms not to dispossess King Henry, but only to claim his ancestral duchy of York. When he passed through towns and villages he bade his men shout for King Henry, and he himself mounted the Lancastrian badge of the ostrich feathers. In these borrowed plumes he came before the walls of York, still unmolested, but without having drawn a man to his banners. Hull, the largest town that he had approached, had resolutely closed its gates against him.

The fate of Edward's enterprise was settled before the gates of York on the morning of March 18th. He found the walls manned by the citizens in arms; but they parleyed instead of firing upon him, and when he declared that he came in peace, aspiring only to his father's dignity and possessions, he himself with sixteen persons only in his train was admitted within the gate. Then upon the cross of the high altar in the Minster he swore "that he never would again take upon himself to be King of England, nor would have done before that time, but for the exciting and stirring of the Earl of Warwick," "and thereto before all the people he cried, 'King Harry! King Harry and Prince Edward!'" Satisfied by these protestations, the men of York admitted the invaders within their walls. Edward, however, only stayed for twelve hours in York, and next morning he marched on Tadcaster.

This day was almost as critical as the last. It was five days since the landing at Ravenspur, and the news had now had time to spread. If Montagu and Northumberland were bent on loyal service to King Henry, they must now be close at hand. But the star of York was in the ascendant. Northumberland re-

membered at this moment rather his ancient enmity for the Nevilles than his grandfather's loyalty to Lancaster. He gathered troops indeed, but he made no attempt to march south or to intercept the invaders. It is probable that he was actually in treasonable communication with Edward, as the Lancastrian chroniclers declare. Montagu, on the other hand, collected two or three thousand men and threw himself into Pontefract, to guard the Great North Road. But Edward, instead of approaching Pontefract, moved his army on to cross-roads, which enabled him to perform a flank march round his adversary; he slept that evening at Sendal Castle, the spot where his father had spent the night before the disastrous battle of Wakefield. How Montagu came to let Edward get past him is one of the problems whose explanation will never be forthcoming. It may have been that his scouts lost sight of the enemy and missed the line of his flank march. It may equally well have been that Montagu overvalued the King's army, which was really no larger than his own, and would not fight till he should be joined by his colleague Northumberland. Some contemporary writers assert that the Marquis, remembering his old favor with the King, was loath that his hand should be the one to crush his former master. Others say that it was no scruple of ancient loyalty that moved Montagu, but that he had actually determined to desert his brother and join Edward's party. But his later behavior renders this most unlikely.

Montagu's fatal inaction was the salvation of Edward. At Sendal he received the first encouragement which he had met since his landing. He was there in the midst of the estates of the duchy of York, and a considerable body of men joined him from among his ancestral retainers. Encouraged by this accession, he pushed on rapidly southward, and by marches of some twenty miles a day reached Doncaster on the 21st and Nottingham on the 23d. On the way recruits began to flock in, and at Nottingham a compact body of six hundred men-at-arms, under Sir James Harrington and Sir William Parr, swelled the Yorkist ranks. Then Edward, for the first time since his landing, paused for a moment to take stock of the position of his friends and his enemies.

Meanwhile the news of his march had run like wildfire all over England, and in every quarter men were arming for his aid or his destruction. Warwick had hoped at first that Montagu and Northumberland would stay the invader, but when he heard

that Edward had slipped past, he saw that he himself must take the field. Accordingly he left London on the 22d, and rode hastily to Warwick to call out his Midland retainers. The guard of the city and the person of King Henry was left to his brother the Archbishop. Simultaneously Somerset departed to levy troops in the south-west, and Clarence set forth to raise Gloucestershire and Wiltshire. Oxford had already taken the field, and on the 22d lay at Lynn with four thousand men, the force that the not very numerous Lancastrians of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridge could put in arms. From thence he directed his march on Newark, hoping to fall on Edward's flank somewhere near Nottingham.

At that very moment the invader had thrown off the mask he had hitherto worn. Finding himself well received and strongly reinforced, he laid aside his pretence of asking only for the duchy of York and had himself proclaimed as king. But his position was perilous still. Warwick was gathering head in his front; Montagu was following cautiously in his rear; Oxford was about to assail his flank. The enemies must be kept apart at all hazards; so Edward, neglecting the others for the moment, turned fiercely on Oxford. He marched rapidly on Newark with some five or six thousand men. This decision and show of force frightened the Earl, who, though joined by the Duke of Exeter and Lord Bardolph, felt himself too weak to fight. When the vanguard of the Yorkists appeared, he hastily left Newark and fell back on to Stamford in much disorder.

Having thus cleared his flank, Edward turned back on Nottingham and then made for Leicester. Here he was joined by the Yorkists of the East Midlands in great numbers; of the retainers of Lord Hastings alone no less than three thousand came to him in one body.

Warwick, who lay only two short marches from the invader, was straining every nerve to get together an army. His missives ran east and west to call in all the knights of the Midlands who had ever mounted the Ragged Staff or the Red Rose. One of these letters was found in 1889, among other treasures, in the lumber room of Belvoir Castle. It was addressed to Henry Vernon, a great Derbyshire landholder. The first part, written in a secretary's hand, runs as follows: —

"Right Trusty and Wellbeloved — I grete you well, and desire and heartily pray you that, inasmuch as yonder man Edward, the King our soverain lord's great enemy, rebel, and traitor, is

now arrived in the north parts of this land, and coming fast on south, accompanied with Flemings, Easterlings, and Danes, not exceeding the number of two thousand persons, nor the country as he cometh not falling to him, ye will therefore, incontinent and forthwith after the sight hereof, dispose you to make toward me to Coventry with as many people defensibly arranged as ye can readily make, and that ye be with me in all haste possible, as my veray singular heart is in you, and as I may do thing [*sic*] to your weal or worship hereafter. And may God keep you. — Written at Warwick on March 25th."

Then in the Earl's own hand was written the postscript, appealing to Vernon's personal friendship: "Henry, I pray you ffayle me not now, as ever I may do for you."

Sad to say, this urgent appeal, wellnigh the only autograph of the great Earl that we possess, seems to have failed in its purpose. Vernon preferred to watch the game, and as late as April 2d had made no preparation to take arms for either side.

On March 28th Warwick with six thousand men advanced to Coventry, a strongly-fortified town facing Edward's line of advance. On the same day his adversary, whose forces must now have amounted to nearly ten thousand, marched southward from Leicester. Next morning Warwick and the King were in sight of each other, and a battle was expected. But the Earl was determined to wait for his reinforcements before fighting. He calculated that Montagu must soon arrive from the north, Oxford from the east, Clarence from the south-west. Accordingly he shut himself up in Coventry, and refused to risk an engagement. Edward, whose movements all through this campaign evince the most consummate generalship, promptly marched past his enemy and seized Warwick, where he made his headquarters. He then placed his army across the high road from Coventry to London, cutting off the Earl's direct communication with the capital, and waited. Like the Earl he was expecting his reinforcements.

The first force that drew near was Clarence's levy from the south-west. With seven thousand men in his ranks the Duke reached Burford on April 2d. Next day he marched for Banbury. On the 4th Warwick received the hideous news that his son-in-law had mounted the White Rose and joined King Edward. The treason had been long meditated, and was carried out with perfect deliberation and great success. A few miles beyond Banbury Clarence's array found itself facing that of the

Yorkists. Clarence bade his men shout for King Edward, and fall into the ranks of the army that confronted them. Betrayed by their leader, the men made no resistance, and allowed themselves to be enrolled in the Yorkist army.

Clarence, for very shame we must suppose, offered to obtain terms for his father-in-law. "He sent to Coventry," says a Yorkist chronicler, "offering certain good and profitable conditions to the Earl, if he would accept them. But the Earl, whether he despaired of any durable continuance of good accord betwixt the King and himself, or else willing to maintain the great oaths, pacts, and promises sworn to Queen Margaret, or else because he thought he should still have the upperhand of the King, or else led by certain persons with him, as the Earl of Oxford, who bore great malice against the King, would not suffer any manner of appointment, were it reasonable or unreasonable." He drove Clarence's messengers away, "crying that he thanked God he was himself and not that traitor Duke."

Although Oxford had joined him with four thousand men, and Montagu was approaching, Warwick still felt himself not strong enough to accept battle when Edward and Clarence drew out their army before the gates of Coventry on the morning of April 5th. He then saw them fall into column of march, and retire along the London road. Edward, having now some eighteen thousand men at his back, thought himself strong enough to strike at the capital, where his friends had been busily astir in his behalf for the last fortnight. Leaving a strong rear-guard behind, with orders to detain Warwick at all hazards, he hurried his main body along the Watling Street, and in five days covered the seventy-five miles which separated him from London.

Meanwhile Warwick had been joined by Montagu as well as by Oxford, and also received news that Somerset, with seven or eight thousand men more, was only fifty miles away. This put him in good spirits, for he counted on London holding out for a few days, and on the men of Kent rallying to his standard when he approached the Thames. He wrote in haste to his brother the Archbishop, who was guarding King Henry, that if he would maintain the city but forty-eight hours, they would crush the invading army between them. Then he left Coventry and hurried after the King.

OMAR KHAYYÁM.

Omar Khayyám, a Persian poet and astronomer; born at Naishapur, in Khorasan, about A. D. 1050; died about 1123. "*Khayyám*" means "the Tent-maker," and it is probable that Omar used this designation as his *takhallus* or poetical pen-name, without ever having worked at that trade. Omar had no aspirations for political greatness. He devoted himself to study, especially of astronomy, and when the Vizier undertook to reform the confused Mohammedan calendar, Omar was one of those to whom the work was confided. He wrote a number of philosophical and scientific works, only one of which has come down to us — a treatise on algebra. His modern fame rests chiefly on his Rubáiyát or quatrains, which have been translated by Edward Fitzgerald, Whinfield, and other Persian scholars.

Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.

(Translation of Edward Fitzgerald — The Edition of 1859.)

I.

Awake! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight:
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultán's Turret in a Noose of Light.

II.

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky,
I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,
"Awake, my Little ones, and fill the Cup
Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry."

III.

And as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted — "Open then the Door!
You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more."

IV.

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the White Hand of Moses on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the ground suspires.

V.

Irám indeed is gone with all its Rose,
And Jamshýd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows;
But still the Vine her ancient Ruby yields,
And still a Garden by the Water blows.

VI.

And David's Lips are lock't; but in divine
High piping Péhlevi, with "Wine! Wine! Wine!
Red Wine!"—the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That yellow Cheek of her's to incarnadine.

VII.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly—and Lo! the Bird is on the Wing.

VIII.

And look—a thousand Blossoms with the Day
Woke—and a thousand scatter'd into Clay:
And this first Summer Month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshýd and Kaikobád away.

IX.

But come with old Khayyám, and leave the Lot
Of Kaikobád and Kaikhosrú forgot!
Let Rustum lay about him as he will,
Or Hátim Tai cry Supper—heed them not.

X.

With me along some Strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultán scarce is known,
And pity Sultán Máhmúd on his Throne.

XI.

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse — and Thou —
Beside me singing in the Wilderness —
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

XII.

"How sweet is mortal Sovranty!" — think some:
Others — "How blest the Paradise to come!"
Ah, take the Cash in hand and wave the Rest;
Oh, the brave Music of a *distant* Drum!

XIII.

Look to the Rose that blows about us — "Lo,
Laughing," she says, "into the World I blow:
At once the silken Tassel of my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

XIV.

The Wordly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes — or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little Hour or two — is gone.

XV.

And those who husbanded the Golden Grain,
And those who flung it to the Winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

XVI.

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his Hour or two, and went his way.

XVII.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshýd gloried and drank deep;
And Bahrám, that great Hunter — the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, and he lies fast asleep.

XVIII.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in its Lap from some once lovely Head.

XIX.

And this delightful Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean —
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

XX.

Ah, my Belovèd, fill the Cup that clears
To-DAY of past Regrets and future Fears —
Tomorrow? — Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.

XXI.

Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and best
That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to Rest.

XXII.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new Bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend, ourselves to make a Couch — for whom?

XXIII.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and — sans End!

XXIV.

Alike for those who for To-DAY prepare,
And those that after a To-MORROW stare,
A Muezzín from the Tower of Darkness cries,
"Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There!"

XXV.

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly, are thrust
  Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

XXVI.

Oh, come with old Khayyám, and leave the Wise
To talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies;
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

XXVII.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argument
  About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same Door as in I went.

XXVIII.

With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with my own hand labor'd it to grow:
  And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd —
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

XXIX.

Into this Universe, and *why* not knowing,
Nor *whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing:
  And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

XXX.

What, without asking, hither hurried *whence?*
And without asking, *whither* hurried hence!
  Another and another Cup to drown
The Memory of this Impertinence!

XXXI.

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
  And many Knots unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Knot of Human Death and Fate.

XXXII.

There was a door to which I found no key:
There was a Veil past which I could not see:
Some little Talk awhile of ME and THEE
There seem'd — and then no more of THEE and ME.

XXXIII.

Then to the rolling Heav'n itself I cried,
Asking, "What Lamp had Destiny to guide
Her little Children stumbling in the Dark?"
And — "A blind Understanding!" Heav'n replied.

XXXIV.

Then to this earthen Bowl did I adjourn
My Lip the secret Well of Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd — "While you live
Drink! — for once dead you never shall return."

XXXV.

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
And merry-make; and the cold Lip I kiss'd
How many Kisses might it take — and give!

XXXVI.

For in the Market-place, one Dusk of Day,
I watch'd the Potter thumping his wet Clay:
And with its all obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd — "Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

XXXVII.

Ah, fill the Cup: — what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our Feet:
Unborn TO-MORROW, and dead YESTERDAY,
Why fret about them if TO-DAY be sweet!

XXXVIII.

One Moment in Annihilation's Waste,
One Moment, of the Well of Life to taste —
The Stars are setting and the Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing — Oh, make haste!

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"Drink! — for, once dead, you never shall return"

From a Painting by Elihu Vedder

XXXIX.

How long, how long, in infinite Pursuit
Of This and That endeavor and dispute?
  Better be merry with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

XL.

You know, my Friends, how long since in my House
For a new Marriage I did make Carouse:
  Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

XLI.

For "Is" and "Is-NOT" though *with* Rule and Line,
And "UP-AND-DOWN" *without*, I could define,
  I yet in all I only cared to know,
Was never deep in anything but — Wine.

XLII.

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel Shape
  Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 't was — the Grape!

XLIII.

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:
  The subtle Alchemist that in a Trice
Life's leaden Metal into Gold transmute.

XLIV.

The mighty Máhmúd, the victorious Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
  Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters and slays with his enchanted Sword.

XLV.

But leave the Wise to wrangle, and with me
The Quarrel of the Universe let be:
  And, in some corner of the Hubbub coucht,
Make Game of that which makes as much of Thee.

XLVI.

For in and out, above, about, below,
'T is nothing but a Magic Shadow-show,
Play'd in a Box whose Candle is the Sun,
Round which we Phantom Figures come and go.

XLVII.

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in the Nothing all Things end in — Yes —
Then Fancy while Thou art, Thou art but what
Thou shalt be — Nothing — Thou shalt not be less.

XLVIII.

While the Rose blows along the River Brink,
With old Khayyám the Ruby Vintage drink:
And when the Angel with his darker Draught
Draws up to Thee — take that, and do not shrink.

XLIX.

'T is all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays:
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

L.

The Ball no Question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Right or Left, as strikes the Player, goes;
And He that toss'd Thee down into the Field,
He knows about it all — He knows — HE knows!

LI.

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

LII.

And that inverted Bowl we call The Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop't we live and die,
Lift not thy hands to *It* for help — for It
Rolls impotently on as Thou or I.

LIII.

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man's knead,
And then of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:
  Yea, the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

LIV.

I tell Thee this — When, starting from the Goal,
Over the shoulders of the flaming Foal
  Of Heav'n Parwín and Mushtara they flung,
In my predestin'd Plot of Dust and Soul

LV.

The Vine had struck a Fibre; which about
If clings my Being — let the Súfi flout;
  Of my Base Metal may be filed a Key,
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

LVI.

And this I know: whether the one True Light,
Kindle to Love, or Wrathconsume me quite,
  One Glimpse of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

LVII.

Oh, Thou, who didst with Pitfall and with Gin
Beset the Rôad I was to wander in,
  Thou wilt not with Predestination round
Emmesh me, and impute my Fall to Sin?

LVIII.

Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And who with Eden didst devise the Snake;
  For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd, Man's Forgiveness give — and take!

. . . . . .

KÚZA-NÁMA.

LIX.

LISTEN again. One evening at the Close
Of Ramazán, ere the better Moon arose,
  In that old Potter's Shop I stood alone
With the clay Population round in Rows.

LX.

And, strange to tell, among that Earthen Lot
Some could articulate, while others not:
And suddenly one more impatient cried —
"Who *is* the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

LXI.

Then said another — "Surely not in vain
My Substance from the common Earth was ta'en,
That He who subtly wrought me into Shape
Should stamp me back to common Earth again."

LXII.

Another said — "Why, ne'er a peevish Boy,
Would break the Bowl from which he drank in Joy;
Shall He that *made* the Vessel in pure Love
And Fansy, in an after Rage destroy!"

LXIII.

None answer'd this; but after Silence spake
A Vessel of a more ungainly Make:
"They sneer at me for leaning all awry;
What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake!"

LXIV.

Said one — "Folks of a surly Tapster tell,
And daub his Visage with the smoke of Hell;
They talk of some strict Testing of us — Pish!
He 's a Good Fellow, and 't will all be well."

LXV.

Then said another with a long-drawn Sigh,
"My Clay with long oblivion is gone dry:
But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by-and-bye!"

LXVI.

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,
One spied the little Crescent all were seeking:
And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother! Brother!
"Hark to the Porter's Shoulder-knot a-creaking!"

. . . . . .

LXVII.

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash my Body whence the Life has died,
And in a Windingsheet of Vine-leaf wrapt,
So bury me by some sweet Garden-side.

LXVIII.

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a Snare
Of Perfume shall fling up into the Air,
As not a True Believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

LXIX.

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my Credit in Men's Eye much wrong:
Have drown'd my Honor in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

LXX.

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore — but was I sober when I swore?
And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

LXXI.

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honor — well,
I often wonder what the Vinters buy
One half so precious as the Goods they sell.

LXXII.

Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

LXXIII.

Ah, Love! could Thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits — and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

LXXIV.

Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again:
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same Garden after me — in vain!

LXXV.

And when Thyself with shining Foot shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in thy joyous Errand reach the Spot
Where I made one — turn down an empty Glass!

TWENTY-FOUR QUATRAINS FROM OMAR.

(Translation of F. York Powell.)

I.

KHAYYÁM that used to stitch the tents of Thought,
Into Grief's furnace dropt, was burnt to naught;
The shears of Fate his Life's tent-ropes have cut;
Yea, Hope's sharp Broker sold him — nor got aught.

II.

The World gains naught that I live here below,
And my Departure will not mar its show;
No man has told me yet, nor do I know
Why I came here, or *wherefor* hence I go.

III.

The Day is breaking, let us welcome him
With glasses crimson-beaded to the brim;
And as for Name and Fame and Blame and Shame,
What are they all? — mere Talk and idle Whim.

IV.

Why at the Dawning must the cock still crow?
It is that by his crowing he may show
That one more Night has slid from out thy Life:
And thou art lying asleep and dost not know.

V.

Life's caravan speeds strangely swift, take care;
It is thy youth that's fleeting, Friend, beware;
Nor vex thyself for Woe to come, in vain,
For lo, the Night rolls on, and Dawn breaks bare.

VI.

The Spheres that turn have brought no luck to thee,
What matter how the Years or Seasons flee?
Two Days there are to which I pay no heed —
The Day that's gone, the Day that is to be.

VII.

Above thine head looms Heaven's Bull Parwín;
Beneath thy feet a Bull bears Earth, unseen;
Open the eyes of Knowledge, and behold
This drove of Asses these two Bulls between.

VIII.

The Rose saith, "I am Joseph's flower, for, lo,
My Cup is full of Gold." "If this be so,
Give me another sign," I cried, and She
Made answer, "Red with gore my Garments show."

IX.

Rose, thou art like unto a Face most fair;
Rose, thou art like unto a Ruby rare;
Fate, thou art ever changing shape and hue,
Yet ever hast the same familiar air.

X.

Though the Rose fade, yet are the Thorns our lot;
Though the Light fail, yet is the Ember hot;
Though Robe and Priest and Presence all are gone,
The empty Mosque at least we still have got.

XI.

Open the Door; the Key is Thine alone!
Show me the Path; only to Thee 't is known!
The idle Hands they reach I will not take;
Thine Everlasting Arms shall bear me on!

XII.

O Lord, have mercy on my enslaved Soul:
Have mercy on my Heart that Griefs control:
Have mercy on my Foot that seeks the Inn:
Have mercy on my Hand that Craves the Bowl.

XIII.

Creeds seventy-two among Mankind there be;
Of all these Faiths I choose but Faith in Thee:
  Law, Sin, Repentance, all are idle words:
Thou art my Hope. What's all the rest to me?

XIV.

The Drop of Water wept to leave the Sea,
But the Sea laught and said, "We still are we,
  God is within, without, and all around,
And not a hair's-breadth severs Me and Thee."

XV.

Now Thou art hidden, unseen of all that be;
Now Thou art full display'd that all may see;
  Being, as Thou art, the Player and the Play,
And playing for Thine own pleasure, carelessly.

XVI.

On these twin Compasses, my Soul, you see
One Body and two Heads, like You and Me,
  Which wander round one centre circle-wise,
But at the end in one same point agree.

XVII.

The Heart wherein Love's wick burns clear and well,
Whether it swing in mosque or shrine or cell,
  If in the Book of Love it be enroll'd,
Is free from Hope of Heaven or Fear of Hell.

XVIII.

Whether in Heaven or Hell my lot be stay'd,
A Cup, a Lute, a fair and frolic Maid,
  Within a place of Roses please me now;
While on the chance of Heaven thy Life is laid.

XIX.

I lack not hope of Grace, though stain'd by Lust;
Like the poor Heathen that in idols trust,
  Woman and Wine I 'll worship while I live,
Nor flinch for Heaven or Hell, since die I must.

XX.

Come, friend, the cares of this brief life dismiss,
Be merry in thy momentary bliss;
If God were constant in his favor, think,
Thy turn had never come for Cup or Kiss.

XXI.

Let not the World's mass too much on thee weigh;
Nor grieve for those that Death has made his prey;
Lose not thine Heart save to the Fairest Fair,
Nor lack good Wine, nor fling thy Life away.

XXII.

'T is well to be of good Report and Trust;
'T is ill to make complaint that God 's unjust;
'T is better to be drunk with good red Wine
Than swollen with Hypocrisy's black must.

XXIII.

No Shield can save thee from the Shaft of Fate,
Nor to be glorious or rich or great;
The more I ponder, still the more I see
That Truth is All, naught else has any weight.

XXIV.

Of Duty towards God let Preachers whine,
But do as I command, and Heaven 's thine;
Give freely, slander not, be kindly still;
That done, have thou no fear, and call for Wine!

AMELIA (ALDERSON) OPIE.

Opie, Amelia (Alderson), an English romance writer and poet; born at Norwich, November 12, 1769; died there, December 2, 1853. In 1798 she married John Opie, a painter, who died in 1807. She then returned to Norwich, where she spent the remainder of her life. She did not commence her literary career until past thirty, when she put forth her "Father and Daughter" (1801). This book met with immense success, and the following year she issued a volume of poems. Her tales appeared at intervals until 1828, and were greatly admired in their day. Among these are "Simple Tales" (1806); "Temper, or Domestic Scenes" (1812); "New Tales" (1818); "Tales of the Heart" (1820); "Madeline" (1822); "Illustrations of Lying" (1825); "Detraction Displayed" (1828). She also published from time to time several volumes of verse.

The Orphan Boy's Tale.

Stay, Lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
  And hear a helpless orphan's tale.
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake;
  'T is want that makes my cheeks so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
  And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
  And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor, foolish child! how pleased was I
  When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
  And see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home my mother sought;
  She could not bear to see my joy,
For with my father's life 't was bought,
  And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud;
  My mother, shuddering, closed her ears.
"Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd;
  My mother answered with her tears.

"Why are you crying thus?" said I,
"While others laugh and shout with joy?"
She kissed me; and, with such a sigh,
She called me her poor orphan boy.

"What is an orphan boy?" I cried,
As in her face I looked and smiled;
My mother, through her tears replied,
"You'll know too soon, ill-fated child!"
And now they've tolled my mother's knell,
And I'm no more a parent's joy.
Oh, Lady, I have learned too well
What 't is to be an orphan boy!

O, were I by your bounty fed! —
Nay, gentle Lady, do not chide! —
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread;
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
Lady, you weep! Ha! this to me?
You'll give me clothing, food, employ?
Look down, dear parents; look and see
Your happy, happy, orphan boy!

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

O'Reilly, John Boyle, an Irish-American journalist and poet; born at Dowth Castle, County Meath, Ireland, June 28, 1844; died at Hull, Mass., August 10, 1890. He took part in the revolutionary movement of 1863, and afterward entered a cavalry regiment in the British army. In 1866 he was tried for treason, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. This sentence was subsequently commuted to transportation for twenty years, and he was sent to the penal colony of West Australia. In 1869 he made his escape, by the aid of the captain of an American whaling-vessel. Taking up his residence at Boston, he became editor of the "Pilot." He published "Songs from the Southern Seas" (1873); "Songs, Legends, and Ballads" (1878); "Moondyne, a Story from the Under-World" (1879); "Statues in the Block" (1881); "In Bohemia" (1886); "The Ethics of Boxing," and "Stories and Sketches" (1888).

Ensign Epps, the Color-Bearer.

Ensign Epps, at the battle of Flanders,
  Sowed a seed of glory and duty,
  That flowers and flames in height and beauty
  Like a crimson lily with heart of gold,
  To-day, when the wars of Ghent are old,
And buried as deep as their dead commanders.

Ensign Epps was the color-bearer, —
  No matter on which side, Philip or Earl;
  Their cause was the shell — his deed was the pearl.
Scarce more than a lad, he had been a sharer
  That day in the wildest work of the field.
He was wounded and spent, and the fight was lost;
His comrades were slain, or a scattered host.

But stainless and scatheless, out of the strife,
He had carried his colors safer than life.
  By the river's brink, without weapon or shield,

He faced the victors. The thick heart-mist
He dashed from his eyes, and the silk he kissed
Ere he held it aloft in the setting sun,
As proudly as if the fight were won;
And he smiled when they ordered him to yield.

Ensign Epps, with his broken blade,
Cut the silk from the gilded staff,
Which he poised like a spear till the charge was made,
And hurled at the leader with a laugh.
Then round his breast, like the scarf of his love,
He tied the colors his heart above,
And plunged in his armor into the tide,
And there, in his dress of honor, died.

Where are the lessons your kinglings teach?
And what is the text of your proud commanders?
Out of the centuries, heroes reach
With the scroll of a deed, with the word of a story,
Of one man's truth and of all men's glory,
Like Ensign Epps at the battle of Flanders.

The Cry of the Dreamer.

I am tired of planning and toiling
In the crowded hives of men;
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,
And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river,
Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming,
Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor,
I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity
For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
But the patient lives of the poor.

Oh, the little hands too skilful,
And the child-mind choked with weeds!
The daughter's heart grown wilful,
And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, no! from the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the woods' low rustle
And the meadows' kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
And be loved for the dream alway;
For a dreamer lives forever,
And a toiler dies in a day.

Western Australia.

O beauteous Southland! land of yellow air
That hangeth o'er thee slumbering, and doth hold
The moveless foliage of thy waters fair
And wooded hills, like aureole of gold!

O thou, discovered ere the fitting time,
Ere Nature in completion turned thee forth!
Ere aught was finished but thy peerless clime,
Thy virgin breath allured the amorous North.

O land! God made thee wondrous to the eye,
But His sweet singers thou hast never heard;
He left thee, meaning to come by and by,
And give rich voice to every bright-winged bird.

He painted with fresh hues the myriad flowers,
But left them scentless. Ah! their woeful dole,
Like sad reproach of their Creator's powers —
To make so sweet, fair bodies, void of soul.

He gave thee trees of odorous, precious wood,
But 'mid them all bloomed not one tree of fruit;
He looked, but said not that His work was good
When leaving thee all perfumeless and mute.

He blessed thy flowers with honey. Every bell
Looks earthward, sunward, with a yearning wist,
But no bee-lover ever notes the swell
Of hearts, like lips, a-hungering to be kissed.

O strange land, thou art virgin! thou art more
  Than fig-tree barren! Would that I could paint
For others' eyes the glory of the shore
  Where last I saw thee! But the senses faint

In soft, delicious dreaming when they drain
  Thy wine of color. Virgin fair thou art,
All sweetly fruitful, waiting with soft pain
  The spouse who comes to wake thy sleeping heart.

A Dead Man.

The Trapper died — our hero — and we grieved;
  In every heart in camp the sorrow stirred.
"His soul was red!" the Indian cried, bereaved;
  "A white man, he!" the grim old Yankee's word.

So, brief and strong, each mourner gave his best, —
  How kind he was, how brave, how keen to track;
And as we laid him by the pines to rest,
  A negro spoke, with tears: "His heart was black!"

My Troubles!

I wrote down my troubles every day;
  And after a few short years,
When I turned to the heart-aches passed away,
  I read them with smiles, not tears.

SARAH MARGARET OSSOLI.

Ossoli, Sarah Margaret (Fuller), Marchioness d', an American; born at Cambridgeport, Mass., May 23, 1810; died July 19, 1850. She was taught Latin and Greek at an early age. In 1840 the "Dial," a transcendental magazine, was established, of which she was for two years the editor. Near the close of 1844 she became literary critic of the "New York Tribune." In 1846 she accompanied a party of her friends to Europe. In December, 1847, she was married to the Marquis d'Ossoli, a young Italian nobleman. During the siege of Rome by the French she devoted herself to the care of the sick and wounded in the hospitals. The city having surrendered in June, 1849, she, with her husband and child, made her way to a village in the Abruzzi, and subsequently to Florence and Leghorn. At Leghorn, on May 17, 1850, the D'Ossolis took passage for the United States on board a small sailing-vessel. After a long voyage they were off the coast of Long Island. A violent storm sprang up, and the vessel was driven on the low sandy shore of Fire Island. She and her husband and child were drowned; and in the wreck was lost the manuscript of a work on "The Roman Republic." Her writings include "Summer on the Lakes" (1843); "Woman in the Nineteenth Century" (1844); and "Papers on Literature and Art" (1846).

George Sand.

To Elizabeth Hoar.

(From "Memoirs." Paris, ——, 1847.)

You wished to hear of George Sand, or as they say in Paris, "Madame Sand." I find that all we had heard of her was true in the outline; I had supposed it might be exaggerated. . . .

It is the custom to go and call on those to whom you bring letters, and push yourself upon their notice; thus you must go quite ignorant whether they are disposed to be cordial. My name is always murdered by the foreign servants who announce me. I speak very bad French; only lately have I had sufficient command of it to infuse some of my natural spirit in my dis-

GEORGE SAND

(*Armantine Lucile Aurore* (*Dupin*) *Dudevant*)

course. This has been a great trial to me, who am eloquent and free in my own tongue, to be forced to feel my thoughts struggling in vain for utterance.

The servant who admitted me was in the picturesque costume of a peasant, and as Madame Sand afterwards told me, her goddaughter, whom she had brought from her province. She announced me as "Madame Salère," and returned into the anteroom to tell me, "Madame says she does not know you." I began to think I was doomed to rebuff among the crowd who deserve it. However, to make assurance sure, I said, "Ask if she has received a letter from me." As I spoke Madame Sand opened the door, and stood looking at me an instant. Our eyes met. I never shall forget her look at that moment. The doorway made a frame for her figure; she is large but well-formed. She was dressed in a robe of dark-violet silk, with a black mantle on her shoulders, her beautiful hair dressed with the greatest taste; her whole appearance and attitude, in its simple and ladylike dignity, presented an almost ludicrous contrast to the vulgar caricature idea of George Sand. Her face is a very little like the portraits, but much finer; the upper part of the forehead and eyes are beautiful, the lower strong aud masculine, expressive of a hardy temperament and strong passions, but not in the least coarse; the complexion olive, and the air of the whole head Spanish (as indeed she was born at Madrid, and is only on one side of French blood). All these I saw at a glance; but what fixed my attention was the expression of *goodness*, nobleness, and power that pervaded the whole, — the truly human heart and nature that shone in the eyes. As our eyes met, she said, "C'est vous," and held out her hand. I took it, and went into her little study; we sat down a moment; then I said, "Il me fait de bien de vous voir," and I am sure I said it with my whole heart, for it made me very happy to see such a woman, so large and so developed in character, and everything that *is* good in it so *really* good. I loved, shall always love her.

She looked away, and said, "Ah! vous m'avez écrit une lettre charmante." This was all the preliminary of our talk, which then went on as if we had always known one another. . . . Her way of talking is just like her writing, — lively, picturesque, with an undertone of deep feeling, and the same happiness in striking the nail on the head every now and then with a blow. . . . I heartily enjoyed the sense of so rich, so prolific, so ardent a genius. I liked the woman in her, too, very much; I never

liked a woman better. . . . For the rest, she holds her place in the literary and social world of France like a man, and seems full of energy and courage in it. I suppose she has suffered much, but she has also enjoyed and done much.

Americans Abroad in Europe.

(From "At Home and Abroad.")

The American in Europe, if a thinking mind, can only become more American. In some respects it is a great pleasure to be here. Although we have an independent political existence, our position toward Europe as to literature and the arts is still that of a colony, and one feels the same joy here that is experienced by the colonist in returning to the parent home. What was but picture to us becomes reality; remote allusions and derivations trouble no more; we see the pattern of the stuff, and understand the whole tapestry. There is a gradual clearing up on many points, and many baseless notions and crude fancies are dropped. Even the post-haste passage of the business American through the great cities, escorted by cheating couriers and ignorant *valets de place*, unable to hold intercourse with the natives of the country, and passing all his leisure hours with his countrymen, who know no more than himself, clears his mind of some mistakes, — lifts some mists from his horizon.

There are three species: First, the servile American, — a being utterly shallow, thoughtless, worthless. He comes abroad to spend his money and indulge his tastes. His object in Europe is to have fashionable clothes, good foreign cookery, to know some titled persons, and furnish himself with coffee-house gossip, by retailing which among those less travelled and as uninformed as himself he can win importance at home. I look with unspeakable contempt on this class, — a class which has all the thoughtlessness and partiality of the exclusive classes in Europe, without any of their refinement, or the chivalric feeling which still sparkles among them here and there. However, though these willing serfs in a free age do some little hurt, and cause some annoyance at present, they cannot continue long; our country is fated to a grand independent existence, and as its laws develop, these parasites of a bygone period must wither and drop away.

Then there is the conceited American, instinctively bristling and proud of — he knows not what. He does not see, not he!

that the history of humanity, for many centuries, is likely to have produced results it requires some training, some devotion, to appreciate and profit by. With his great clumsy hands, only fitted to work on a steam-engine, he seizes the old Cremona violin, makes it shriek with anguish in his grasp, and then declares he thought it was all humbug before he came, and now he knows it; that there is not really any music in these old things; that the frogs in one of our swamps make much finer, for they are young and alive. To him the etiquettes of courts and camps, the ritual of the Church, seem simply silly, — and no wonder, profoundly ignorant as he is of their origin and meaning. Just so the legends which are the subjects of pictures, the profound myths which are represented in the antique marbles, amaze and revolt him; as, indeed, such things need to be judged of by another standard than that of the Connecticut Blue Laws. He criticises severely pictures, feeling quite sure that his natural senses are better means of judgment than the rules of connoisseurs, — not feeling that to see such objects mental vision as well as fleshly eyes are needed, and that something is aimed at in art beyond the imitation of the commonest forms of nature. This is Jonathan in the sprawling state, the booby truant, not yet aspiring enough to be a good schoolboy. Yet in his folly there is a meaning; add thought and culture to his independence, and he will be a man of might: he is not a creature without hope, like the thick-skinned dandy of the class first specified.

The artists form a class by themselves. Yet among them, though seeking special aims by special means, may also be found the lineaments of these two classes, as well as of the third, of which I am now to speak.

This is that of the thinking American, — a man who, recognizing the immense advantage of being born to a new world and on a virgin soil, yet does not wish one seed from the past to be lost. He is anxious to gather and carry back with him every plant that will bear a new climate and new culture. Some will dwindle; others will attain a bloom and stature unknown before. He wishes to gather them clean, free from noxious insects, and to give them a fair trial in his new world. And that he may know the conditions under which he may best place them in that new world, he does not neglect to study their history in this.

The history of our planet in some moments seems so painfully

mean and little, — such terrible bafflings and failures to compensate some brilliant successes; such a crushing of the mass of men beneath the feet of a few, and these too often the least worthy; such a small drop of honey to each cup of gall, and in many cases so mingled that it is never one moment in life purely tasted; above all, so little achieved for humanity as a whole, such tides of war and pestilence intervening to blot out the traces of each triumph, — that no wonder if the strongest soul sometimes pauses aghast; no wonder if the many indolently console themselves with gross joys and frivolous prizes. Yes! those men *are* worthy of admiration, who can carry this cross faithfully through fifty years; it is a great while for all the agonies that beset a lover of good, a lover of men; it makes a soul worthy of a speedier ascent, a more productive ministry in the next sphere. Blessed are they who ever keep that portion of pure generous love with which they began life! How blessed those who have deepened the fountains, and have enough to spare for the thirst of others! Some such there are; and feeling that, with all the excuses for failure, still only the sight of those who triumph gives a meaning to life or makes its pangs endurable, we must arise and follow.

A Character Sketch of Carlyle.

Letter to R. W. Emerson.

(From "Memoirs." Paris, ——, 1846.)

I ENJOYED the time extremely [in London]. I find myself much in my element in European society. It does not indeed come up to my ideal, but so many of the incumbrances are cleared away that used to weary me in America, that I can enjoy a freer play of faculty, and feel, if not like a bird in the air, at least as easy as a fish in water. . . .

Of the people I saw in London, you will wish me to speak first of the Carlyles. Mr. Carlyle came to see me at once, and appointed an evening to be passed at their house. That first time I was delighted with him. He was in a very sweet humor, — full of wit and pathos, without being overbearing or oppressive. I was quite carried away with the rich flow of his discourse; and the hearty, noble earnestness of his personal being brought back the charm which once was upon his writing, before I wearied of it. I admired his Scotch, his way of singing

his great full sentences, so that each one was like the stanza of a narrative ballad. He let me talk, now and then, enough to free my lungs and change my position, so that I did not get tired. That evening he talked of the present state of things in England, giving light, witty sketches of the men of the day, fanatics and others, and some sweet, homely stories he told of things he had known of the Scotch peasantry. Of you he spoke with hearty kindness; and he told with beautiful feeling a story of some poor farmer or artisan in the country, who on Sunday lays aside the cark and care of that dirty English world, and sits reading the "Essays" and looking upon the sea. . . .

The second time, Mr. Carlyle had a dinner party, at which was a witty, French, flippant sort of a man, named Lewes, author of a "History of Philosophy," and now writing a life of Goethe, a task for which he must be as unfit as irreligion and sparkling shallowness can make him. But he told stories admirably, and was allowed sometimes to interrupt Carlyle a little, — of which one was glad, for that night he was in his acrid mood; and though much more brilliant than on the former evening, grew wearisome to me, who disclaimed and rejected almost everything he said. . . .

Accustomed to the infinite wit and exuberant richness of his writings, his talk is still an amazement and a splendor scarcely to be faced with steady eyes. He does not converse, only harangues. It is the usual misfortune of such marked men, — happily not one invariable or inevitable, — that they cannot allow other minds room to breathe and show themselves in their atmosphere, and thus miss the refreshment and instruction which the greatest never cease to need from the experience of the humblest. Carlyle allows no one a chance, but bears down all opposition, not only by his wit and onset of words, resistless in their sharpness as so many bayonets, but by actual physical superiority, — raising his voice and rushing on his opponent with a torrent of sound. This is not in the least from unwillingness to allow freedom to others. On the contrary, no man would more enjoy a manly resistance in his thoughts. But it is the impulse of a mind accustomed to follow out its own impulse, as the hawk its prey, and which knows not how to stop in the chase.

Carlyle indeed is arrogant and overbearing; but in his arrogance there is no littleness, no self-love. It is the heroic arrogance of some old Scandinavian conqueror; it is his nature, and the untamable impulse that has given him power to crush the

dragons. He sings rather than talks. He pours upon you a kind of satirical, heroical, critical poem, with regular cadences, and generally catching up, near the beginning, some singular epithet which serves as a *refrain* when his song is full, or with which, as with a knitting-needle, he catches up the stitches, if he has chanced now and then to let fall a row. For the higher kinds of poetry he has no sense, and his talk on that subject is delightfully and gorgeously absurd. He sometimes stops a minute to laugh at it himself, then begins anew with fresh vigor; for all the spirits he is driving before him as Fata Morgana, ugly masks, in fact, if he can but make them turn about; but he laughs that they seem to others such dainty Ariels. His talk, like his books, is full of pictures; his critical strokes masterly. Allow for his point of view, and his survey is admirable. He is a large subject. I cannot speak more or wiselier of him now, nor needs it; his works are true, to blame and praise him, — the Siegfried of England, great and powerful, if not quite invulnerable, and of a might rather to destroy evil than legislate for good.

Encouragement.

For the Power to whom we bow
Has given its pledge that, if not now,
They of pure and steadfast mind,
By faith exalted, truth refined,
Shall hear all music loud and clear,
Whose first notes they ventured here.
Then fear not thou to wind the horn,
Though elf and gnome thy courage scorn,
Ask for the castle's king and queen —
Though rabble rout may rush between,
Beat thee senseless to the ground,
In the dark beset thee round —
Persist to ask and it will come,
Seek not for rest in humbler home;
So shalt thou see what few have seen,
The palace home of King and Queen.

THOMAS OTWAY.

Otway, Thomas, an English dramatist; born at Trotton, Sussex, March 3, 1652; died at Tower Hill, London, April 14, 1685. He was the son of a clergyman, and was sent to Oxford; but left the university without taking a degree, and went to London. In 1672 he made an unsuccessful appearance upon the stage, and never again appeared upon the boards. During the next five years he produced several dramas which met with good success. In 1677 he procured a place as cornet in a regiment of horse which was sent to Flanders. He was discharged in disgrace, returned to London in a state of extreme destitution, and began again to write for the stage. But his way of life was such that he was always in poverty. Besides some eight or ten dramas, he wrote a few poems. The only work of his which deserves remembrance is the tragedy of "Venice Preserved" (produced in 1682), which still holds a place on the stage.

The Conspiracy.

(From "Venice Preserved.")

The Senate House. Where appear sitting, the Duke of Venice, Priuli, Antonio, *and eight other* Senators.

Duke. Antony, Priuli, Senators of Venice,
Speak, why are we assembled here this night?
What have you to inform us of, concerns
The state of Venice' honor, or its safety?

Priuli. Could words express the story I 've to tell you,
Fathers, these tears were useless, these sad tears
That fall from my old eyes; but there is cause
We all should weep, tear off these purple robes,
And wrap ourselves in sackcloth, sitting down
On the sad earth, and cry aloud to Heaven.
Heaven knows if yet there be an hour to come
Ere Venice be no more.

All Senators. How!

Priuli. Nay, we stand
Upon the very brink of gaping ruin.

Within this city 's formed a dark conspiracy,
To massacre us all, our wives and children,
Kindred and friends; our palaces and temples
To lay in ashes: nay, the hour too fixed;
The swords, for aught I know, drawn e'en this moment,
And the wild waste begun. From unknown hands
I had this warning: but if we are men
Let 's not be tamely butchered, but do something
That may inform the world in after-ages,
Our virtue was not ruined, though we were. [*A noise without.*
Room, room, make room for some prisoners —

SENATORS. Let 's raise the city.

Enter Officer *and* Guard.

PRIULI. Speak, there, what disturbance?

OFFICER. Two prisoners have the guard seized in the streets,
Who say, they come to inform this reverend Senate
About the present danger.

Enter JAFFEIR *and* BELVIDERA, *guarded.*

ALL. Give 'em entrance. — Well, who are you?

JAFFEIR. A villain.

ANTONIO. Short and pithy,
The man speaks well.

JAFFEIR. Would every man that hears me
Would deal so honestly, and own his title.

DUKE. 'T is rumored, that a plot has been contrived
Against this state; that you have a share in 't too.
If you are a villain, to redeem your honor,
Unfold the truth, and be restored with mercy.

JAFFEIR. Think not that I to save my life come hither;
I know its value better; but in pity
To all those wretches, whose unhappy dooms
Are fixed and sealed. You see me here before you,
The sworn, and covenanted foe of Venice.
But use me as my dealings may deserve;
And I may prove a friend.

DUKE. The slave capitulates,
Give him the tortures.

JAFFEIR. That you dare not do,
Your fears won't let you, nor the longing itch
To hear a story which you dread the truth of.
Truth, which the fear of smart shall ne'er get from me.
Cowards are scared with threatenings: boys are whipt

Into confessions: but a steady mind
Acts of itself, ne'er asks the body counsel.
Give him the tortures! Name but such a thing
Again, by Heaven, I 'll shut these lips forever;
Not all your racks, your engines, or your wheels,
Shall force a groan away — that you may guess at.

ANTONIO. A bloody-minded fellow I 'll warrant;
A damned bloody-minded fellow.

DUKE. Name your conditions.

JAFFEIR. For myself full pardon.
Besides the lives of two and twenty friends, [*Delivers a list.*
Whose names are here enrolled: nay, let their crimes
Be ne'er so monstrous, I must have the oaths
And sacred promise of this reverend Council,
That in a full assembly of the Senate
The thing I ask be ratified. Swear this,
And I'll unfold the secrets of your danger.

ALL. We 'll swear.

DUKE. Propose the oath.

JAFFEIR. By all the hopes
Ye have of peace and happiness hereafter,
Swear.

ALL. We all swear.

JAFFEIR. To grant me what I 've asked,
Ye swear.

ALL. We swear.

JAFFEIR. And as ye keep the oath,
May you and your posterity be blest,
Or curst forever!

ALL. Else be curst for ever!

JAFFEIR. Then here 's the list, and with 't the full disclose
Of all that threatens you. [*Delivers another paper.*
Now, Fate, thou hast caught me.

Upon Jaffeir's information the conspirators are arrested. They disdain pardon, and ask for death. The Council breaks up, leaving Jaffeir free, and the rest waiting for judgment. Then Jaffeir seeks to justify himself to his friend Pierre, but is struck aside and scorned as traitor, villain, coward.

PIERRE. And wouldst thou have me live on terms like thine?
Base as thou 'rt false —

JAFFEIR. No, 't is to me that 's granted.
The safety of thy life was all I aimed at,
In recompense for faith and truth so broken.

PIERRE. I scorn it more, because preserved by thee:
And as when first my foolish heart took pity
On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,
Relieved thy wants, and raised thee from thy state
Of wretchedness, in which thy fate had plunged thee;
To rank thee in my list of noble friends;
All I received in surety for thy truth,
Were unregarded oaths; and this, this dagger,
Given with a worthless pledge thou since hast stolen;
So I restore it back to thee again,
Swearing by all those powers which thou hast violated,
Never from this cursed hour to hold communion,
Friendship, or interest with thee, though our years
Were to exceed those limited the world.
Take it — farewell — for now I owe thee nothing.

JAFFEIR. Say thou wilt live, then.

PIERRE. For my life, dispose it
Just as thou wilt, because 't is what I 'm tired with.

JAFFEIR. Oh, Pierre!

PIERRE. No more.

JAFFEIR. My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
But languish after thine, and ache with gazing.

PIERRE. Leave me — nay, then thus, thus I throw thee from me;
And curses great as is thy falsehood catch thee. [*Exit.*

JAFFEIR. Amen.
He 's gone, my father, friend, preserver,
And here 's the portion he has left me. [*Holds the dagger up.*
This dagger, well remembered, with this dagger
I gave a solemn vow of dire importance;
Parted with this and Belvidera together.
Have a care, memory, drive that thought no farther;
No, I 'll esteem it as a friend's last legacy,
Treasure it up within this wretched bosom,
Where it may grow acquainted with my heart,
That when they meet, they start not from each other.
So; now for thinking: a blow, called traitor, villain,
Coward, dishonorable coward, fough!
Oh, for a long sound sleep, and so forget it!
Down, busy devil —

Enter BELVIDERA.

BELVIDERA. Whither shall I fly?
Where hide me and my miseries together?
Where 's now the Roman constancy I boasted?
Sunk into trembling fears and desperation!

Nor daring now to look to that dear face
Which used to smile even on my faults, but down
Bending these miserable eyes on earth,
Must move in penance, and implore much mercy.

JAFFEIR. Mercy! kind Heaven has surely endless stores
Hoarded for thee of blessings yet untasted;
Let wretches loaded hard with guilt, as I am,
Bow with the weight, and groan beneath the burthen,
Creep with a remnant of that strength th' have left,
Before the footstool of that Heaven th' have injured.
Oh, Belvidera! I 'm the wretched'st creature
E'er crawled on earth: now if thou 'st virtue, help me,
Take me into thy arms, and speak the words of peace
To my divided soul, that wars within me,
And raises every sense to my confusion;
By Heaven, I 'm tottering to the very brink
Of peace; and thou art all the hold I 've left.

BELVIDERA. Alas! I know thy sorrows are most mighty;
I know th' hast cause to mourn, to mourn, my Jaffeir,
With endless cries and never-ceasing wailing.
Thou 'st lost —

JAFFEIR. Oh I 've lost what can't be counted:
My friend too, Belvidera; that dear friend,
Who, next to thee, was all my health rejoiced in,
Has used me like a slave; shamefully used me;
'T would break thy pitying heart to hear the story.
What shall I do? Resentment, indignation,
Love, pity, fear, and memory how I 've wronged him,
Distract my quiet with the very thought on 't,
And tear my heart to pieces in my bosom.

BELVIDERA. What has he done?

JAFFEIR. Thou 'dst hate me, should I tell thee.

BELVIDERA. Why?

JAFFEIR. Oh, he has used me! — yet, by Heaven, I bear it;
He has used me, Belvidera — but first swear
That when I 've told thee, thou wilt not loathe me utterly,
Though vilest blots and stains appear upon me;
But still at least with charitable goodness,
Be near me in the pangs of my affliction; —
Not scorn me, Belvidera, as he has done.

BELVIDERA. Have I then e'er been false, that now I 'm doubted?
Speak, what's the cause I 'm grown into distrust?
Why thought unfit to hear my love's complaining?

JAFFEIR. Oh!

BELVIDERA. Tell me.

JAFFEIR. Bear my failings, for they 're many.
Oh, my near angel! in that friend I 've lost
All my soul's peace; for every thought of him
Strikes my sense hard, and deads it in my brains;
Would 'st thou believe it? —
BELVIDERA. Speak.
JAFFEIR. Before we parted,
Ere yet his guards had led him to his prison,
Full of severest sorrows for his sufferings,
With eyes o'erflowing, and a bleeding heart,
Humbling myself almost beneath my nature;
As at his feet I kneeled, and sued for mercy,
Forgetting all our friendship, all the dearness
In which we 've lived so many years together,
With a reproachful hand he dashed a blow:
He struck me, Belvidera; by Heaven, he struck me,
Buffeted, called me traitor, villain, coward.
Am I a coward? am I a villain? tell me:
Th' art the best judge, and mad'st me, if I am so.
Damnation! coward!
BELVIDERA. Oh, forgive him, Jaffeir.
And if his sufferings wound thy heart already,
What will they do to-morrow?
JAFFEIR. Hah!
BELVIDERA. To-morrow,
When thou shalt see him stretched in all the agonies
Of a tormenting and a shameful death;
His bleeding bowels and his broken limbs
Insulted o'er by a vile butchering villain;
What will thy heart do then? Oh, sure 't will stream
Like my eyes now.
JAFFEIR. What means thy dreadful story?
Death, and to-morrow? broken limbs and bowels?
Insulted o'er by a vile butchering villain?
By all my fears I shall start out to madness
With barely guessing, if the truth 's hid longer.
BELVIDERA. The faithless senators, 't is they 've decreed it:
They say, according to our friend's request,
They shall have death, and not ignoble bondage:
Declare their promised mercy all as forfeited:
False to their oaths, and deaf to intercession;
Warrants are passed for public death to-morrow.
JAFFEIR. Death! doomed to die! Condemned unheard! unpleaded!
BELVIDERA. Nay, cruel'st racks and torments are preparing,

To force confessions from their dying pangs.
Oh, do not look so terribly upon me;
How your lips shake, and all your face disorder'd!
What means my love?

JAFFEIR. Leave me, I charge thee leave me — strong temptations
Wake in my heart.

BELVIDERA. For what?

JAFFEIR. No more, but leave me.

BELVIDERA. Why?

JAFFEIR. Oh! by Heaven, I love thee with that fondness,
I would not have thee stay a moment longer,
Near these curst hands: are they not cold upon thee?

[*Pulls the dagger out of his bosom, and puts it back again.*

BELVIDERA. No: everlasting comfort's in thy arms.
To lean thus on thy breast is softer ease
Than downy pillows decked with leaves of roses.

JAFFEIR. Alas! thou think'st not of the thorns 't is filled with:
Fly, ere they gall thee: there 's a lurking serpent
Ready to leap, and sting thee to thy heart:
Art thou not terrified?

BELVIDERA. No.

JAFFEIR. Call to mind
What thou hast done, and whither thou hast brought me.

BELVIDERA. Hah!

JAFFEIR. Where 's my friend? my friend, thou smiling mischief?
Nay, shrink not, now 't is too late, thou should'st have fled
When thy guilt first had cause; for dire revenge
Is up, and raging for my friend. He groans!
Hark how he groans, his screams are in my ears
Already; see, they 've fixed him on the wheel,
And now they tear him — Murther! perjured Senate!
Murther — Oh! — hark thee, traitress, thou hast done this;
Thanks to thy tears and false persuading love.
How her eyes speak! oh, thou bewitching creature!

[*Fumbling for his dagger*

Madness can't hurt thee: come, thou little trembler,
Creep even into my heart, and there lie safe;
'T is thy own citadel — hah — yet stand off,
Heaven must have justice, and my broken vows
Will sink me else beneath its reaching mercy;
I 'll wink, and then 't is done —

BELVIDERA. What means the lord
Of me, my life and love? what 's in thy bosom,
Thou graspest at so? nay, why am I thus treated?

[*Draws the dagger, offers to stab her.*

What wilt thou do? Ah, do not kill me, Jaffeir:
Pity these panting breasts, and trembling limbs,
That used to clasp thee when thy looks were milder,
That yet hang heavy on my unpurged soul:
And plunge it not into eternal darkness.

JAFFEIR. No, Belvidera, when we parted last,
I gave this dagger with thee as in trust,
To be thy portion, if I e'er proved false.
On such condition was my truth believed:
But now 't is forfeited, and must be paid for.

[*Offers to stab her again.*

BELVIDERA. Oh, mercy! [*Kneeling.*

JAFFEIR. Nay, no struggling.

BELVIDERA. Now then, kill me,

[*Leaps upon his neck and kisses him.*

While thus I cling about thy cruel neck,
Kiss thy revengeful lips, and die in joys
Greater than any I can guess hereafter.

JAFFEIR. I am, I am a coward; witness, Heaven,
Witness it, earth, and every being, witness;
'T is but one blow! yet, by immortal love,
I cannot longer bear a thought to harm thee.

[*He throws away the dagger and embraces her.*

The seal of providence is sure upon thee;
And thou wert born for yet unheard-of wonders:
Oh, thou wert either born to save or damn me!
By all the power that 's given thee o'er my soul,
By thy resistless tears and conquering smiles,
By the victorious love that still waits on thee;
Fly to thy cruel father; save my friend,
Or all our future quiet 's lost forever:
Fall at his feet, cling round his reverend knees;
Speak to him with thy eyes, and with thy tears
Melt his hard heart, and wake dead nature in him,
Crush him in th' arms, torture him with thy softness.
Nor, till thy prayers are granted, set him free,
But conquer him, as thou hast conquered me. [*Exeunt.*

OUIDA.

Ouida, pseudonym of Louise de la Ramée, an English novelist who was born at Bury St. Edmunds in 1840, of French descent. She makes her home at Florence, Italy. At an early age she began to write for periodicals, her first novel, "Granville de Vigne, a Tale of the Day," being published in Colburn's "New Monthly Magazine." This novel was subsequently republished in 1863 under the title of "Held in Bondage." Subsequently she wrote "Strathmore, a Romance" (1865); "Chandos" (1866); "Cecil Castlemaine's Gage;" "Idalia;" "Under Two Flags" (1867); "Tricotrin" (1868); "Puck" (1870); "Folle Farine" (1871); "A Dog of Flanders;" "A Leaf in the Storm" (1872); "Pascarel" (1873); "Bebée; or Two Little Wooden Shoes" (1874); "Signa" (1875); "In a Winter City" (1876); "Ariadne" (1877); "Friendship" (1878); "Moths" (1880); "Pipistrello" (1880); "A Village Commune" (1881); "In Maremma;" "Bimbi" (1882); "Wanda;" "Frescoes" (1883); "Princess Napraxine" (1884); "Othmar;" "A House Party;" "Guilderoy;" "Syrlin;" "A Rainy June;" "Don Gesualdo" (1890); "Moufflou;" "The Nürnberg Stove;" "The Tower of Taddeo;" "The Silver Christ;" "The New Priesthood" (1893); "Views and Opinions" (1895); "Le Selve" (1896); "Muriella" (1897); "The Massarenes" (1897); "Toxin" (1897).

The Battle.

(From "Under Two Flags.")

The African day was at its noon.

From the first break of dawn the battle had raged; now, at midday, it was at its height. Far in the interior, almost at the edge of the great desert, in that terrible season when the air that is flame by day is ice by night, and when the scorch of a blazing sun may be followed in an hour by the blinding fury of a snow-storm, the slaughter had gone on hour through hour under a shadowless sky, blue as steel, hard as a sheet of brass.

The Arabs had surprised the French encampment where it lay in the center of an arid plain that was called Zaraila. Hovering like a cloud of hawks on the entrance of the Sahara, massed together for one mighty if futile effort, with all their ancient war-lust, and with a new despair, the tribes who refused the yoke of the alien empire were once again in arms, were once again combined in defense of those limitless kingdoms of drifting sand, of that beloved belt of bare and desolate land so useless to the conqueror, so dear to the nomad. When they had been, as it had been thought, beaten back into the desert wilderness, when, without water and without cattle, it had been calculated that they would, of sheer necessity, bow themselves in submission, or perish of famine and of thirst, they had recovered their ardor, their strength, their resistance, their power to harass without ceasing, if they could never arrest, the enemy. They had cast the torch of war afresh into the land, and here, southward, the flame burned bitterly, and with a merciless tongue devoured the lives of men, licking them up as a forest-fire the dry leaves and the touchwood.

Circling, sweeping, silently, swiftly, with that rapid spring, that marvellous whirlwind of force, that is of Africa, and of Africa alone, the tribes had rushed down in the darkness of night, lightly as a kite rushes through the gloom of the dawn. For once the vigilance of the invader served him naught; for once the Frankish camp was surprised off its guard. While the air was still chilly with the breath of the night, while the first gleam of morning had barely broken through the mists of the east, while the picket-fires burned through the dusky gloom, and the sentinels and videttes paced slowly to and fro, and circled round, hearing nothing worse than the stealthy tread of the jackal, or the muffled flight of a night-bird, afar in the south a great dark cloud had risen, darker than the brooding shadows of the earth and sky.

The cloud swept onward, like a mass of cirri, in those shadows shrouded. Fleet as though wind-driven, dense as though thunder-charged, it moved over the plains. As it grew nearer and nearer, it grew grayer, a changing mass of white and black that fused, in the obscurity, into a shadow color; a dense array of men and horses flitting noiselessly like spirits, and as though guided alone by one rein and moved alone by one breath and one will; not a bit champed, not a linen-fold loosened, not a shiver of steel was heard; as silently as the

FLORENCE, HOME OF OUIDA

winds of the desert sweep up northward over the plains, so they rode now, host upon host of the warriors of the soil.

The outlying videttes, the advanced sentinels, had scrutinized so long through the night every wavering shade of cloud and moving form of buffalo in the dim distance, that their sleepless eyes, strained and aching, failed to distinguish this moving mass that was so like the brown plains and starless sky that it could scarce be told from them. The night, too, was bitter; northern cold cut hardly chillier than this that parted the blaze of one hot day from the blaze of another. The sea-winds were blowing cruelly keen, and men who at noon gladly stripped to their shirts, shivered now where they lay under canvas.

Awake while his comrades slept around him, Cecil was stretched unharnessed. The foraging duty of the past twenty-four hours had been work harassing and heavy, inglorious and full of fatigue. The country round was bare as a table-rock; the water-courses poor, choked with dust and stones, unfed as yet by the rains or snows of the approaching winter. The horses suffered sorely, the men scarce less. The hay for the former was scanty and bad; the rations for the latter often cut off by flying skirmishers of the foe. The campaign, so far as it had gone, had been fruitless, yet had cost largely in human life. The men died rapidly of dysentery, disease, and the chills of the nights, and had severe losses in countless obscure skirmishes, that served no end except water the African soil with blood.

True, France would fill the gaps up as fast as they occurred, and the "Moniteur" could only allude to the present operations when it could give a flourishing line descriptive of the Arabs being driven back, decimated, to the borders of the Sahara. But as the flourish of the "Moniteur" would never reach a thousand little way-side huts, and sea-side cabins, and vine-dressers' sunny nests, where the memory of some lad who had gone forth never to return would leave a deadly shadow athwart the humble threshold, so the knowledge that they were only so many automata in the hands of government, whose loss would merely be noted that it might be efficiently supplied, was not that wine-draught of La Gloire, which poured the strength and the daring of gods into the limbs of the men of Jena and of Austerlitz. Still, there was the war lust in them, and there was the fire of France; they fought not less superbly here, where to be food for jackal and kite was their likeliest doom, than their

sires had done under the eagles of the First Empire, when the conscript hero of to-day was the glittering marshal of to-morrow.

Cecil had awakened while the camp still slept. Do what he would, force himself into the fulness of this fierce and hard existence as he might, he could not burn out or banish a thing that had many a time haunted him, but never as it did now — the remembrance of a woman. He almost laughed as he lay there on a pile of rotting straw, and wrung the truth out of his own heart, that he — a soldier of these exiled squadrons — was mad enough to love that woman whose deep, proud eyes had dwelt with such serene pity upon him.

Yet his hand clinched on the straw as it had clinched once when the operator's knife had cut down through the bones of his breast to reach a bullet that, left in his chest, would have been death. If in the sight of men he had only stood in the rank that was his by birthright, he could have strived for — it might be that he could have roused — some answering passion in her. But that chance was lost to him forever. Well, it was but one thing more that was added to all that he had of his own will given up. He was dead; he must be content, as the dead must be, to leave the warmth of kisses, the glow of delight, the possession of a woman's loveliness, the homage of men's honor, the gladness of successful desires, to those who still lived in the light he had quitted. He had never allowed himself the emasculating indulgence of regret, he flung it off him now.

Flick-Flack, coiled asleep in his bosom, thrilled, stirred, and growled. He rose, and with the little dog under his arm, looked out from the canvas. He knew that the most vigilant sentry in the service had not the instinct for a foe afar off that Flick-Flack possessed. He gazed keenly southward, the poodle growling on; that cloud so dim, so distant, caught his sight. Was it a moving herd, a shifting mist, a shadow play between the night and dawn?

For a moment longer he watched it; then what it was he knew, or felt by such strong instinct as makes knowledge; and like the blast of a clarion his alarm rang over the unarmed and slumbering camp.

An instant, and the hive of man, so still, so motionless, broke into violent movement; and from the tents half clothed sleepers poured, wakened, and fresh in wakening as hounds. Perfect discipline did the rest. With marvellous, with matchless swiftness and precision they harnessed and got under arms. They were but

fifteen hundred or so in all — a single squadron of Chasseurs, two battalions of Zouaves, half a corps of Tirailleurs, and some Turcos, only a branch of the main body, and without artillery. But they were some of the flower of the army of Algiers, and they roused in a second, with the vivacious ferocity of the bounding tiger, with the glad, eager impatience for the slaughter of the unloosed hawk. Yet, rapid in its wondrous celerity as their united action was, it was not so rapid as the downward sweep of the war-cloud that came so near, with the tossing of white draperies and the shine of countless sabers, now growing clearer and clearer out of the darkness, till, with the whirr like the noise of an eagle's wings, and a swoop like an eagle's seizure, the Arabs whirled down them, met a few yards in advance by the answering charge of the Light Cavalry.

There was a crash as if rock were hurled upon rock, as the Chasseurs, scarce seated in saddle, rushed forward to save the pickets, to encounter the first blind force of the attack, and to give the infantry, further in, more time for harness and defence. Out of the caverns of the night an armed multitude seemed to have suddenly poured. A moment ago they had slept in security ; now thousands on thousands whom they could not number, whom they could but dimly even perceive, were thrown on them in immeasurable hosts, which the encircling cloud of dust served but to render vaster, ghastlier, and more majestic. The Arab line stretched out with wings that seemed to extend on and on without end ; the line of the Chasseurs was not one half its length ; they were but a single squadron flung in their stirrups, scarcely clothed, knowing only that the foe was upon them, caring only that their sword-hands were hard on their weapons. With all the *élan* of France they launched themselves forward to break the rush of the desert horses ; they met with terrible sound like falling trees, like clashing metal.

The hoofs of the rearing chargers struck each other's breasts, and these bit and tore at each other's manes, while their riders reeled down dead. Frank and Arab were blended in one inextricable mass as the charging squadrons encountered. The outer wings of the tribes were spared the shock, and swept on to meet the bayonets of Zouaves and Turcos as at their swift foot-gallop the Enfans Perdus of France threw themselves forward from the darkness. The cavalry was enveloped in the overwhelming numbers of the centre ; and the flanks seemed to cover the Zouaves and Tirailleurs as some great settling mist may cover the cattle who move beneath it.

It was not a battle; it was a frightful tangling of men and brutes. No contest of modern warfare, such as commences and conquers by a duel of artillery, and sometimes gives the victory to whosoever has the superiority of ordnance, but a conflict, hand to hand, breast to breast, life for life, a Homeric combat of spear and of sword even while the first volleys of the answering musketry pealed over the plain.

For once the Desert avenged in like that terrible inexhaustibility of supply wherewith the Empire so long had crushed them beneath the overwhelming difference of numbers. It was the Day of Mazagran once more, as the light of the morning broke, gray, silvered, beautiful in the far, dim distance, beyond the tawny seas of reeds. Smoke and sand soon densely rose above the struggle, white, hot, blinding; but out from it the lean, dark Bedouin face, the snowy haicks, the red burnoose, the gleam of the Tunisian muskets, the flash of silver-hilted yataghans, were seen fused in a mass with the brawny naked necks of the Zouaves, with the shine of the French bayonets, with the tossing manes and glowing nostrils of the Chasseurs' horses, with the torn, stained silk of the raised Tricolor, through which the storm of balls flew thick and fast as hail, yet whose folds were never suffered to fall, though again and again the hand that held its staff was cut away or was unloosened in death, yet ever found another to take its charge before the Flag could once have trembled in the enemy's sight.

The Chasseurs could not charge; they were hemmed in, packed between bodies of horsemen that pressed them together as between iron plates; now and then they could cut their way through, clear enough to reach their comrades of the *demie cavalerie*, but as often as they did so, so often the overwhelming numbers of the Arabs surged in on them afresh like a flood, and closed upon them, and drove them back.

Every soldier in the squadron that lived kept his life by sheer breathless, ceaseless, hand-to-hand sword-play, hewing right and left, front and rear, without pause, as in the great tangled forests of the west men hew aside branch and brushwood ere they can force one step forward.

The gleam of the dawn spread in one golden glow of morning, and the day rose radiant over the world; they stayed not for its beauty or its peace; the carnage went on hour upon hour; men began to grow drunk with slaughter as with raki. It was sublimely grand; it was hideously hateful — this wild-beast

struggle, this heaving tumult of striving lives that ever and anon stirred the vast war-cloud of smoke, and broke from it as the lightning from the night. The sun laughed in its warmth over a thousand hills and streams, over the blue seas lying northward, and over the yellow sands of the south; but the touch of its heat only made the flame in their blood burn fiercer, the fulness of its light only served to show them clearer where to strike and how to slay.

It was bitter, stifling, cruel work; with their mouths choked with sand, with their throats caked with thirst, with their eyes blind with smoke; cramped as in a vise, scorched with the blaze of powder, covered with blood and with dust; while the steel was thrust through nerve and sinew, or the shot plowed through bone and flesh. The answering fire of the Zouaves and Tirailleurs kept the Arabs farther at bay, and mowed them faster down; but in the Chasseurs' quarter of the field — parted from the rest of their comrades as they had been by the rush of that broken charge with which they had sought to save the camp and arrest the foe — the worst pressure of the attack was felt, and the fiercest of the slaughter fell.

The Chef d'Escadron had been shot dead as they had first swept out to encounter the advance of the desert horsemen; one by one the officers had been cut down, singled out by the keen eyes of their enemies, and throwing themselves into the deadliest of the carnage with the impetuous self-devotion characteristic of their service. At the last there remained but a mere handful out of all the brilliant squadron that had galloped down in the gray of the dawn to meet the whirlwind of Arab fury. At their head was Cecil.

Two horses had been killed under him, and he had thrown himself afresh across unwounded chargers, whose riders had fallen in the melée, and at whose bridles he had caught as he shook himself free of the dead animal's stirrups. His head was uncovered; his uniform, hurriedly thrown on, had been torn aside, and his chest was bare to the red folds of his sash; he was drenched with blood, not his own, that had rained on him as he fought; and his face and his hands were black with smoke and with powder. He could not see a yard in front of him; he could not tell how the day went anywhere, save in that corner where his own troop was hemmed in. As fast as they beat the Arabs back, and forced themselves some clearer space, so fast the tribes closed in afresh. No orders reached him from

the general of brigade in command: except for the well-known war shouts of the Zouaves that ever and again rang above the din, he could not tell whether the French battalions were not cut utterly to pieces under the immense numerical superiority of their foes. All he could see was that every officer of Chasseurs was down, and that unless he took the vacant place, and rallied them together, the few score troopers that were still left would scatter, confused and demoralized, as the best soldiers will at times when they can see no chief to follow.

He spurred the horse he had just mounted against the dense crowd opposing him, against the hard, black wall of dust, and smoke, and steel, and savage faces, and lean, swarthy arms, which were all that his eyes could see, and that seemed impenetrable as granite, moving and changing though it was. He thrust the gray against it, while he waved his sword above his head: —

"*En avant, mes frères! France! France! France!*"

His voice, well known, well loved, thrilled the hearts of his comrades, and brought them together like a trumpet-call. They had gone with him many a time into the hell of battle, into the jaws of death. They surged about him now, striking, thrusting, forcing, with blows of their sabres or their lances and blows of their beasts' forefeet, a passage one to another, until they were reunited once more as one troop, while their shrill shouts, like an oath of vengeance, echoed after him in the butchery that has pealed victorious over so many fields from the soldiery of France. They loved him: he had called them his brethren. They were like lambs for him to lead, like tigers for him to incite.

They could scarcely see his face in that great red mist of combat, in that horrible stifling pressure on every side that jammed them as if they were in a press of iron, and gave them no power to pause, though their animals' hoofs struck the lingering life out of some half-dead comrade, or trampled over the writhing limbs of the brother in arms they loved dearest and best. But his voice reached them, clear and ringing in its appeal for sake of the country they never once forgot or once reviled, though in her name they were starved and beaten like rebellious hounds, though in her cause they were exiled all their manhood through under the sun of this cruel, ravenous, burning Africa. They could see him lift aloft the Eagle he had caught from the last hand that had borne it, the golden gleam of the

young morning flashing like flame upon the brazen wings; and they shouted, as with one throat, "Mazagran! Mazagran!" As the battalion of Mazagran had died keeping the ground through the whole of the scorching day, while the fresh hordes poured down on them like ceaseless torrents snow-fed and exhaustless, so they were ready to hold the ground here until of all their number there should be left not one living man.

He glanced back on them, guarding his head the while from the lances that were rained on him; and he lifted the guidon higher and higher, till, out of the ruck and the throng, the brazen bird caught afresh the rays of the rising sun.

"*Suivez moi!*" he shouted.

Then, like arrows launched at once from a hundred bows, they charged, he still slightly in advance of them, the bridle flung upon his horse's neck, his head and breast bare; one hand striking aside with his blade the steel shafts as they poured on him, the other holding high above the press the Eagle of the Bonapartes.

The effort was superb.

Dense bodies of Arabs parted them in the front from the camp where the battle raged, harassed them in the rear with flying shots and hurled lances, and forced down on them on either side, like the closing jaws of a trap. The impetuosity of their onward movement was for the moment irresistible; it bore headlong all before it; the desert horses recoiled, and the desert riders themselves yielded, crushed, staggered, trodden aside, struck aside, by the tremendous impetus with which the Chasseurs were thrown upon them. For the moment the Bedouins gave way, shaken and confused, as at the head of the French they saw this man, with his hair blowing in the wind, and the sun on the fairness of his face, ride down on them thus unharmed, though a dozen spears were aimed at his naked breast, dealing strokes sure as death right and left as he went, with the light from the hot blue skies on the ensign of France that he bore.

They knew him; they had met him in many conflicts; and wherever the "fair Frank," as they called him, came, there they knew of old the battle was hard to win; bitter to the bitterest end, whether that end were defeat, or victory costly as defeat in its achievement.

And for the moment they recoiled under the shock of that fiery onslaught; for the moment they parted, and wavered and

oscillated beneath the impetus with which he hurled his hundred Chasseurs on them, with that light, swift, indescribable rapidity and resistlessness of attack characteristic of the African Cavalry.

Though a score or more, one on another, had singled him out with a special and violent attack, he had gone, as yet, unwounded, save for a lance thrust in his shoulder, of which in the heat of the conflict he was unconscious. The "fighting fury" was upon him; and when once this had been lighted in him, the Arabs knew of old that the fiercest vulture in the Frankish ranks never struck so surely home as this hand that his comrades called "*main de femme, mais main de fer.*"

As he spurred his horse down on them now, twenty blades glittered against him; the foremost would have cut straight down through the bone of his bared chest and killed him at a single lunge, but as its steel flashed in the sun, one of his troopers threw himself against it, and parried the stroke from him by sheathing it in his own breast. The blow was mortal; and the one who had saved him reeled down off his saddle under the hoofs of the trampling chargers. "*Picpon s'en souvient,*" he murmured, with a smile; and as the charge swept onward, Cecil, with a great cry of horror, saw the feet of the maddened horses strike to pulp the writhing body, and saw the black, wistful eyes of the Enfant de Paris look upward to him once with love and fealty and unspeakable sweetness gleaming through their darkened sight.

But to pause was impossible. Though the French horses were forced with marvellous dexterity through a bristling forest of steel, though the remnant of the once glittering squadron was cast against them in as headlong a daring as if it had half the regiments of the Empire at its back, the charge availed little against the hosts of the desert that had rallied and swooped down afresh almost as soon as they had been, for the instant of the shock, panic-stricken. The hatred of the opposed races was aroused in all its blind, ravening passion; the conquered had the conquering nation for once at their mercy; for once at tremendous disadvantage; on neither side was there aught except that one instinct for slaughter, which, once awakened, kills every other in the breast in which it burns.

The Arabs had cruel years to avenge — years of a loathed tyranny, years of starvation and oppression, years of constant flight southward, with no choice but submission or death. They

had deadly memories to wash out — memories of brethren who had been killed like carrion by the invader's shot and steel; of nomadic freedom begrudged and crushed by civilization; of young children murdered in the darkness of the caverns, with the sulphurous smoke choking the innocent throats that had only breathed the golden air of a few summers; of women, well beloved, torn from them in the hot flames of burning tents and outraged before their eyes with insult whose end was a bayonet thrust into their breasts — breasts whose sin was fidelity to the vanquished.

They had vengeance to do that made every stroke seem righteous and holy in their sight; that nerved each of their bare and sinewy arms as with the strength of a thousand limbs. Right — so barren, so hopeless, so unavailing — had long been with them. Now with it was added at last the power of might; and they exercised the power with the savage ruthlessness of the desert. They closed in on every side; wheeling their swift coursers hither and thither; striking with lance and blade; hemming in, beyond escape, the doomed fragment of the Frankish squadron till there remained of them but one small nucleus, driven close together, rather as infantry will form than as cavalry usually does — a ring of horsemen, of which every one had his face to the foe; a solid circle curiously wedged one against the other, with the bodies of chargers and of men deep around them, and with the ground soaked with blood till the sand was one red morass.

Cecil held the Eagle still, and looked round on the few left to him.

"You are the sons of the Old Guard; die like them."

They answered with a pealing cry, terrible as the cry of the lion in the hush of night, but a shout that had in it assent, triumph, fealty, victory, even as they obeyed him and drew up to die, while in their front was the young brow of Petit Picpon turned upward to the glare of the skies.

There was nothing for them but to draw up thus, and await their butchery, defending the Eagle to the last; looking till the last toward that "woman's face of their leader," as they had often termed it, that was to them now as the face of Napoleon was to the soldiers who loved him.

There was a pause, brief as is the pause of the lungs to take a fuller breath. The Arabs honored these men, who alone, and in the midst of the hostile force, held their ground and prepared

thus to be slaughtered one by one, till of all the squadron that had ridden out in the darkness of the dawn there should be only a black, huddled, stiffened heap of dead men and of dead beasts. The chief who led them pressed them back, withholding them from the end that was so near to their hands when they should stretch that single ring of horsemen all lifeless in the dust.

"You are great warriors," he cried, in the Sabir tongue; "surrender, we will spare!"

Cecil looked back once more on the fragment of his troop, and raised the Eagle higher aloft where the wings should glisten in the fuller day. Half naked, scorched, blinded, with an open gash in his shoulder where the lance had struck, and with his brow wet with the great dews of the noon heat and the breathless toil, his eyes were clear as they flashed with the light of the sun in them; his mouth smiled as he answered.

"Have we shown ourselves cowards, that you think we shall yield?"

A *hourrah* of wild delight from the Chasseurs he led greeted and ratified the choice: "*On meurt — on ne se rend pas!*" they shouted in the words which, even if they be legendary, are too true to the spirit of the soldiers of France not to be as truth in their sight. Then, with their swords above their heads, they waited for the collision of the terrible attack which would fall on them upon every side, and strike all the sentient life out of them before the sun should be one point higher in the heavens. It came: with a yell as of wild beasts in their famine, the Arabs threw themselves forward, the chief himself singling out the "fair Frank" with a violence of a lion flinging himself on a leopard. One instant longer, one flash of time, and the tribes pressing on them would have massacred them like cattle driven into the pens of slaughter. Ere it could be done, a voice like the ring of a silver trumpet echoed over the field: —

"*En avant! En avant! Tue, tue, tue!*"

Above the din, the shouts, the tumult, the echoing of the distant musketry, that silvery cadence rang; down into the midst, with the tricolor waving above her head, the bridle of her fiery mare between her teeth, the raven of the dead Zouave flying above her head, and her pistol levelled in deadly aim, rode Cigarette.

The lightning fire of the crossing swords played round her, the glitter of lances dazzled her eyes, the reek of smoke and of carnage was round her; but she dashed down into the heart of

the conflict as gayly as though she rode at a review, laughing, shouting, waving her torn colors that she grasped, with her curls blowing back in the breeze, and her bright young face set in the warrior's lust. Behind her, by scarcely a length, galloped three squadrons of Chasseurs and Spahis, trampling headlong over the corpse-strewn field, and breaking through the masses of the Arabs as though they were seas of corn.

She wheeled her mare round by Cecil's side at the moment when, with six swift passes of his blade, he had warded off the chief's blows and sent his own sword down through the chest-bones of the Bedouin's mighty form.

"Well struck! The day is turned! Charge!"

She gave the order as though she were a marshal of the Empire, the sun-blaze fell on her where she sat on the rearing, fretting, half-bred gray, with the tricolor folds above her head, and her teeth tight gripped on the chain-bridle, and her face all glowing and warm and full of the fierce fire of war — a Little Amazon in scarlet and blue and gold; a young Jeanne d'Arc, with the crimson fez in lieu of the silvered casque, and the gay broideries of her fantastic dress instead of the breast-plate of steel. And with the flag of her idolatry, the flag that was as her religion, floating back as she went, she spurred her mare straight against the Arabs, straight over the lifeless forms of the hundreds slain; and after her poured the fresh squadrons of cavalry, the ruby burnoose of the Spahis streaming on the wind as their darling led them on to retrieve the day for France.

Not a bullet struck, or a sabre grazed her; but there, in the heat and the press of the worst slaughter, Cigarette rode hither and thither, to and fro, her voice ringing like a bird's song over the field in command, in applause, in encouragement, in delight; bearing her standard aloft and untouched; dashing heedless through a storm of blows; cheering on her "children" to the charge again and again; and all the while with the sunlight full on her radiant, spirited head, and with the grim, gray raven flying above her, shrieking shrilly its "*Tue, tue, tue!*" The army believed with superstitious faith in the potent spell of that veteran bird, and the story ran that whenever he flew above a combat France was victor before the sun set. The echo of the raven's cry, and the presence of the child who, they knew, would have a thousand musket-balls fired in her fair young breast rather than live to see them defeated, made the fresh squadrons sweep in like a whirlwind, bearing down all before them.

Cigarette saved the day.

OVID.

Ovid (Publius Ovidius Naso), a Roman poet; born at Sulmo, about ninety miles north of Rome, March 20, 43 B.C.; died in A.D. 18, at Tomi (the modern Kostendje), on the Black Sea, near the mouths of the Danube. His father sent him to Rome to fit him for the profession of advocate. Ovid applied himself to his legal studies; but the bent of his mind was toward poetry. When he was about twenty his father consented that he should devote himself to the cultivation of his poetical talents. He studied for a while at Athens, travelled for a year in Asia Minor and Sicily, and then returned to Rome. On reaching his twenty-fourth year he became eligible to the quæstorship. He declined to become a candidate, and entered upon his literary career. He had subsequently become a prosperous man, having a city mansion near the Capitol and a country-seat. He had just entered upon his forty-second year when he received a rescript from the Emperor Augustus, directing him to leave Rome and take up his abode at Tomi, on the extremest verge of the empire. He left Rome in December, and did not arrive at Tomi until September. Here the remaining eighteen years of his life were passed. His extant works are "The Epistles of Heroides;" "The Loves;" "The Remedies for Love;" "The Epistles from Pontus;" "The Art of Love;" "The Metamorphoses;" "The Fasti;" and "The Tristia."

The Creation.

(Translation of Dryden.)

Of bodies changed to various forms I sing,
Ye gods, from whence these miracles did spring,
Inspire my numbers with celestial heat,
Till I my long laborious work complete;
And add perpetual tenor to my rhymes,
Deduced from nature's birth to Cæsar's times.
  Before the seas, and this terrestrial ball,
And heaven's high canopy, that covers all,

"He shades the woods, the valleys he restrains
With rocky mountains, and extends the plains"

From a Painting by E. T. Compton

One was the face of nature, if a face;
Rather a rude and indigested mass:
A lifeless lump, unfashioned and unframed,
Of jarring seeds, and justly Chaos named.
No sun was lighted up, the world to view;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew;
Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky,
Nor, poised, did on her own foundations lie;
Nor seas about the shores their arms had thrown:
But earth and air and water were in one.
Thus air was void of light, and earth unstable,
And water's dark abyss unnavigable.
No certain form on any was impressed:
All were confused, and each disturbed the rest.
For hot and cold were in one body fixed,
And soft with hard, and light with heavy mixed.
But God, or Nature, while they thus contend,
To these intestine discords put an end.
Then earth from air, and seas from earth, were driven,
And grosser air sunk from ethereal heaven.
Thus disembroiled, they take their proper place;
The next of kin contiguously embrace;
And foes are sundered by a larger space.
The force of fire ascended first on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted sky.
Then air succeeds, in lightness next to fire;
Whose atoms from unactive earth retire.
Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng
Of ponderous, thick, unwieldy seeds along.
About her coasts unruly waters roar,
And rising on a ridge, insult the shore.
Thus when the God, whatever God was he,
Had formed the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal portions might be found,
He moulded earth into a spacious round;
Then, with a breath, he gave the winds to blow,
And bade the congregated waters flow.
He adds the running springs and standing lakes;
And bounding banks for winding rivers makes, —
Some part in earth are swallowed up, the most
In ample oceans, disembogued, are lost;
He shades the woods, the valleys he restrains
With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.

Baucis and Philemon.

(Translation of Dryden.)

In Phrygian ground
Two neighboring trees, with walls encompassed round,
Stand on a moderate rise, with wonder shown, —
One a hard oak, a softer linden one:
I saw the place, and them by Pittheus sent
To Phrygian realms, my grandsire's government.
Not far from thence is seen a lake, the haunt
Of coots and of the fishing cormorant:
Here Jove with Hermes came; but in disguise
Of mortal men concealed their deities:
One laid aside his thunder, one his rod;
And many toilsome steps together trod;
For harbor at a thousand doors they knocked, —
Not one of all the thousand but was locked.
At last an hospitable house they found, —
An homely shed; the roof, not far from ground,
Was thatched with reeds and straw together bound,
There Baucis and Philemon lived, and there
Had lived long married, and a happy pair;
Now old in love; though little was their store,
Inured to want, their poverty they bore,
Nor aimed at wealth, professing to be poor.
For master or for servant here to call,
Was all alike, where only two were all.
Command was none, where equal love was paid;
Or rather both commanded, both obeyed.

From lofty roofs the gods repulsed before,
Now stooping, entered through the little door;
The man (their hearty welcome first expressed)
A common settle drew for either guest,
Inviting each his weary limbs to rest.
But ere they sat, officious Baucis lays
Two cushions stuffed with straw, the seat to raise, —
Coarse, but the best she had: then takes the load
Of ashes from the hearth, and spreads abroad
The living coals, and lest they should expire,
With leaves and barks she feeds her infant fire;
It smokes, and then with trembling breath she blows,
Till in a cheerful blaze the flames arose.
With brushwood and with chips she strengthens these,
And adds at last the boughs of rotten trees.
The fire thus formed, she sets the kettle on

(Like burnished gold the little seether shone):
Next took the coleworts which her husband got
From his own ground (a small well-watered spot);
She stripped the stalks of all their leaves; the best
She culled, and then with handy care she dressed.
High o'er the hearth a chine of bacon hung:
Good old Philemon seized it with a prong,
And from the sooty rafter drew it down,
Then cut a slice, but scarce enough for one:
Yet a large portion of a little store,
Which for their sakes alone he wished were more.
This in the pot he plunged without delay,
To tame the flesh, and drain the salt away.
The time between, before the fire they sat,
And shortened the delay by pleasing chat.
A beam there was, on which a beechen pail
Hung by the handle, on a driven nail:
This filled with water, gently warmed, they set
Before their guests; in this they bathed their feet,
And after with clean towels dried their sweat.
This done, the host produced the genial bed.
Sallow the foot, the borders, and the stead,
Which with no costly coverlet they spread;
But coarse old garments, — yet such robes as these
They laid alone, at feasts, on holidays.
The good old housewife, tucking up her gown,
The table sets; the invited gods lie down.
The trivet-table of a foot was lame, —
A blot which prudent Baucis overcame,
Who thrust beneath the limping leg a sherd,
So was the mended board exactly reared;
Then rubbed it o'er with newly gathered mint, —
A wholesome herb, that breathed a grateful scent.
Pallas began the feast, where first was seen
The party-colored olive, black and green;
Autumnal cornels next in order served,
In lees of wine well pickled and preserved;
A garden salad was the third supply,
Of endive, radishes, and succory:
Then curds and cream, the flower of country fare,
And new-laid eggs, which Baucis's busy care
Turned by a gentle fire, and roasted rare.
All these in earthenware were served to board;
And next in place an earthen pitcher, stored
With liquor of the best the cottage could afford.

This was the table's ornament and pride,
With figures wrought: like pages at his side
Stood beechen bowls; and these were shining clean,
Varnished with wax without, and lined within.
By this the boiling kettle had prepared,
And to the table sent the smoking lard:
On which with eager appetite they dine, —
A savory bit, that served to relish wine;
The wine itself was suiting to the rest,
Still working in the must, and lately pressed.
The second course succeeds like that before:
Plums, apples, nuts, and of their wintry store
Dry figs and grapes and wrinkled dates were set
In canisters, to enlarge the little treat;
All these a milk-white honeycomb surround,
Which in the midst the country banquet crowned.
But the kind hosts their entertainment grace
With hearty welcome, and an open face;
In all they did, you might discern with ease
A willing mind and a desire to please.

Meantime the beechen bowls went round, and still,
Though often emptied, were observed to fill,
Filled without hands, and of their own accord
Ran without feet, and danced about the board.
Devotion seized the pair, to see the feast
With wine, and of no common grape, increased;
And up they held their hands, and fell to prayer,
Excusing as they could their country fare.
One goose they had ('t was all they could allow),
A wakeful sentry, and on duty now,
Whom to the gods for sacrifice they vow:
Her, with malicious zeal, the couple viewed;
She ran for life, and, limping, they pursued:
Full well the fowl perceived their bad intent,
And would not make her master's compliment;
But, persecuted, to the powers she flies,
And close between the legs of Jove she lies.
He with a gracious ear the suppliant heard,
And saved her life; then what he was, declared,
And owned the god. "The neighborhood," said he,
"Shall justly perish for impiety:
You stand alone exempted; but obey
With speed, and follow where we lead the way:
Leave these accursed; and to the mountain's height
Ascend, nor once look backward in your flight."

They haste, and what their tardy feet denied,
The trusty staff (their better leg) supplied.
An arrow's flight they wanted to the top,
And there secure, but spent with travel, stop;
Then turn their now no more forbidden eyes:
Lost in a lake the floated level lies;
A watery desert covers all the plains,
Their cot alone as in an isle remains;
Wondering with peeping eyes, while they deplore
Their neighbors' fate, and country now no more,
Their little shed, scarce large enough for two,
Seems, from the ground increased, in height and bulk to grow.
A stately temple shoots within the skies:
The crotchets of their cot in columns rise:
The pavement polished marble they behold,
The gates with sculpture graced, the spires and tiles of gold.
Then thus the sire of gods, with looks serene: —
"Speak thy desire, thou only just of men;
And thou, O woman, only worthy found
To be with such a man in marriage bound."
Awhile they whisper; then, to Jove addressed,
Philemon thus prefers their joint request: —
"We crave to serve before your sacred shrine,
And offer at your altars rites divine:
And since not any action of our life
Has been polluted with domestic strife,
We beg one hour of death; that neither she
With widow's tears may live to bury me.
Nor weeping I, with withered arms, may bear
My breathless Baucis to the sepulchre."
The godheads sign their suit. They run their race
In the same tenor all the appointed space:
Then, when their hour was come, while they relate
These past adventures at the temple gate,
Old Baucis is by old Philemon seen
Sprouting with sudden leaves of sprightly green;
Old Baucis looked where old Philemon stood,
And saw his lengthened arms a sprouting wood.
New roots their fastened feet begin to bind,
Their bodies stiffen in a rising rind;
Then, ere the bark above their shoulders grew,
They give and take at once their last adieu:
At once, "Farewell, O faithful spouse," they said;
At once the encroaching rinds their closing lips invade.

Even yet, an ancient Tyanæan shows
A spreading oak, that near a linden grows;
The neighborhood confirm the prodigy, —
Grave men, not vain of tongue, or like to lie.
I saw myself the garlands on their boughs,
And tablets hung for gifts of granted vows;
And offering fresher up, with pious prayer, —
"The good," said I, "are God's peculiar care,
And such as honor Heaven shall heavenly honor share."

Pallas and Arachne at the Loom.

The looms were set, the webs were hung;
Beneath their fingers, nimbly plied,
The subtle fabrics grew; and warp and woof,
Transverse, with shuttle and with slay compact,
Were pressed in order fair. And either girt
Her mantle close, and eager wrought; the toil
Stirred in the breast of Pallas. The pendant form
She raised, and "Live!" she said; "but hang thou still
Forever, wretch; and through all future time,
Even to thy latest race bequeath thy doom!"
And as she parted sprinkled her with juice
Of aconite. With venom of that drug
Infected, dropped her tresses; nose and ear
Were lost; her form, to smallest bulk compressed,
A head minutest crowned; to slenderest legs,
Jointed on either side her fingers changed;
Her body but a bag, whence still she draws
Her filmy threads, and with her ancient art
Weaves the fine meshes of her Spider's web.

VIOLET PAGET.

Paget, Violet (pseudonym, Vernon Lee), an English literary and art critic; born in 1857, at Chateau St. Leonard, in Normandy. Since 1871 she has lived in Italy, where she has studied art and literature. She is a frequent contributor to magazines and reviews, and has written several stories and novels under the pen-name of Vernon Lee. Her "Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy" appeared in 1880. Her other books are "Belcaro: Essays on Æsthetical Questions" (1882); "The Prince of a Hundred Soups" (1883); "Ottilie: An Eighteenth Century Idyl" (1883); "Euphorion," essays (1884); "The Countess of Albany" (1884); "Miss Brown" (1884); "Baldwin" (1886); "Juvenilia" (1887); "Hauntings" (1890); "Vanitas" (1892); "Althea" (1894); "Renaisssance Fancies" (1895); "Limbo" (1897).

"A Family Skeleton."

(From "A Phantom Lover.")

The following days Mrs. Oke was in a condition of quite unusual good spirits. Some visitors — distant relatives — were expected, and although she had expressed the utmost annoyance at the idea of their coming, she was now seized with a fit of house-keeping activity, and was perpetually about arranging things and giving orders, although all arrangements, as usual, had been made, and all orders given, by her husband.

William Oke was quite radiant.

"If only Alice were always well like this!" he exclaimed; "if only she would take, or could take, an interest in life, how different things would be! But," he added, as if fearful lest he should be supposed to accuse her in any way, "how can she, usually, with her wretched health? Still, it does make me awfully happy to see her like this."

I nodded. But I cannot say that I really acquiesced in his views. It seemed to me, particularly with the recollection of yesterday's extraordinary scene, that Mrs. Oke's high spirits were anything but normal. There was something in her un-

usual activity and still more unusual cheerfulness that was merely nervous and feverish; and I had, the whole day, the impression of dealing with a woman who was ill and who would very speedily collapse.

Mrs. Oke spent her day wandering from one room to another, and from the garden to the greenhouse, seeing whether all were in order, when, as a matter of fact, all was always in order at Okehurst. She did not give me any sitting, and not a word was spoken about Alice Oke or Christopher Lovelock. Indeed, to a casual observer, it might have seemed as if all that craze about Lovelock had completely departed, or never existed. About five o'clock, as I was strolling among the red-brick, round-gabled outhouses — each with its armorial oak — and the old-fashioned spalliered kitchen and fruit garden, I saw Mrs. Oke standing, her hands full of York and Lancaster roses, upon the steps facing the stables. A groom was currycombing a horse, and outside the coach-house was Mr. Oke's little high-wheeled cart.

"Let us have a drive!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Oke, on seeing me. "Look, what a beautiful evening — and look at that dear little cart! It is so long since I have driven, and I feel as if I must drive again. Come with me. And you, harness Jim at once and come round to the door."

I was quite amazed; and still more so when the cart drove up before the door, and Mrs. Oke called me to accompany her. She sent away the groom, and in a minute we were rolling along, at a tremendous pace, along the yellow sand road, with the sear pasture-lands, the big oaks, on either side.

I could scarcely believe my senses. This woman, in her mannish little coat and hat, driving a powerful young horse with the utmost skill, and chattering like a schoolgirl of sixteen, could not be the delicate, morbid, exotic, hothouse creature, unable to walk or to do anything, who spent her days lying about on couches in the heavy atmosphere, redolent with strange scents and associations, of the yellow drawing-room. The movement of the light carriage, the cool draught, the very grind of the wheels upon the gravel, seemed to go to her head like wine.

"It is so long since I have done this sort of thing," she kept repeating; "so long, so long. Oh, don't you think it delightful, going at this pace, with the idea that at any moment the horse may come down and we two be killed?" and she laughed her childish laugh, and turned her face, no longer pale, but flushed with the movement and the excitement, towards me.

The cart rolled on quicker and quicker, one gate after another swinging to behind us, as we flew up and down the little hills, across the pasture-lands, through the little red-brick gabled villages, where the people came out to see us pass, past the rows of willows along the streams, and the dark-green, compact hop-fields, with the blue and hazy tree-tops of the horizon getting bluer and more hazy as the yellow light began to graze the ground. At last we got to an open space, a high-lying piece of common-land, such as is rare in that ruthlessly utilized country of grazing-grounds and hop-gardens. Among the low hills of the Weald, it seemed quite preternaturally high up, giving a sense that its extent of flat heather and gorse, bounded by distant firs, was really on the top of the world. The sun was setting just opposite, and its lights lay flat on the ground, staining it with the red and black of the heather, or rather turning it into the surface of a purple sea, canopied over by a bank of dark-purple clouds — the jetlike sparkle of the dry ling and gorse tipping the purple like sunlit wavelets. A cold wind swept in our faces.

"What is the name of this place?" I asked. It was the only bit of impressive scenery that I had met in the neighborhood of Okehurst.

"It is called Cotes Common," answered Mrs. Oke, who had slackened the pace of the horse and let the reins hang loose about his neck. "It was here that Christopher Lovelock was killed."

There was a moment's pause; and then she proceeded, tickling the flies from the horse's ears with the end of her whip, and looking straight into the sunset, which now rolled, a deep-purple stream, across the heath to our feet: —

"Lovelock was riding home one summer evening from Appledore, when, as he had got half-way across Cotes Common, somewhere about here — for I have always heard them mention the pond in the old gravel-pits as about the place — he saw two men riding towards him, in whom he presently recognized Nicholas Oke of Okehurst accompanied by a groom. Oke of Okehurst hailed him, and Lovelock rode up to meet him. 'I am glad to have met you, Mr. Lovelock,' said Nicholas, 'because I have some important news for you;' and, so saying, he brought his horse close to the one that Lovelock was riding, and, suddenly turning round, fired off a pistol at his head. Lovelock had time to move, and the bullet, instead of striking

him, went straight into the head of his horse, which fell beneath him. Lovelock, however, had fallen in such a way as to be able to extricate himself easily from his horse; and, drawing his sword, he rushed upon Oke and seized his horse by the bridle. Oke quickly jumped off and drew his sword; and in a minute Lovelock, who was much the better swordsman of the two, was having the better of him. Lovelock had completely disarmed him, and got his sword upon Oke's neck, crying out to him that if he would ask forgiveness he should be spared for the sake of their old friendship, when the groom suddenly rode up from behind, and shot Lovelock through the back. Lovelock fell, and Oke immediately tried to finish him with his sword, while the groom drew up and held the bridle of Oke's horse. At that moment the sunlight fell upon the groom's face, and Lovelock recognized Mrs. Oke. He cried out, 'Alice, Alice, it is you who have murdered me!' and died. Then Nicholas Oke sprang into his saddle and rode off with his wife, leaving Lovelock dead by the side of his fallen horse. Nicholas Oke had taken the precaution of removing Lovelock's purse and throwing it into the pond, so the murder was put down to certain highwaymen who were about in that part of the country. Alice Oke died many years afterwards, quite an old woman, in the reign of Charles II.; but Nicholas did not live very long, and shortly before his death got into a very strange condition, always brooding, and sometimes threatening to kill his wife. They say that in one of these fits, just shortly before his death, he told the whole story of the murder, and made a prophecy that when the head of his house and master of Okehurst should marry another Alice Oke, descended from himself and his wife, there should be an end of the Okes of Okehurst. You see, it seems to be coming true. We have no children, and I don't suppose we shall ever have any. I, at least, have never wished for them."

Mrs. Oke paused, and turned her face towards me with the absent smile in her thin cheeks; her eyes no longer had that distant look — they were strangely eager and fixed. I did not know what to answer; this woman positively frightened me. We remained for a moment in that same place, with the sunlight dying away in crimson ripples on the heather, gilding the yellow banks, the black waters of the pond, surrounded by thin rushes, and the gravel-pits; while the wind blew in our faces, and bent the ragged, warped, bluish tops of the firs. Then Mrs.

Oke touched the horse, and we went off at a furious pace. We did not exchange a single word, I think, on the way home. Mrs. Oke sat with her eyes fixed on the reins, breaking the silence now and then only by a word to the horse, urging him to an even more furious pace. The people we met along the roads must have thought that the horse was running away, unless they noticed Mrs. Oke's calm manner and the look of excited enjoyment in her face. To me it seemed that I was in the hands of a madwoman, and I quietly prepared myself for being upset or dashed against a cart. It had turned cold, and the draught was icy in our faces when we got within sight of the red gables and high chimney-stacks of Okehurst. Mr. Oke was standing before the door. On our approach I saw a look of relieved suspense, of keen pleasure, come into his face.

He lifted his wife out of the cart in his strong arms with a kind of chivalrous tenderness.

"I am so glad to have you back, darling," he exclaimed — "so glad! I was delighted to hear you had gone out with the cart, but as you have not driven for so long, I was beginning to be frightfully anxious, dearest. Where have you been all this time?"

Mrs. Oke had quickly extricated herself from her husband, who had remained holding her, as one might hold a delicate child who has been causing anxiety. The gentleness and affection of the poor fellow had evidently not touched her — she seemed almost to recoil from it.

"I have taken him to Cotes Common," she said, with that perverse look which I had noticed before, as she pulled off her driving-gloves. "It is such a splendid old place."

Mr. Oke flushed as if he had bitten upon a bad tooth, and the double gash painted itself scarlet between his eyebrows.

Outside, the mists were beginning to rise, veiling the park land dotted with big, black oaks, and from which, in the watery moonlight, rose on all sides the eerie little cry of the lambs separated from their mothers. It was damp and cold, and I shivered.

The next day Okehurst was full of people, and Mrs. Oke, to my amazement, was doing the honors of it as if a houseful of commonplace, noisy young creatures, bent upon flirting and tennis, were her usual idea of felicity.

The afternoon of the third day — they had come for an electioneering ball, and stayed three nights — the weather

changed; it turned suddenly very cold and began to pour. Every one was sent indoors, and there was a general gloom suddenly over the company. Mrs. Oke seemed to have got sick of her guests, and was listlessly lying back on a couch, paying not the slightest attention to the chattering and piano-strumming in the room, when one of the guests suddenly proposed that they should play charades. He was a distant cousin of the Okes, a sort of fashionable, artistic Bohemian, swelled out to intolerable conceit by the amateur-actor vogue of a season.

"It would be lovely, in this marvellous old place," he cried, "just to dress up, and parade about, and feel as if we belonged to the past. I have heard you have a marvellous collection of old costumes, more or less, ever since the days of Noah, somewhere, Cousin Willie."

The whole party exclaimed in joy at this proposal. William Oke looked puzzled for a moment, and glanced at his wife, who continued to lie listless on her sofa.

"There is a pressful of clothes belonging to the family," he answered, dubiously, apparently overwhelmed by the desire to please his guests; "but — but — I don't know whether it's quite respectful to dress up in the clothes of dead people."

"Oh, fiddlestick!" cried the cousin. "What do the dead people know about it? Besides," he added, with mock seriousness, "I assure you we shall behave in the most reverent way and feel quite solemn about it all, if only you will give us the key, old man."

Again Mr. Oke looked towards his wife, and again met only her vague, absent glance.

"Very well," he said, and led his guests upstairs.

An hour later the house was filled with the strangest crew and the strangest noises. I had entered, to a certain extent, into William Oke's feeling of unwillingness to let his ancestors' clothes and personality be taken in vain; but when the masquerade was complete, I must say that the effect was quite magnificent. A dozen youngish men and women — those who were staying in the house and some neighbors who had come for lawn-tennis and dinner — were rigged out, under the direction of the theatrical cousin, in the contents of that oaken press; and I have never seen a more beautiful sight than the panelled corridors, the carved and escutcheoned staircase, the dim drawing-rooms with their faded tapestries, the great hall with its vaulted and ribbed ceiling, dotted about with groups or single

figures that seemed to have come straight from the past. Even William Oke, who, besides myself and a few elderly people, was the only man not masqueraded, seemed delighted and fired by the sight. A certain schoolboy character suddenly came out in him; and, finding that there was no costume left for him, he rushed upstairs and presently returned in the uniform he had worn before his marriage. I thought I had really never seen so magnificent a specimen of the handsome Englishman; he looked, despite all the modern associations of his costume, more genuinely old-world than all the rest, a knight for the Black Prince or Sidney, with his admirably regular features and beautiful fair hair and complexion. After a minute even the elderly people had got costumes of some sort — dominoes arranged at the moment, and hoods and all manner of disguises made out of pieces of old embroidery and Oriental stuffs and furs; and very soon this rabble of maskers had become, so to speak, completely drunk with its own amusement, with the childishness, and, if I may say so, the barbarism, the vulgarity underlying the majority even of well-bred English men and women — Mr. Oke himself doing the mountebank like a schoolboy at Christmas.

"Where is Mrs. Oke? Where is Alice?" some one suddenly asked.

Mrs. Oke had vanished. I could fully understand that to this eccentric being, with her fantastic, imaginative, morbid passion for the past, such a carnival as this must be positively revolting; and absolutely indifferent as she was to giving offence, I could imagine how she would have retired, disgusted and outraged, to dream her strange day-dreams in the yellow room.

But a moment later, as we were all noisily preparing to go in to dinner, the door opened and a strange figure entered, stranger than any of these others who were profaning the clothes of the dead: a boy, slight and tall, in a brown riding-coat, leathern belt, and big buff boots, a little gray cloak over one shoulder, a large gray hat slouched over the eyes, a dagger and pistol at the waist. It was Mrs. Oke, her eyes preternaturally bright, and her whole face lit up with a bold, perverse smile.

Every one exclaimed, and stood aside. Then there was a moment's silence, broken by faint applause. Even to a crew of noisy boys and girls playing the fool in the garments of men and women long dead and buried, there is something question-

able in the sudden appearance of a young married woman, the mistress of the house, in a riding-coat and jack-boots; and Mrs. Oke's expression did not make the jest seem any the less questionable.

"What is that costume?" asked the theatrical cousin, who, after a second, had come to the conclusion that Mrs. Oke was merely a woman of marvellous talent whom he must try and secure for his amateur troop next season.

"It is the dress in which an ancestress of ours, my namesake, Alice Oke, used to go out riding with her husband in the days of Charles I.," she answered, and took her seat at the head of the table. Involuntarily my eyes sought those of Oke of Okehurst. He, who blushed as easily as a girl of sixteen, was now as white as ashes, and I noticed that he pressed his hand almost convulsively to his mouth.

"Don't you recognize my dress, William?" asked Mrs. Oke, fixing her eyes upon him with a cruel smile.

He did not answer, and there was a moment's silence, which the theatrical cousin had the happy thought of breaking by jumping upon his seat and emptying off his glass with the exclamation: —

"To the health of the two Alice Okes, of the past and the present!"

Mrs. Oke nodded, and with an expression I had never seen in her face before, answered in a loud and aggressive tone: —

"To the health of the poet, Mr. Christopher Lovelock, if his ghost be honoring this house with its presence!"

I felt suddenly as if I were in a madhouse. Across the table, in the midst of this roomful of noisy wretches, tricked out, in red, blue, purple, and parti-color, as men and women of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, as improvised Turks and Eskimos, and dominoes and clowns, with faces painted and corked and floured over, I seemed to see that sanguine sunset, washing like a sea of blood over the heather, to where, by the black pond and the wind-warped firs, was lying the body of Christopher Lovelock, with his wounded horse near him, the yellow gravel and lilac ling soaked crimson all around; and above emerged, as out of the redness, the pale, blond head covered with the gray hat, the absent eyes, and strange smile of Mrs. Oke. It seemed to me horrible, vulgar, abominable, as if I had got inside a madhouse.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

Paine, Robert Treat, an American poet; born at Taunton, Mass., December 9, 1773; died at Boston, November 13, 1811. He was the son of Robert Treat Paine, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He was graduated at Harvard in 1792, having already acquired reputation by his facility in verse-making. He was placed in the counting-room of a merchant, where he remained only a short time, having become enamoured with the stage. He afterward studied law, and in 1802 was admitted to the bar in Boston. He wrote several poems which were very popular in their day. That by which he is best known, the ode entitled "Adams and Liberty," was written for the anniversary of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society in 1799.

From "Adams and Liberty."

Ye Sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought
For those rights which unstained from your sires had descended,
May you long taste the blessings your valor has bought,
And your sons reap the soil which your fathers defended.
'Mid the reign of solid Peace,
May your nation increase,
With the glory of Rome, and the wisdom of Greece:
And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

In a clime whose rich vales feed the marts of the world,
Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion,
The trident of Commerce should never be hurled
To increase the legitimate powers of the Ocean.
But should pirates invade,
Though in thunder arrayed,
Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade:
For ne'er will the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves. . . .

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For unmoved at its portal would Washington stand,
And repulse with his breast the assaults of the thunder.
His sword from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct, with the point, every flash to the deep:
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

Let Fame to the world sound America's voice;
No intrigues can her sons from their Government sever;
Her pride are her statesmen; their laws are her choice,
And shall flourish till Liberty slumber forever.
Then unite heart and hand,
Like Leonidas's band,
And swear to the God of the ocean and land,
That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves.

THOMAS PAINE.

PAINE, THOMAS, an Anglo-American patriot and freethinker; born at Thetford, Norfolk, England, January 29, 1737; died in New York, June 8, 1809. In 1774 he emigrated to America, arriving at Philadelphia in November, 1774. He found employment on the "Pennsylvania Magazine," which he edited from January, 1775, to June, 1776. Paine wrote the pamphlet "Common Sense," which appeared in February, 1776, and produced a marked sensation. In 1776 he served as a volunteer in the army. On December 19, 1776, appeared the first of his series of brochures, entitled "The Crisis," of which there were eighteen, the last appearing April 19, 1783. In 1777 Congress appointed him Secretary to the Committee on Foreign Affairs; in 1781 he accompanied Laurens in his mission to France. In 1790 Burke put forth his "Reflections on the French Revolution," to which Paine replied in his "Rights of Man"—the ablest of all his writings. In 1792 the French Department of Calais elected him a member of the National Convention. In December, 1793, he was arrested at the instigation of Robespierre, and condemned to the guillotine, from which he escaped by mere accident. Paine's "Age of Reason," the First Part of which was published in 1794, the Second Part in 1796, was at least in part written during this imprisonment. He did not return to the United States until 1802.

THE AMERICAN NAVY.

(From "Common Sense.")

No country on the globe is so happily situated, or so internally capable of raising a fleet, as America. Tar, timber, iron, and cordage are her natural produce. We need go abroad for nothing. Whereas the Dutch, who make large profits by hiring out their ships of war to the Spaniards and Portuguese, are obliged to import most of the materials they use. We ought to view the building of a fleet as an article of commerce, it being the natural manufacture of this country. It is the best money we can lay out. A navy when finished is worth

more than it cost; and is that nice point in national policy in which commerce and protection are united. Let us build: if we want them not, we can sell; and by that means replace our paper currency with ready gold and silver.

In point of manning a fleet, people in general run into great errors; it is not necessary that one-fourth part should be sailors. The privateer "Terrible," Captain Death, stood the hottest engagement of any ship last war, yet had not twenty sailors on board, though her complement of men was upwards of two hundred. A few able and social sailors will soon instruct a sufficient number of active landsmen in the common work of a ship. Wherefore, we never can be more capable of beginning on maritime matters than now, while our timber is standing, our fisheries blocked up, and our sailors and shipwrights out of employ. Men-of-war, of seventy and eighty guns, were built forty years ago in New England, and why not the same now? Shipbuilding is America's greatest pride, and in which she will, in time, excel the whole world. The great empires of the east are mostly inland, and consequently excluded from the possibility of rivalling her. Africa is in a state of barbarism; and no power in Europe hath either such an extent of coast, or such an internal supply of materials. Where nature hath given the one, she hath withheld the other; to America only hath she been liberal of both. The vast empire of Russia is almost shut out from the sea; wherefore her boundless forests, her tar, iron, and cordage, are only articles of commerce.

In point of safety, ought we to be without a fleet? We are not the little people now which we were sixty years ago; at that time we might have trusted our property in the streets, or fields rather; and slept securely without locks or bolts to our doors or windows. The case is now altered, and our methods of defence ought to improve with our increase of property. A common pirate, twelve months ago, might have come up the Delaware, and laid this city under contribution for what sum he pleased; and the same might have happened to other places. Nay, any daring fellow, in a brig of fourteen or sixteen guns, might have robbed the whole continent, and carried off half a million of money. These are circumstances which demand our attention, and point out the necessity of naval protection.

Some, perhaps, will say, that after we have made it up with Britain, she will protect us. Can they be so unwise as to mean that she will keep a navy in our harbors for that pur-

pose? Common sense will tell us that the power which hath endeavored to subdue us is, of all others, the most improper to defend us. Conquest may be effected under the pretence of friendship, and ourselves, after a long and brave resistance, be at last cheated into slavery. And if her ships are not to be admitted into our harbors, I would ask, how is she to protect us? A navy three or four thousand miles off can be of little use, and on sudden emergencies, none at all. Wherefore, if we must hereafter protect ourselves, why not do it for ourselves? Why do it for another?

The English list of ships of war is long and formidable, but not a tenth part of them are at any one time fit for service: numbers of them are not in being; yet their names are pompously continued in the list, if only a plank be left of the ship; and not a fifth part of such as are fit for service can be spared on any one station at one time. The East and West Indies, Mediterranean, Africa, and other parts of the world, over which Britain extends her claim, make large demands upon her navy. From a mixture of prejudice and inattention, we have contracted a false notion respecting the navy of England, and have talked as if we should have the whole of it to encounter at once, and, for that reason, supposed we must have one as large; which, not being instantly practicable, has been made use of by a set of disguised tories to discourage our beginning thereon. Nothing can be further from truth than this; for if America had only a twentieth part of the naval force of Britain, she would be by far an over-match for her; because, as we neither have, nor claim, any foreign dominion, our whole force would be employed on our own coast, where we should, in the long run, have two to one the advantage of those who had three or four thousand miles to sail over, before they could attack us, and the same distance to return in order to refit and recruit. And although Britain, by her fleet, hath a check over our trade to Europe, we have as large a one over her trade to the West Indies, which, by lying in the neighborhood of the continent, is entirely at its mercy.

Some method might be fallen on to keep up a naval force in time of peace, if we should not judge it necessary to support a constant navy. If premiums were to be given to merchants, to build and employ in their service ships mounted with twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty guns (the premiums to be in proportion to the loss of bulk to the merchants), fifty or sixty of those

ships, with a few guardships on constant duty, would keep up a sufficient navy, and that without burdening ourselves with the evil so loudly complained of in England, of suffering their fleet in time of peace to lie rotting in the docks. To unite the sinews of commerce and defence is sound policy; for when our strength and our riches play into each other's hand, we need fear no external enemy.

In almost every article of defence we abound. Hemp flourishes even to rankness, so that we need not want cordage. Our iron is superior to that of other countries. Our small arms equal to any in the world. Cannon we can cast at pleasure. Saltpetre and gunpowder we are every day producing. Our knowledge is hourly improving. Resolution is our inherent character, and courage hath never yet forsaken us. Wherefore, what is it that we want? Why is it that we hesitate? From Britain we can expect nothing but ruin. If she is once admitted to the government of America again, this continent will not be worth living in. Jealousies will be always arising, insurrections will be constantly happening; and who will go forth to quell them? Who will venture his life to reduce his own countrymen to a foreign obedience? The difference between Pennsylvania and Connecticut, respecting some unlocated lands, shows the insignificance of a British government, and fully proves that nothing but continental authority can regulate continental matters.

Another reason why the present time is preferable to all others is, that the fewer our numbers are, the more land there is yet unoccupied, which, instead of being lavished by the king on his worthless dependants, may be hereafter applied, not only to the discharge of the present debt, but to the constant support of government. No nation under heaven hath such an advantage as this.

The infant state of the colonies, as it is called, so far from being against, is an argument in favor of independence. We are sufficiently numerous, and were we more so we might be less united. It is a matter worthy of observation that the more a country is peopled, the smaller their armies are. In military numbers, the ancients far exceeded the moderns; and the reason is evident, for trade being the consequence of population, men became too much absorbed thereby to attend to anything else. Commerce diminishes the spirit both of patriotism and military defence. And history sufficiently informs

SHIPS OF FIRST AMERICAN NAVY

us that the bravest achievements were always accomplished in the non-age of a nation. With the increase of commerce England hath lost its spirit. The city of London, notwithstanding its numbers, submits to continued insults with the patience of a coward. The more men have to lose, the less willing are they to venture. The rich are in general slaves to fear, and submit to courtly power with the trembling duplicity of a spaniel.

Youth is the seed-time of good habits, as well in nations as in individuals. It might be difficult, if not impossible, to form the continent into one government half a century hence. The vast variety of interests, occasioned by an increase of trade and population, would create confusion. Colony would be against colony. Each being able, might scorn each other's assistance: and while the proud and foolish gloried in their little distinctions, the wise would lament that the union had not been formed before. Wherefore the *present time* is the *true time* for establishing it. The intimacy which is contracted in infancy, and the friendship which is formed in misfortune, are, of all others, the most lasting and unalterable. Our present union is marked with both these characters; we are young, and we have been distressed; but our concord hath withstood our troubles, and fixes a memorable era for posterity to glory in.

The present time, likewise, is that peculiar time which never happens to a nation but once, namely, the time of forming itself into a government. Most nations have let slip the opportunity, and by that means have been compelled to receive laws from their conquerors, instead of making laws for themselves. First, they had a king, and then a form of government; whereas the articles or charter of government should be formed first, and men delegated to execute them afterwards: but from the errors of other nations let us learn wisdom, and lay hold of the present opportunity — *to begin government at the right end.*

When William the Conqueror subdued England, he gave them law at the point of the sword; and, until we consent that the seat of government in America be legally and authoritatively occupied, we shall be in danger of having it filled by some fortunate ruffian, who may treat us in the same manner, and then, where will be our freedom? where our property?

As to religion, I hold it to be the indispensable duty of all governments to protect all conscientious professors thereof,

and I know of no other business which government hath to do therewith. Let a man throw aside that narrowness of soul, that selfishness of principle, which the niggards of all professions are so unwilling to part with, and he will be at once delivered of his fears on that head. Suspicion is the companion of mean souls, and the bane of all good society. For myself, I fully and conscientiously believe that it is the will of the Almighty that there should be a diversity of religious opinions among us: it affords a larger field for our Christian kindness. Were we all of one way of thinking, our religious dispositions would want matter for probation; and on this liberal principle I look on the various denominations among us to be like children of the same family, differing only in what is called their Christian names.

In a former page I threw out a few thoughts on the propriety of a Continental Charter (for I only presume to offer hints, not plans), and in this place I take the liberty of re-mentioning the subject, by observing that a charter is to be understood as a bond of solemn obligation, which the whole enters into, to support the right of every separate part, whether of religion, personal freedom, or property. A firm bargain and a right reckoning make long friends.

I have heretofore likewise mentioned the necessity of a large and equal representation; and there is no political matter which more deserves our attention. A small number of electors, or a small number of representatives, are equally dangerous. But if the number of the representatives be not only small, but unequal, the danger is increased. As an instance of this, I mention the following: when the associators' petition was before the house of assembly of Pennsylvania, twenty-eight members only were present; all the Bucks County members, being eight, voted against it, and had seven of the Chester members done the same, this whole province had been governed by two counties only; and this danger it is always exposed to. The unwarrantable stretch, likewise, which that house made in their last sitting, to gain an undue authority over the delegates of this province, ought to warn the people at large how they trust power out of their own hands. A set of instructions for their delegates were put together, which in point of sense and business would have dishonored a schoolboy, and after being approved by a *few*, a *very few*, without doors, were carried into the house, and there passed *in behalf*

of the whole colony; whereas, did the whole colony know with what ill-will that house had entered on some necessary public measures, they would not hesitate a moment to think them unworthy of such a trust.

Immediate necessity makes many things convenient, which if continued would grow into oppressions. Expedience and right are different things. When the calamities of America required a consultation, there was no method so ready, or at that time so proper, as to appoint persons from the several houses of assembly for that purpose; and the wisdom with which they have proceeded hath preserved this continent from ruin. But as it is more than probable that we shall never be without a *Congress*, every well-wisher to good order must own that the mode for choosing members of that body deserves consideration. And I put it as a question to those who make a study of mankind, whether *representation and election* is not too great a power for one and the same body of men to possess? Whenever we are planning for posterity, we ought to remember that virtue is not hereditary.

It is from our enemies that we often gain excellent maxims, and are frequently surprised into reason by their mistakes. Mr. Cornwall (one of the lords of the treasury) treated the petition of the New York assembly with contempt, because *that* house, he said, consisted but of twenty-six members, which trifling number, he argued, could not with decency be put for the whole. We thank him for his involuntary honesty.

To conclude. However strange it may appear to some, or however unwilling they may be to think so, matters not, but many strong and striking reasons may be given to show that nothing can settle our affairs so expeditiously as an open and determined declaration for independence. Some of which are:

1st, It is the custom of nations, when any two are at war, for some other powers, not engaged in the quarrel, to step in as mediators, and bring about the preliminaries of a peace; but while America calls herself the subject of Britain, no power, however well disposed she may be, can offer her mediation. Wherefore, in our present state, we may quarrel onforever.

2d, It is unreasonable to suppose that France or Spain will give us any kind of assistance, if we mean only to make use of that assistance for the purpose of repairing the breach and strengthening the connection between Britain and America; because those powers would be sufferers by the consequences.

3d, While we profess ourselves the subjects of Britain, we must, in the eyes of foreign nations, be considered as rebels. The precedent is somewhat dangerous to *their peace* for men to be in arms under the name of subjects; we, on the spot, can solve the paradox: but to unite resistance and subjection requires an idea much too refined for common understanding.

4th, Should a manifesto be published, and despatched to foreign courts, setting forth the miseries we have endured, and the peaceful methods which we have ineffectually used for redress; declaring, at the same time, that not being able, any longer, to live happily or safely under the cruel disposition of the British court, we had been driven to the necessity of breaking off all connection with her; at the same time, assuring all such courts of our peaceable disposition towards them, and of our desire of entering into trade with them. Such a memorial would produce more good effects to this continent than if a ship were freighted with petitions to Britain.

Under our present denomination of British subjects, we can neither be received nor heard abroad: the custom of all courts is against us, and will be so, until, by an independence, we take rank with other nations.

These proceedings may at first appear strange and difficult; but like all other steps, which we have already passed over, will in a little time become familiar and agreeable; and, until an independence is declared, the continent will feel itself like a man who continues putting off some unpleasant business from day to day, yet knows it must be done, hates to set about it, wishes it over, and is continually haunted with the thoughts of its necessity.

The American Condition at the Close of 1776.

(From "The Crisis.")

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will in this crisis shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it *now* deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheaply, we esteem too lightly; 't is dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to set a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange, indeed, if

so celestial an article as Freedom should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right not only to *tax*, but to "*bind us in all cases whatsoever;*" and if being *bound* in that manner is not slavery, then there is not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious; for so unlimited a power can belong only to God.

Whether the Independence of this continent was declared too soon or delayed too long, I will not now enter into as an argument. My own simple opinion is, that had it been eight months earlier it would have been much better. We did not make a proper use of last winter; neither could we, while we were in a dependent state. However, the fault — if it were one — was all our own; we have none to blame but ourselves. But no great good is lost yet. All that Howe has been doing this month past is rather a ravage than a conquest, which the spirit of the Jerseys a year ago would have quickly repulsed, and which time and a little resolution will soon recover. I have as little superstition in me as any man living; but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to perish who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war by every decent method which wisdom could invent. Neither have I so much of the infidel in me as to suppose that He has relinquished the government of the world and given us up to the care of devils; and as I do not, I cannot see on what grounds the King of Britain can look up to heaven for help against us. A common murderer, a highwayman, or a house-breaker has as good a pretence as he.

I shall not now attempt to give all the particulars of our retreat to the Delaware. Suffice it for the present to say that both officers and men, though greatly harassed and fatigued, — frequently without rest, covering, or provisions, — bore it with a manly and a martial spirit. All their wishes were one — which was that the country would turn out and help them to drive the enemy back. Voltaire has remarked that King William never appeared to full advantage but in difficulties and in action. The same remark may be made on General Washington; for the character fits him. There is a natural firmness in some minds which cannot be unlocked by trifles, but which, when unlocked, discovers a cabinet of fortitude; and I reckon it among those kind of public blessings, which we do not immedi-

ately see, that God hath blessed him with uninterrupted health, and given him a mind that can even flourish upon cares. . . .

I thank God that I fear not. I can see no real cause for fear. I know our situation well, and can see our way out of it. While our army was collected, Howe dared not risk a battle; and it is no credit to him that he decamped from the White Plains and waited a mean opportunity to ravage the defenceless Jerseys; but it is a great credit to us that, with a handful of men, we sustained an orderly retreat for near a hundred miles, brought all our field-pieces, the greatest part of our stores, and had four rivers to pass. None can say that our retreat was precipitate, for we were three weeks in performing it, that the country might have time to come in. Twice we marched back to meet the enemy and remained out till dark. The sign of fear was not seen in our camp, and had not some of the cowardly and disaffected inhabitants spread false alarms through the country, the Jerseys never had been ravaged. Once more we are again collected and collecting; our new army at both ends of the continent is recruiting fast, and we shall be able to open the campaign with sixty thousand men, well armed and clothed. This is our situation; and who will may know it. By perseverance and fortitude we have the prospect of a glorious issue; by cowardice and submission, the choice of a large variety of evils: a ravaged country — a depopulated city — habitations without safety, and slavery without hope — our homes turned into barracks and bawdy houses for Hessians, and a future race to provide for, for whose fathers we shall doubt of. Look on this picture, and weep over it! — and if there yet remains one thoughtless wretch who believes it not, let him suffer it unlamented.

WILLIAM PALEY.

PALEY, WILLIAM, an English theologian and philosopher; born at Peterborough in July, 1743; died May 25, 1805. He was graduated in 1763 as senior wrangler at Christ's College, Oxford, of which he became a Fellow, and lectured on Moral Philosophy and Divinity. In 1775 he became rector of Musgrave, Cumberland, and in 1782 was made Archdeacon of Carlisle. It is said that he would have received a bishopric had not King George III. taken offence at a paragraph on "Property," which is hereinafter quoted, in one of his writings. The principal works of Paley are "The Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy" (1785); "Horæ Paulinæ" (1790); "A View of the Evidences of Christianity" (1794); "Natural Theology" (1802).

ON PROPERTY.

(From "Moral and Political Philosophy.")

IF you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn; and if — instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just what it wanted, and no more — you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap, reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and the refuse, keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps the worst pigeon of the flock; sitting round and looking on, all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about, and wasting it; and if a pigeon, more hardy and hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flocking upon it, tearing it to pieces; if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practised and established among men. Among men you see the ninety-nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one, and this too, oftentimes, the feeblest and worst of the whole set — a child, a woman, a madman, or a fool; getting for themselves all the while but a little of the coarsest of the provision which their own industry produces; looking quietly on while they see the fruits of their labor spoiled; and

if one of their number take or touch a particle of the hoard, the others joining against him, and hanging him for the theft.

There must be some very important advantage to account for an institution which, in the view given, is so paradoxical and unnatural. The principal of these advantages are the following: 1. It increases the produce of the earth. 2. It preserves the products of the earth to maturity. 3. It prevents contests. 4. It improves the conveniency of living.

Upon these several accounts we may venture, with a few exceptions, to pronounce that even the poorest and worst provided, in countries where property, and the consequences of property, prevail, are in a better situation with respect to food, raiment, houses, and what are called the necessaries of life, than they are in places where most things remain in common. The balance, therefore, upon the whole, must preponderate in favor of property with a great and manifest excess. Inequality of property, in the degree in which it exists in most countries of Europe, abstractly considered, is an evil; but it is an evil which flows from those rules concerning the acquisition and disposal of property, by which men are incited to industry, and by which the object of their industry is rendered secure and valuable.

Credibility of St. Paul.

(From "Horæ Paulinæ.")

Here we have a man of liberal attainments, and in other points, of sound judgment, who had addicted his life to the service of the gospel. We see him in the prosecution of this purpose travelling from country to country, enduring every species of hardship, encountering every extremity of danger; assaulted by the populace, punished by the magistrates, scourged, beat, stoned, left for dead; expecting, wherever he came, a renewal of the same treatment, and the same dangers; yet, when driven from one city, preaching in the next; spending his whole time in the employment; sacrificing to it his pleasures, his ease, his safety; persisting in this course to old age, unaltered by the experience of perverseness, ingratitude, prejudice, desertion; unsubdued by anxiety, want, labor, persecutions; unwearied by long confinement, undismayed by the prospect of death.

We have his letters in our hands; we have also a history purporting to be written by one of his fellow-travellers, and

appearing, by a comparison with these letters, certainly to have been written by some person well acquainted with the transactions of his life. From the letters, as well as from the history, we gather not only the account which we have stated of *him*, but that he was one out of many who acted and suffered in the same manner; and of those who did so, several had been the companions of Christ's ministry; the ocular witnesses — or pretending to be such — of his miracles and of his resurrection. We moreover find the same person referring, in his letters, to his supernatural conversion, the particulars and accompanying circumstances of which are related in the history; and which accompanying circumstances — if all or any of them be true — render it impossible to have been a delusion. We also find him positively, and in appropriate terms, asserting that he himself worked miracles — strictly and properly so called; the history, meanwhile, recording various passages of his ministry which come up to the extent of this assertion.

The question is, whether falsehood was ever attested by evidence like this. Falsehoods, we know, have found their way into reports, into tradition, into books. But is an example to be met with of a man voluntarily undertaking a life of want and pain, of incessant fatigue, of continual peril; submitting to the loss of his home and country, to stripes and stoning, to tedious imprisonments, and the constant expectation of a violent death, for the sake of carrying about a story of what, if false, he must have known it to be so.

The World Made with a Benevolent Design.

(From "Natural Theology.")

It is a happy world, after all. The air, the earth, the water teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer evening, whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. The insect youth are on the wing; swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify the joy and exultation which they feel in their lately discovered faculties. A bee amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon; its life appears to be all enjoyment. The whole insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and under every

variety of constitution gratified — and perhaps equally gratified — by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned to them. But the atmosphere is not the only scene of enjoyment for the insect race. Plants are covered with aphides greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it should seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted that this is a state of gratification: what else should fix them so close to the operation, and so long? Other species are running about with an alacrity in their motions which carries with it every mark of pleasure.

If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it, all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess. Suppose each individual to be in a state of positive enjoyment, what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure we have before our view.

The young of all animals appear to me to receive pleasure simply from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end to be attained, or any use to be answered by the exertion. A child, without knowing anything of the uses of language, is in a high degree delighted with being able to speak. Its incessant repetition of a few articulate sounds, or perhaps of the single word which it has learned to pronounce, proves this point clearly. Nor is it less pleased with its first successful endeavors to walk — or rather to run, which precedes walking — although entirely ignorant of the importance of the attainment to its future life, and even without applying it to any present purpose. A child is delighted with speaking, without having anything to say; and with walking, without knowing where to go. And, prior to both these, I am disposed to believe that the waking hours of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision — or, perhaps, more properly speaking, with learning to see.

But it is not for youth alone that the great Parent of creation hath provided. Happiness is found with the purring cat no less than with the playful kitten; in the arm-chair of dozing age, as well as in either the sprightliness of the dance or the animation of the chase. To novelty, to acuteness of sensation, to hope, to ardor of pursuit, succeeds what is, in no inconsider-

able degree, an equivalent for them all — perception of ease. Herein is the exact difference between the young and the old. The young are not happy but when enjoying pleasure; the old are happy when free from pain. And this constitution suits with the degree of animal power which they respectively possess. The vigor of youth was to be stimulated to action by the impatience of rest; whilst to the imbecility of age quietness and repose become positive gratifications.

In one important respect the advantage is with the old. A state of ease is, generally speaking, more attainable than a state of pleasure. A constitution, therefore, which can enjoy ease is preferable to that which can taste only pleasure. This same perception of ease oftentimes renders old age a condition of great comfort. How far the same cause extends to other animal natures cannot be judged of with certainty. In the species with which we are best acquainted — namely, our own — I am far, even as an observer of human life, from thinking that youth is its happiest season; much less the only happy one.

Distinctions of Civil Life Lost in Church.

(From "Moral and Political Philosophy.")

The distinctions of civil life are almost always insisted upon too much and urged too far. Whatever, therefore, conduces to restore the level, by qualifying the dispositions which grow out of great elevation or depression of rank, improves the character on both sides. Now things are made to appear little by being placed beside what is great. In which manner, superiorities that occupy the whole field of the imagination will vanish or shrink to their proper diminutiveness, when compared with the distance by which even the highest of men are removed from the Supreme Being, and this comparison is naturally introduced by all acts of joint worship. If ever the poor man holds up his head, it is at church; if ever the rich man views him with respect it is there; and both will be the better, and the public profited, the oftener they meet in a situation in which the consciousness of dignity in the one is tempered and mitigated, and the spirit of the other erected and confirmed.

WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE.

Palgrave, William Gifford, an English traveller; born at Westminster, January 24, 1826; died at Montevideo, Uruguay, September 20, 1888. After graduation at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1846, he was appointed a lieutenant in the Bombay Infantry. He subsequently became connected with the Order of the Jesuits. He was sent to Syria and Palestine, where he acquired mastery over the Arabic language. In 1860 Napoleon III. summoned him to France to give an account of the Syrian disturbances and massacre, and in 1861 he returned to Palestine charged with the task of exploring Arabia in the service of the Emperor. Returning to England, he was sent out by the Government in 1865 on special service to release Consul Cameron and other prisoners in Abyssinia. From 1866 to 1876 he served as British Consul to several places, and as Consul-General to Bulgaria (1878) and to Siam (1880), and in 1884 was made minister-resident to Uruguay. He was a Fellow of several scientific and literary associations, including the Royal Geographical and Royal Asiatic Societies. His works are "Narrative of a Year's Journey Through Central and Eastern Arabia in 1862-63" (2 vols., 1865); "Essays on Eastern Questions" (1872); "Hermann Agha: an Eastern Narrative," a novel (2 vols., 1872), and "Dutch Guiana" (1876); "Ulysses: or Scenes and Studies in Many Lands" (1890); "A Vision of Life" (1891).

The Last Meeting.

(From "Hermann Agha.")

[The pursuit accomplished, Hermann Agha reaches at night the encampment of his rival, who is carrying away Zahra. As Hermann and his followers purpose an immediate attack and rescue, the young lover audaciously decides to steal to the tent in which his betrothed is lodged, to have a first interview with her, and perhaps to bring about by stealth an immediate flight, to the avoidance of a battle.]

We reached the hollow. Not a sound was heard. Had the encampment been twenty miles away the quiet could not have been more complete. Softly we dismounted, — Moharib, Harith, Aman, and I; gave our horses and our spears in charge of

Doheym and Ja'ad; took off our cloaks and laid them on the sand; and in our undergarments, with no arms but sword and knife, prepared ourselves for the decisive attempt.

I did not think, I had no leisure to think, as we clambered up the loose bank, half earth, half sand; the position required the fullest attention every moment: an incautious movement, a slip, a sound, and the whole encampment would be on foot, to the forfeit not of my life, not of all our lives only, — that I should have reckoned a light thing, — but of my love also. One by one we reached the summit: before us stood the tents, just visible in dark outline; all around was open shadow; no moving figure broke its stillness, no voice or cry anywhere; nor did any light appear at first in the tents. The entire absence of precaution showed how unexpected was our visit: so far was well; my courage rose, my hope also.

Following the plan we had agreed on, we laid ourselves flat on the sand, and so dragged ourselves forward on and on, hardly lifting our heads a little to look round from time to time, till we found ourselves near the front tent furthest on the left. No one had stirred without, and the tent itself was silent as a grave. Round it, and round the tent that stood next behind it, we crawled slowly on, stopping now and then, and carefully avoiding the getting entangled among the pegs and outstretched ropes. Above all, we gave the widest berth possible to what appeared in the darkness like four or five blackish mounds on the sand, and which were in fact guards, wrapped up in their cloaks; and fortunately for us, fast asleep.

When he had arrived at the outside corner of the encampment, Harith stopped, and remained crouched on the ground where the shade was deepest; it was his place of watch. Twenty or twenty-five paces further on, Aman at my order did the same. Moharib accompanied me till, having fairly turned the camp, we came close behind Zahra's tent, in which I now observed for the first time that a light was burning. Here Moharib also stretched himself flat on his face, to await me when I should issue forth from among the curtains.

And now, as if on purpose to second our undertaking, arrived unsought-for the most efficacious help that we could have desired to our concealment. While crossing the sandy patch, I had felt on my face a light puff of air, unusually damp and chill. Looking up, I perceived a vapory wreath, as of thin smoke, blown along the ground. It was the mist; and accus-

tomed to the desert and its phenomena, I knew that in less than half an hour more the dense autumn fog would have set in, veiling earth and everything on it till sunrise. This time, however, the change in the atmosphere was quicker than usual; so that before I had got behind the tent range, the thickness of the air would hardly have allowed any object to be seen at a few yards' distance, even had it been daylight. As it was, the darkness was complete.

Creeping forward, I gradually loosened one of the side pegs that made the tent-wall between the ropes fast to the ground. Through the opened chink a yellow ray of light shot forth into the fog; the whole tent seemed to be lighted up within. Hastily I reclosed the space, while a sudden thrill of dread ran through me: some maid, some slave might be watching. Or what if I had been mistaken in the tent itself? What if not she but others were there? Still there was no help for it now; the time of deliberation had gone by; proceed I must and I would, whatever the consequences.

Once more I raised the goat's-hair hangings, and peeped in. I could see the light itself, a lamp placed on the floor in front, and burning: but nothing moved; no sound was heard. I crawled further on my hands and knees, till the whole interior of the tent came into view. It was partly covered with red strips of curtain, and the ground itself was covered with carpets. Near the light a low couch, formed by two mattresses one upon the other, had been spread; some one lay on it; — O God! *she* lay there!

The stillness of the night, the hour, the tent, of her sleep, her presence, her very unconsciousness, awed, overpowered me. For a moment I forgot my own purpose, everything. To venture in seemed profanation; to arouse her, brutal, impious. Yet how had I come, and for what? Then in sudden view all that had been since that last night of meeting at Diar-Bekr stood distinct before me; more yet, I saw my comrades on their watch outside, the horses in the hollow; I saw the morrow's sun shine bright on our haven of refuge, on our security of happiness. Self-possessed and resolute again, I armed myself with the conscience of pure love, with the memory and assurance of hers, and entered.

Letting the hangings drop behind me, I rose to my feet; my sword was unsheathed, my knife and dagger were ready in my belt; my pistols, more likely to prove dangerous than useful

at this stage of the enterprise, I had left below with my horse. Then, barefoot and on tiptoe, I gently approached the mattress couch. It was covered all over with a thin sheet of silken gauze; upon this a second somewhat thicker covering, also of silk, had been cast; and there, her head on a silken rose-colored pillow, she lay, quiet as a child.

I can see her now, — thus continued Hermann, gazing fixedly on the air before him, and speaking not as though to his friend but to some one far off, — I can see her even now. She was robed from head to foot in a light white dress, part silk, part cotton, and ungirdled; she rested half turning to her right side; her long black hair, loosened from its bands, spread in heavy masses of glossy waviness, some on her pillow, some on her naked arm and shoulder; ebony on ivory; one arm was folded under her head, the other hung loosely over the edge of the mattress, till the finger-tips almost touched the carpet. Her face was pale, — paler, I thought, than before; but her breathing came low, calm, and even, and she smiled in her sleep.

Standing thus by her side, I remained awhile without movement, and almost without breath. I could have been happy so to remain for ever. To be with her, even though she neither stirred nor spoke, was Paradise: I needed neither sign nor speech to tell me her thoughts; I knew them to be all of love for me, — love not rash nor hasty, but pure, deep, unaltered, unalterable as the stars in heaven. It was enough: could this last, I had no more to seek. But a slight noise outside the tent, as if of some one walking about the camp, roused me to the sense of where I was, and what was next to be done. I must awaken her; yet how could I do so without startling or alarming her?

Kneeling softly by the couch, I took in mine the hand that even in sleep seemed as if offered to me, gently raised it to my lips, and kissed it. She slumbered quietly on. I pressed her fingers, and kissed them again and yet again with increasing warmth and earnestness. Then at last becoming conscious, she made a slight movement, opened her eyes, and awoke.

"What! you, Ahmed!" she said, half rising from the bed: "I was just now dreaming about you. Is it really you? and how came you here? — who is with you? — are you alone?" These words she accompanied with a look of love full as intense as my own; but not unmixed with anxiety, as she glanced quickly round the tent.

"Dearest Zahra! sister! my heart! my life!" I whispered, and at once caught her in my arms. For a moment she rested in my embrace; then recollecting herself, the place, the time, drew herself free again.

"Did you not expect me, Zahra?" I added; "had you no foreknowledge, no anticipation, of this meeting? or could you think that I should so easily resign you to another?"

The tears stood in her eyes. "Not so," she answered; "but I thought, I had intended, that the risk should be all my own. I knew you were on our track, but did not imagine you so near; none else in the caravan guessed anything. You have anticipated me by a night, one night only; and — O God! — at what peril to yourself! Are you aware that sixty chosen swordsmen of Benoo-Sheyban are at this moment around the tent? O Ahmed! O my brother! What have you ventured? Where are you come?"

In a few words, as few as possible, I strove to allay her fears. I explained all to her: told her of the measures we had taken, the preparations we had made, the horse waiting, the arms ready to escort and defend her; and implored her to avail herself of them without delay.

Calmly she listened; then, blushing deeply, "It is well, my brother," she said; "I am ready." Thus saying, she caught up her girdle from the couch, and began to gather her loosened garments about her, and to fasten them for the journey. No sign of hesitation now appeared, hardly even of haste. Her eye was bright, but steady; her color heightened; her hand free from tremor.

But even as she stooped to gather up her veil from the pillow on which had laid it, and prepared to cast it over her head, she suddenly started, hearkened, raised herself upright, stood still an instant, and then, putting her hand on my arm, whispered, "We are betrayed: listen!"

Before she had finished speaking I heard a rustle outside, a sound of steps, as of three or four persons, barefoot and cautious in their advance, coming towards the front of the tent. I looked at Zahra; she had now turned deadly pale; her eyes were fixed on the curtained entrance: yet in her look I read no fear, only settled, almost desperate resolution. My face was, I do not doubt, paler even than hers; my blood chilled in my veins. Instinctively we each made to the other a sign for silence — a sign indeed superfluous in such circumstances —

and remained attentive to the noise without. The steps drew nearer; we could even distinguish the murmur of voices, apparently as of several people talking together in an undertone, though not the words themselves. When just before the entrance of the tent, the footfall ceased; silence followed. The curtains which formed the door were drawn together, one a little overlapping the other, so as to preclude all view from the outside; but they were in no way fastened within; and to have attempted thus to close them at that moment would have been worse than useless.

Zahra and I threw our arms, she round me, I round her; and our lips met in the mute assurance that whatever was to be the fate of one should also be the fate of the other. But she blushed more deeply than ever, crimson-red. I could see that by the light of the lamp which we longed to, but at that moment dared not, extinguish. Its ray fell on the door-hangings, outside which stood those whom their entire silence, more eloquent then than words, proclaimed to be listeners and spies. Who they were, and what precisely had brought them there, and with what intent they waited, we could not tell.

Half a minute — it could not have been more — passed thus in breathless stillness; it was a long half-minute to Zahra and me. At last we heard a sort of movement taking place in the group without: it seemed as though they first made a step or two forwards; then returned again, talking all the while among themselves in the same undertone; then slowly moved away towards the line of tents in front. No further sound was heard: all was hushed. Zahra and I loosed our hold, and stood looking at each other. How much had been guessed, how much actually detected, I could not tell; she however knew.

"Fly, Ahmed," she whispered; "fly! That was the Emeer himself. They are on the alert; you are almost discovered; in a few minutes more the alarm will be given throughout the camp. For your life, fly!"

I stood there like one entranced; the horror of that moment had numbed me, brain and limb. And how could I go? Her voice, her face, her presence were, God knows, all on earth to me. How then could I leave them to save a life valueless to me without them?

"In God's name," she urged, "haste. Your only hope, brother, lies in getting away from here quickly and unperceived; in the darkness you can yet manage it: tell me, how is it outside?"

"Thick mist," I answered: "it was coming on before I reached the tent."

"Thank God!" she said with a half-sob of relief, and a tone the like of which I never heard before or after: "that it is has saved you; that has prevented your companions from being discovered. Dearest Ahmed," she continued, kissing me in her earnestness, "as you love me, for my sake, for your own sake, for both of us, fly, — it is the only chance left."

"Fly, Zahra! Zahra, my life!" I answered, almost with a laugh; "fly, and leave you here behind? Never!"

"As you have any love for me, Ahmed," she replied in a low, hurried, choking voice; "as you would not expose me to certain dishonor and death; as you hope ever to meet me again; — O Ahmed! my brother, my only love! it is their reluctance alone to shame me by their haste while yet a doubt remains, that has screened you thus far; but they will return. Alone, I shall be able to extricate myself; I shall have time and means: but you — oh, save yourself, my love — save me!"

"Dearest Zahra," replied I, pressing her to my breast, "and you — what will you do?"

"Fear not for me," she answered, her eye sparkling as she spoke. "I am Sheykh Asa'ad's daughter; and all the Emeers in Arabia, with all Sheyban to aid, cannot detain me a prisoner, or put force on my will. God lives, and we shall meet again; till then take and keep this token." She drew a ring from her finger, and gave it to me. "By this ring, and God to witness, I am yours, Ahmed, yours only, yours forever. Now ask no more: fly."

"One kiss, Zahra." One — many; she was in tears; then, forcing a smile to give me courage, — "Under the protection of the best Protector," she said, "to Him I commit you in pledge: Ahmed, brother, love, go in safety."

What could I do but obey? As I slipped out between the curtains, I gave one backward look: I saw her face turned towards me, her eye fixed on me with an expression that not even in death can I forget; it was love stronger than any death. An instant more, and I was without the tent. That moment the light within it disappeared.

Hermann dropped his voice, and put his hand up to his face. As he did so, the moonlight glittered on an emerald, set in a gold ring, on the little finger. Tantawee looked at it.

"That is the ring, I suppose, Ahmed Beg," he said. "I have

often noticed it before; and she, I hope, will see it yet again one day, and know it for your sake; so take heart, brother, — perhaps the day is nearer than you think."

"She will recognize it on me," answered Hermann in a low sad voice, "either alive or dead; it will remain with me to the last, though if there be hope in it, I know not." Then he added, "She has no like token from me: I did not think of offering any; nor did she ask; there was no need."

Issuing from the tent, I came at once into the dense mist; through its pitchy darkness no shape could be discerned at ten yards of distance. Instinctively, for I was scarcely aware of my own movements, I crept to where Moharib lay crouched on the ground, and touched him; he looked up, half rose and followed. Passing Aman and Harith, we roused them too in their turn; there was no time for question or explanation then; all knew that something had gone wrong, but no one said a word. Nor was there yet any sign around us that our attempt had been perceived; no one seemed to be on the alert or moving. I began almost to hope that the sounds heard while in the tent might have been imaginary, or at least that suspicion, if awakened, had by this time been quieted again.

But only a few paces before we reached the brink of the hollow, something dark started up between it and us, and I felt myself touched by a hand. I leaped to my feet; and while I did so a blow was aimed at me, I think with a knife. It missed its intent, but ripped my sleeve open from shoulder to elbow, and slightly scratched my arm. At the same moment Harith's sword came down on the head of the figure now close beside me; it uttered a cry and fell.

Instantly that cry was repeated and echoed on every side, as if the whole night had burst out at once into voice and fury. We ran towards the hollow. When on its verge, I turned to look back a moment; and even through the thick mist could see the hurry and confusion of dark shapes; while the shout, "Sheyban!" "Help, Sheyban!" "Help, Rabee'ah!" rose behind, around, coming nearer and nearer, mixed with the tramp of feet. "Quick! quick!" exclaimed Harith: we rolled down rather than descended into the hollow; there stood Ja'ad and Doheym, ready by the horses, who, conscious of danger, neighed and stamped violently; but before we could mount and ride, the enemy was upon us.

RAY PALMER.

Palmer, Ray, an American hymnologist; born in Little Compton, R. I., November 12, 1808; died in Newark, N. J., March 29, 1887. After graduation at Yale in 1830, he taught in New York and in New Haven. He was licensed to preach in 1832, ordained in 1835, and settled in Bath, Me. In 1850 he removed to Albany, N. Y., where he preached for sixteen years. In 1866 he became secretary of the Congregational Union, holding this post until 1878. The degree of D.D. was given to him by Union College in 1852. He contributed to religious periodicals and journals, and published several books, including "Spiritual Improvement, or Aid to Growth in Grace" (1839), republished as "Closet Hours" (1851); "Remember Me" (1855); "Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinions" (1860); "Hymns and Sacred Pieces" (1865); "Hymns of My Holy Hours" (1866); "Home, or the Unlost Paradise" (1868); "Earnest Words on True Success in Life" (1873); "Complete Poetical Works" (1876), and "Voices of Hope and Gladness" (1880). Dr. Palmer ranks among the best of American hymn-writers.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day,
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

When life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide!
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove!
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee.

Jesus! the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue or pen can show;
The love of Jesus — what it is
None but his loved ones know.

The Soul's Cry.

"I cry unto thee daily." — Psalms, lxxxvi. 3.

Oh, ever from the deeps
Within my soul, oft as I muse alone,
Comes forth a voice that pleads in tender tone;

As when one long unblest
Sighs ever after rest;
Or as the wind perpetual murmuring keeps.

I hear it when the day
Fades o'er the hills, or 'cross the shimmering sea;
In the soft twilight, as is wont to be,
Without my wish or will,
While all is hushed and still,
Like a sad, plaintive cry heard far away.

Not even the noisy crowd,
That, like some mighty torrent rushing down,
Sweeps clamoring on, this cry of want can drown;
But ever in my heart
Afresh the echoes start:
I hear them still amidst the tumult loud.

Each waking morn anew
The sense of many a need returns again;
I feel myself a child, helpless as when
I watched my mother's eye,
As the slow hours went by,
And from her glance my being took its hue.

I cannot shape my way
Where nameless perils ever may betide,
O'er slippery steeps whereon my feet may slide;
Some mighty hand I crave,
To hold and help and save,
And guide me ever when my steps would stray.

There is but One, I know,
That all my hourly, endless wants can meet;
Can shield from harm, recall my wandering feet;
My God, thy hand can feed
And day by day can lead
Where the sweet streams of peace and safety flow.

I Saw Thee.

"When thou wast under the fig-tree I saw thee."

I saw thee, when as twilight fell,
And evening lit her fairest star,
Thy footsteps sought yon quiet dell,
The world's confusion left afar.

I saw thee when thou stood'st alone,
Where drooping branches thick o'erhung
Thy still retreat, to all unknown,
Hid in deep shadows darkly flung.

I saw thee when, as died each sound
Of bleating flock or woodland bird,
Kneeling as if on holy ground,
Thy voice the listening silence heard.

I saw thy calm, uplifted eyes,
And marked the heaving of thy breast,
When rose to heaven thy heartfelt sighs
For purer life, for perfect rest.

I saw the light that o'er thy face
Stole with a soft, suffusing glow,
As if, within, celestial grace
Breathed the same bliss that angels know.

I saw — what thou didst not — above
Thy lowly head an open heaven;
And tokens of thy Father's love
With smiles to thy rapt soul given.

I saw thee from that sacred spot
With firm and peaceful spirit depart;
I, Jesus, saw thee — doubt it not —
And read the secrets of thy heart.

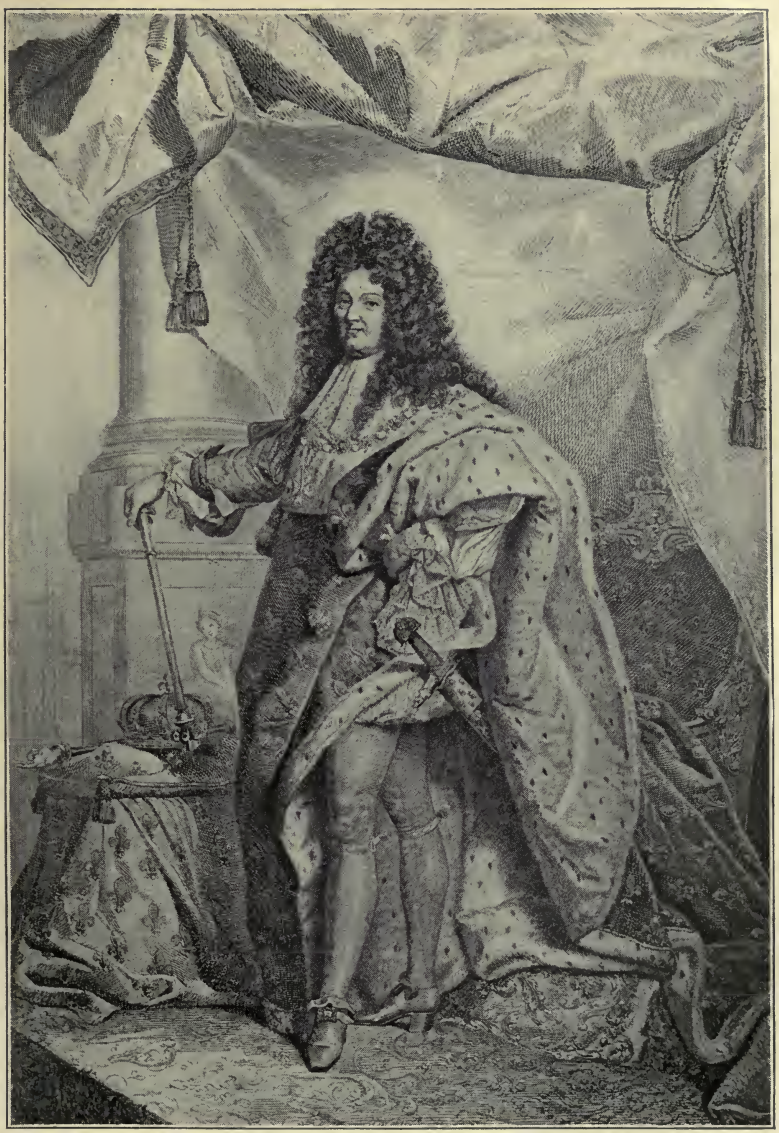
JULIA PARDOE.

PARDOE, JULIA, an English miscellaneous writer; born at Beverley, Yorkshire, in 1806; died at London, November 26, 1862. She put forth a volume of poems at the age of fourteen, and a novel two years later. She wrote voluminously in many departments of literature. Among her works of travel are "The City of the Sultan" (1836); "The River and the Desert" (1838); "The Beauties of the Bosphorus" (1839), afterwards reprinted as "Picturesque Europe;" "The City of the Magyar" (1840). Among her novels are "The Mardyns and the Daventrys" (1835); "The Hungarian Castle" (1842); "Confessions of a Pretty Woman" (1846); "The Jealous Wife" (1847). Among her historical works are "Louis XIV. and the Court of France" (1847); "The Court and Reign of Francis I." (1849); "The Life of Marie de Medici" (1852); "Pilgrimages in Paris" (1857); "Episodes of French History During the Consulate and the Empire" (1859).

CHARACTER AND TRAINING OF LOUIS XIV.

(From "Louis XIV. and the Court of France.")

FROM his earliest youth Louis XIV. exhibited great discernment, and gave evidences of that correct judgment which led him in after years to show favor to men who were distinguished for high and noble qualities, but even while he lauded and appreciated the courage or the intellect which must hereafter tend to illustrate his reign, he began, even while yet a boy, to show himself jealous of those social qualifications in which he believed himself capable of excelling, and wherein he was aware that he could not brook any rivalry. Reared in the conviction that he would be the handsomest man of his court, and without dispute the most idolized, he, as a natural consequence, soon learned to distrust and dislike all those who, by their personal beauty, their wit, or their intellect, threatened him with even a far-off competition. Nor was this weakness combated by Anne of Austria, who, far from seeking to teach him contempt for so ignoble a feeling, shared it with him to its fullest extent, and



LOUIS THE XIV

From a Painting by H. Rigaud

soon looked chillingly upon such of the young nobles about her son as appeared likely to become his rivals.

The greatest misfortune attached to a regency is the effort made by those in authority to prolong to its utmost extent the infancy and helplessness of the royal minor. The least guilty of these exalted guardians content themselves by maintaining their charge in a perfect state of ignorance concerning those duties whose knowledge is imperative to individuals hereafter to be intrusted with the government of a state and the welfare of a people; and in order to carry this point they are not only careful to avoid every opportunity of mooting questions likely to lead to such a knowledge, but also to remove from about the persons of their royal pupils all such companions as are likely to inspire a taste for study and inquiry.

This was precisely the position of Louis XIV. With the exception of his devotional exercises, sufficient military skill to review his troops, and a perfect familiarity with court etiquette, the young monarch, when he took possession of the throne of France, was utterly ignorant, and could not have competed with the most shallow school-boy of his age. This effect the Regent and her Minister had been anxious to accomplish. Louis, as we have elsewhere said, "enacted the king" to perfection; his personal grace entranced the populace; his polished self-possession was the proverb of the court; and his innate pride prevented all assumption of equality on the part of his customary associates; while in every question of state he was a cipher, helpless and dependent upon the intellect and energy of others; and, although possessed of a strong will, which under other circumstances might have enabled him to throw off with a bound the shackles that had been wound about him, so conscious of his own deficiencies that he could not command sufficient courage to trust in his mental resources, such as they were.

The Beacon-Light.

Darkness was deepening o'er the seas,
  And still the hulk drove on;
No sail to answer to the breeze,
  Her masts and cordage gone.
Gloomy and drear her course of fear,
  Each looked but for the grave,
When, full in sight, the beacon-light
  Came streaming o'er the wave.

Then wildly rose the gladdening shout
  Of all that hardy crew;
Boldly they put the helm about,
  And through the surf they flew.
Storm was forgot, toil heeded not,
  And loud the cheer they gave,
As, full in sight, the beacon-light
  Came streaming o'er the wave.

And gayly of the tale they told,
  When they were safe on shore:
How hearts had sunk, and hopes grown cold,
  Amid the billows' roar,
When not a star had shone from far,
  By its pale light to save;
Then, full in sight, the beacon-light
  Came streaming o'er the wave.

Thus, in the night of Nature's gloom,
  When sorrow bows the heart,
When cheering hopes no more illume,
  And comforts all depart;
Then from afar shines Bethlehem's Star,
  With cheering light to save;
And, full in sight, its beacon-light
  Comes streaming o'er the grave.

GILBERT PARKER.

Gilbert Parker, a Canadian novelist, now living in New York. He was born in Ontario, Nov. 23, 1861; his father being an English officer in the Artillery. From his childhood he was devoted to reading and study. His parents wishing him to enter the church, he began theological studies at the University of Toronto; he became a lecturer in Trinity College, and continued to hold this position until, his health failing, he was ordered to the South Sea. In Australia he resumed his lectures: the reputation gained by them influenced the editor of a Sydney newspaper to invite him to write a series of articles on his impressions of the country. From that time he gave himself up to literary work; in which he has been uniformly successful. Among his works are: "Pierre and his People"; "Tales of the Far North"; "An Adventurer of the North"; "A Romany of the Snows"; "The Trespasser" (1893); "A Lover's Diary" (1894); "The Trail of the Sword" (1894); "When Valmond Came to Pontiac" (1895); "The Seats of the Mighty" (1896); "The Pomp of the Lavilettes" (1897); "The Battle of the Strong."

The British Flag.

(From "The Pomp of the Lavilettes.")[1]

The village had no thought or care for anything except the Rebellion and news of it, and for several days Ferrol and Christine lived their new life unobserved by the people of the village, even by the household of Manor Casimbault.

It almost seemed that Ferrol's prophecy regarding himself was coming true, for his cheek took on a heightened color, his step a greater elasticity, and he flung his shoulders out with a little of the old military swagger; cheerful, forgetful of all the world, and buoyant in what he thought to be his new-found health and permanent happiness.

Vague reports came to the village concerning the Rebellion. There were not a dozen people in the village who espoused the

[1] Copyright, 1896, by Lamson, Wolffe & Company. Quoted by their courteous permission.

British cause, but these few were silent. For the moment the Lavilettes were popular. Nicolas had made for them a sort of *grand coup*. He had for the moment redeemed the snobbishness of two generations.

After his secret marriage Ferrol was not seen in the village for some days, and his presence and nationality were almost forgotten by the people; they only thought of what was actively before their eyes. On the fifth day after his marriage, which was Saturday, he walked down to the village, attracted by shouting and unusual excitement. When he saw the cause of the demonstration he had a sudden flush of anger. A flagstaff had been erected in the center of the village, and upon it had been run up the French tricolor. He stood and looked at the shouting crowd a moment, then swung round and went to the office of the Regimental Surgeon, who met him at the door. When he came out again he carried a little bundle under his left arm. He made straight for the crowd which was scattered in groups, and pushed or threaded his way to the flagstaff. He was at least a head taller than any man there, and though he was not so upright as he had been, the lines of his figure were still those of a commanding personality.

A sort of platform had been erected upon the flagstaff, and on it a drunken little habitant was talking treason. Without a word, Ferrol stepped upon the platform, and, loosening the rope, dropped the tricolor halfway down the staff before his action was quite comprehended by the crowd. Presently a hoarse shout proclaimed the anger and consternation of the habitants.

"Leave that flag alone," shouted a dozen voices. "Leave it where it was," others repeated with oaths.

He dropped it the full length of the staff, whipped it off the string, and put his foot upon it. Then he unrolled the bundle which he had carried under his arm. It was the British flag. He slipped it upon the string, and was about to haul it up, when the drunken orator on the platform caught him by the arm with fiery courage.

"Here, you leave that alone; that's not our flag, and if you string it up, we'll string you up, bagosh!" he roared.

Ferrol's heavy walking-stick was in his right hand.

"Let go my arm — quick!" he said quietly.

He was no coward, and these people were, and he knew it. The habitant drew back.

"Get off the platform," he said with quiet menace.

He turned quickly to the crowd, for some had sprung towards the platform to pull him off. Raising his voice, he said:

"Stand back, and hear what I've got to say. You're fifty to one, you can probably kill me; but before you do that I shall kill three or four of you — I've had to do with rioters before. You little handful of people here — little more than half a million — imagine that you can defeat thirty-five millions, with an army of half a million, a hundred battle-ships, a thousand cannon, and a million rifles. Come now, don't be fools. The Governor alone up there in Montreal has enough men to drive you all into the hills of Maine in a week. You think you've got the start of Colborne? Why, he has known every movement of Papineau and your rebels for the last two months. You can bluster and riot to-day, but look out for to-morrow. I am the only Englishman here among you. Kill me, but watch what your end will be! For every hair of my head there will be one less habitant in this Province. You haul down the British flag, and string up your tricolor in this British village while there is one Britisher to say, 'Put up that flag again!' You fools!"

He suddenly gave the rope a pull, and the flag ran up halfway; but as he did so, a stone was thrown. It flew past his head, grazing his temple. A sharp point lacerated the flesh, and the blood flowed down his cheek. He ran the flag up to its full height, swiftly knotted the cord, and put his back against the pole. Grasping his stick, he prepared himself for an attack.

"Mind what I say," he cried. "The first man that comes will get what for!"

There was a commotion in the crowd, consternation and dismay behind Ferrol, and excitement and anger in front of him. Three men were pushing their way through to him. Two of them were armed. They reached the platform and mounted it. It was the Regimental Surgeon and two British soldiers. The Regimental Surgeon held a paper in his hand.

"I have here," he said to the crowd, "a proclamation by Sir John Colborne. The rebels have been defeated at three points, and half of the men from Bonaventure who joined Papineau have been killed. The ringleader, Nicolas Lavilette, when found will be put on trial for his life. Now disperse to your homes, or every man of you will be arrested and tried by court-martial."

The crowd melted away like snow, and they hurried not the less because the stone which some one had thrown at Ferrol had

struck a lad in the head, and brought him senseless and bleeding to the ground.

Ferrol picked up the tricolor and handed it to the Regimental Surgeon.

"I could have done it alone, I believe," he said; "and upon my soul I'm sorry for the poor devils. Suppose we were Englishmen in France, eh!"

. . . . . .

Expiation.

That night the British soldiers camped in the village. All over the country the rebels had been scattered and beaten, and Bonaventure had been humbled and injured. After the blind injustice of the cowardly and the beaten, Nicolas Lavilette and his family were blamed for the miseries which had come upon the place. They had emerged from their isolation to tempt popular favor, had contrived many designs and ambitions, and in the midst of their largest hopes were humiliated, and were followed by resentment. The position was intolerable. In happy circumstances, Christine's marriage with Ferrol might have been a completion of their glory, but in reality it was the last blow to their progress.

In the dusk, Ferrol and Christine sat in his room; she, defiant, indignant, courageous; he hiding his real feelings, and knowing that all she now planned and arranged would come to naught. Three times that day he had had violent paroxysms of coughing; and at last had thrown himself on his bed, exhausted, helplessly wishing that something would end it all. Illusion had passed forever. He no longer had a cold, but a mortal trouble that was killing him inch by inch. He remembered how a brother officer of his, dying of an incurable disease, and abhorring suicide, had gone into a café, and slapped an unoffending bully and duelist in the face, inviting a combat. The end was sure, easy, and honorable. For himself — he looked at Christine. Not all her abounding vitality, her warm, healthy body, or her overwhelming love, could give him one extra day of life, not one day. What a fool he had been to think that she could do so! And she must sit and watch him — she, with her primitive fierceness of love, must watch him sinking, fading helplessly out of life, sight, and being.

A bottle of whisky was beside him. During the two hours just gone he had drunk a whole pint of it! He poured out another half-glass, filled it with milk, and drank it off slowly. At that moment a knock came to the door. Christine opened it, and admitted one of the fugitives of Nicolas' company of rebels. He saw Ferrol, and came straight to him.

"A letter for M'sieu' the Honorable," said he, "from M'sieu' le Capitaine Lavilette."

Ferrol opened the paper. It contained only a few lines. Nicolas was hiding in the storeroom of the vacant farmhouse, and Ferrol must assist him to escape to the State of New York.

He had stolen into the village from the north, and, afraid to trust any one except this faithful member of his company, had taken refuge in a place where, if the worst came to the worst, he could defend himself, for a time at least. Twenty rifles of the rebels had been stored in the farmhouse, and they were all loaded! Ferrol, of course, could go where he liked, being a Britisher, and nobody would notice him. Would he not try to get him away?

While Christine questioned the fugitive, Ferrol thought the matter over. One thing he knew: the solution of the great problem had come; and the means to the solution ran through his head like lightning. He rose to his feet, drank off a few mouthfuls of undiluted whisky, filled a flask, and put it in his pocket. Then he found his pistols, and put on his great-coat, muffler, and cap before he spoke a word.

Christine stood watching him intently.

"What are you going to do, Tom?" she said quietly.

"I am going to save your brother, if I can," was his reply, as he handed her Nic's letter.

. . . . . .

An hour later, he stood among a few companies of British soldiers in front of the massive stone storehouse of the Lavilette's abandoned farmhouse, with its thick shuttered windows and its solid oak doors. It was too late to attempt the fugitive's escape, save by strategy. Over half an hour Nic had kept them at bay. He had made loopholes in the shutters and the door, and from these he fired upon his assailants. Already he had wounded five and killed two.

Men had been sent for timber to batter down the door and

windows. Meanwhile, the troops stood at a respectful distance out of the range of Nic's firing, awaiting developments.

Ferrol consulted with the officers, advising a truce and parley, offering himself as mediator to induce Nic to surrender. To this the officers assented, but warned him that his life might pay the price of his temerity. He laughed at this. He had been talking with his head and throat well muffled, and the collar of his great coat drawn about his ears. Once or twice he coughed — a hacking, wrenching cough, which struck the ears of more than one of the officers painfully, for they had known him in his best and gayest days at Quebec.

It was arranged that he should advance, holding out a flag of truce. Before he went he drew aside one of the younger lieutenants, in whose home at Quebec his sister had always been a welcome visitor, and told him briefly the story of his marriage, of his wife, and of Nicolas. He sent Christine a message, that she should not forget to carry his *last token to his sister!* Then, turning, he muffled up his face against the crisp harsh air (there was design in this, also), and, waving a white handkerchief, advanced to the door of the storeroom.

The soldiers waited anxiously, fearing that Nic would fire, in spite of all; but presently a spot of white appeared at one of the loopholes, then the door was slowly opened, Ferrol entered, and it was closed again.

Nicolas Lavilette grasped his hand.

"I knew you wouldn't go back on me," said he; "I knew you were my friend! What the devil do they want out there?"

"I am more than your friend; I'm your brother," answered Ferrol, meaningly. Then, quickly taking off his great coat, cap, muffler, and boots, "Quick! On with these!" he said. "There's no time to lose!"

"What's all this?" asked Nic.

"Never mind; do exactly as I say, and there's a chance for you."

Nic put on the overcoat, Ferrol placed the cap on his head and muffled him up exactly as he himself had been, then made him put on his own top-boots.

"Now, see," he said, "everything depends upon how you do this thing. You are about my height. Pass yourself off for me. Walk loose and long as I do, and cough like me as you go."

There was no difficulty in showing him what the cough was like: he involuntarily offered an illustration as he spoke.

"As soon as I shut the door and you start forward, I'll fire on them. That'll divert their attention from you. They'll take you for me, and think I've failed in persuading you to give yourself up. Go straight on — don't hurry — coughing all the time, and if you can make the dark just beyond the soldiers by the garden bench, you'll find two men. They'll help you. Strike for the big tree on the Seigneury Road — you know: where you were robbed! There you'll find the fastest horse from your father's stables. Then ride, my boy, ride for your life to the State of New York!"

"And you — you?" asked Nicolas.

Ferrol laughed.

"You needn't worry about me, Nic; I'll get out of this all right; as right as rain! Are you ready? Steady now, steady. Let me hear you cough."

Nic coughed.

"No, that isn't it, listen and watch." Ferrol coughed. "Here," he said, taking something from his pocket, "open your mouth." He threw some salt and pepper down the other's throat. "Now try it."

Nic coughed almost convulsively.

"Yes, that's it, that's it! Just keep that up! Come along now. Quick, not a moment to lose! Steady! You're all right, my boy; you've got nerve, and that's the thing! Good-by, Nic, good luck to you!"

They grasped hands, the door opened swiftly, and Nic stepped outside. In an instant Ferrol was at the loophole. Raising a rifle, he fired, then again and again. Through the loophole he could see a half dozen men lift a log to advance on the door as Nic passed a couple of officers, coughing hard, and making spasmodic motions with his hand, as though exhausted and unable to speak.

He fired again, and a soldier fell. The lust of fighting was in him now. It was not a question of country or of race, but only a man crowding the power of old instincts into the last moments of his life. The vigor and valor of a reconquered youth seemed to inspire him; he felt as he did when a mere boy fighting on the Danube. His blood rioted in his veins; his eyes flashed. He lifted the flask of whisky and gulped down great mouthfuls of it, and fired again and again, laughing madly.

"Let them come on, let them come on," he cried. "By God, I'll settle them!" The frenzy of war possessed him. He heard the timber crash against the door, once, twice, thrice, and then give way. He swung round and saw men's faces blazing in the light of the fire, and then another face shot in before the others — that of Vanne Castine!

With a cry of fury he ran forward into the doorway. Castine saw him at the same moment. With a similar instinct each sprang for the other's throat, Castine with a knife in his hand.

A cry of astonishment went up from the officers and the men without. They had expected to see Nic, but Nic was on his way to the horse beneath the great elm-tree, and from the elm-tree to the State of New York — and safety!

The men and the officers fell back as Castine and Ferrol clinched in a death struggle. Ferrol knew that his end had come. He had expected it, hoped for it. But before the end he wanted to kill this man, if he could. He caught Castine's head in his hands, and with a last effort twisted it back with a sudden jerk.

All at once blood spurted from his mouth into the face of his enemy. He shivered, tottered, and fell back, as Castine struck blindly into space. For a moment Ferrol swayed back and forth, stretched out his hands convulsively, and gasped, trying to speak, the blood welling from his lips. His eyes were wild, anxious, and yearning, his face deadly pale and covered with a cold sweat. Presently he collapsed like a loosened bundle upon the steps.

Castine, blinded with blood, turned round, and the light of the fire upon his open mouth made him appear to grin painfully — an involuntary grimace of terror.

At that instant a rifle shot rang out from among the shrubbery, and Castine sprang from the ground and fell at Ferrol's feet. Then with a contortive shudder he rolled over and over the steps, and lay face downward upon the ground, dead.

A girl ran forward from the shrubbery, with a cry, pushing her way through to Ferrol's body. Lifting up his head, she called to him in an agony of entreaty. But he made no answer.

"That's the woman who fired the shot!" said an officer, excitedly; "I saw her!"

"Shut up, you fool — it was his wife!" exclaimed the young lieutenant to whom Ferrol had given his last message for Christine.

THEODORE PARKER.

THEODORE PARKER, an American clergyman, born at Lexington, Mass., Aug. 24, 1810; died at Florence, Italy, May 10, 1860. In 1830 he entered Harvard College. In 1834 he entered the Divinity School at Cambridge. He had already mastered Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, French, and Spanish; he now added Arabic, Syriac, Danish, and Swedish to the list. In 1837 he became pastor of the Unitarian Church at West Roxbury, Mass., but his labors as minister to this Society were brought to a close in January, 1859, by a sudden attack of bleeding at the lungs. He went to the island of Santa Cruz; thence sailed for Europe, passing the winter at Rome; whence, in April, 1860, he proceeded to Florence, where he died on May 10th, and was buried in the Protestant Cemetery outside the walls.

Mr. Parker published several translations from the German, the most important of which is that, with additions, of De Wette's "Introduction to the Old Testament" (1843). He contributed to *The Dial*, and other magazines; and from 1847 to 1850 was editor of *The Massachusetts Quarterly*. A collected edition of his "Works," edited by Frances Power Cobbe, in twelve volumes, was put forth at London in 1865; and another, in ten volumes, edited by H. B. Fuller, in 1870. The volume "Historic Americans," first published in 1870, was first delivered as a series of popular lectures.

MISTAKES ABOUT JESUS: HIS RECEPTION AND INFLUENCE.

(From "A Discourse of Matters Pertaining to Religion.")

WE often err in our estimate of this man. The image comes to us, not of that lowly one: the carpenter of Nazareth; the companion of the rudest men; hard-handed and poorly clad; not having where to lay his head; "who would gladly have stayed his morning appetite on wild figs, between Bethany and Jerusalem;" hunted by his enemies; stoned out of a city, and fleeing for his life. We take the fancy of poets and painters: a man clothed in purple and fine linen, obsequiously attended

by polished disciples, who watched every movement of his lips, impatient for the oracle to speak. We conceive of a man who was never in doubt, nor fear; whose course was all marked out before him, so that he could not err. But such it was not, if the writers tell truly. Did he say, I came to fulfill the Law and the Prophets, and it is easier for Heaven and Earth to pass, than for one jot or tittle of the Law to fail? Then he must have doubted, and thought often and with a throbbing heart, before he could say, I am not come to bring peace, but a sword; to kindle a fire, and would God it were kindled! — many times before the fullness of peace dwelt in him, and he could say, The hour cometh and now is, when the true worshiper shall worship in spirit and in truth. We do not conceive of that sickness of soul which must have come at the coldness of the wise men, the heartlessness of the worldly, at the stupidity and selfishness of the disciples. We do not think how that heart, so great, so finely tuned and delicately touched, must have been pained to feel there was no other heart to give an answering beat. We know not the long and bitter agony that went before the triumph cry of faith, I am not alone, for the Father is with me; we do not heed that faintness of soul which comes of hope deferred, of aspirations all unshared by men, — a bitter mockery the only human reply, the oft-repeated echo, to his prayer of faith. We find it difficult to keep unstained our decent robe of goodness when we herd only with the good, and shun the kennel where sin and misery, parent and child, are huddled with their rags; we do not appreciate that strong and healthy pureness of soul which dwelt daily with iniquity, sat at meat with publicans and sinners, and yet with such cleanness of life as made even sin ashamed of its ugliness, but hopeful to amend. Rarely, almost never, do we see the vast divinity within that soul, which, new though it was in the flesh, at one step goes before the world whole thousands of years; judges the race; decides for us questions we dare not agitate as yet, and breathes the very breath of heavenly love. The Christian world, aghast at such awful beauty in the flesh, transfixed with wonder as such a spirit rises in his heavenly flight, veils its face and says, It is a God. Such thoughts are not for men. Such life betrays the God. And is it not the Divine which the flesh enshrouds? to speak in figures, the brightness of his glory; the express image of his person; the clear resemblance of the all-beautiful; the likeness of God in which man is made? But alas for us,

we read our lesson backward: make a God of our brother, who should be our model. So the new-fledged eaglets may see the parent bird, slow rising at first with laborious efforts, then cleaving the air with sharp and steady wing, and soaring through the clouds, with eye undazzled, to meet the sun; they may say, We can only pray to the strong pinion. But anon their wings shall grow, and flutter impatient for congenial skies, and their parent's example guide them on. But men are still so sunk in sloth, so blind and deaf with sensuality and sin, they will not see the greatness of man in him who, falling back on the inspiration God imparts, asks no aid of mortal men, but stands alone, serene in awful loveliness, not fearing the roar of the street, the hiss of the temple, the contempt of his townsmen, the coldness of this disciple, the treachery of that; who still bore up, had freest communion when all alone; was deserted, never forsaken; betrayed, but still safe; crucified, but all the more triumphant. This was the last victory of the soul; the highest type of man. Blessed be God that so much manliness has been lived out, and stands there yet, a lasting monument to mark how high the tides of Divine life have risen in the world of man. It bids us take courage, and be glad; for what man has done, he may do.

> Jesus, there is no dearer name than thine,
> Which Time has blazoned on his mighty scroll;
> No wreaths nor garlands ever did intwine
> So fair a temple of so vast a soul.
> There every virtue set his triumph seal;
> Wisdom conjoined with strength and radiant grace,
> In a sweet copy heaven to reveal,
> And stamp Perfection on a mortal face.
> Once on the earth wert thou, before men's eyes
> That did not half thy beauteous brightness see;
> E'en as the emmet does not read the skies,
> Nor our weak orbs look through immensity.

The doctrine he taught was the Father's, not his; the personal will did not mingle its motes with the pure religious light of Truth; it fell through him as through void space, not colored, not bent aside. Here was the greatest soul of all the sons of men; one before whom the majestic mind of Grecian sages and of Hebrew seers must veil its face. His perfect obedience made him free. So complete was it that but a single

will dwelt in him and God, and he could say, I and the Father are one. For this reason his teaching was absolute. God's word was in him. Try him as we try other teachers. They deliver their word, find a few waiting for the consolation, who accept the new tidings, follow the new method, and soon go beyond their teacher, though less mighty minds than he. Such is the case with each founder of a school in philosophy, each sect in religion. Though humble men, we see what Socrates and Luther never saw. But eighteen centuries have passed since the sun of humanity rose so high in Jesus: what man, what sect, what church has mastered his thought, comprehended his method, and so fully applied it to life? Let the world answer in its cry of anguish. Men have parted his raiment among them; cast lots for his seamless coat; but that spirit which toiled so manfully in a world of sin and death, which did and suffered, and overcame the world, — is that found, possessed, understood? Nay, is it sought for and recommended by any of our churches?

But no excellence of aim, no sublimity of achievement, could screen him from distress and suffering. The fate of all Saviors was his, — despised and rejected of men. His father's children "did not believe in him;" his townsmen "were offended at him," and said, "Whence hath he this wisdom? Is not this the son of Joseph the carpenter?" Those learned scribes who came all the way from Jerusalem to entangle him in his talk could see only this, "He hath Beelzebub." "Art thou greater than our father Jacob?" asked a conservative. Some said, "He is a good man." "Ay," said others, "but he speaketh against the Temple." The sharp-eyed Pharisees saw nothing marvelous in the case. Why not? They were looking for signs and wonders in the heavens; not Sermons on the Mount, and a "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees;" they looked for the Son of David, a king, to rule over men's bodies; not the son of a peasant-girl, born in a stable; the companion of fishermen; the friend of publicans and sinners, who spoke to the outcast, brought in the lost sheep; and so ruled in the soul, his kingdom not of this world. They said, "He is a Galilean, and of course no prophet." If he called men away from the senses to the soul, they said, "He is beside himself." "Have any of the rulers or the Pharisees believed on him?" asked some one who thought that settled the matter. When he said, if a man live by God's law, "he shall never see death,"

they exclaimed, those precious shepherds of the people, "Now we know thou hast a devil, and art mad. Abraham is dead, and the prophets! Art thou greater than our father Abraham? Who are you, sir?" What a faithful report would Scribes and Pharisees and Doctors of the Law have made of the Sermon on the Mount; what omissions and redundancies would they not have found in it; what blasphemy against Moses and the Law, and the Ark of the Covenant, and the Urim and the Thummim, and the Meat-offering and the New-moons; what neglect to mention the phylacteries and the shew-bread, and the Levite and the priest, and the tithes, and the other great essentials of religion; what "infidelity" must these pious souls have detected! How must they have classed him with Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, the mythological Tom Paines of old time; with the men of Sodom and Gomorrah! The popular praise of the young Nazarene, with his divine life and lip of fire; the popular shout, "Hosannah to the Son of David!" was no doubt "a stench in the nostrils of the righteous." "When the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" Find *faith?* He comes to bring it. It is only by crucified redeemers that the world is saved. Prophets are doomed to be stoned; apostles to be sawn asunder. The world knoweth its own, and loveth them. Even so let it be; the stoned prophet is not without his reward. The balance of God is even.

Yet there were men who heard the new word. Truth never yet fell dead in the streets; it has such affinity with the soul of man, the seed however broadcast will catch somewhere, and produce its hundredfold. Some kept his sayings and pondered them in their heart. Others heard them gladly. Did priests and Levites stop their ears? Publicans and harlots went into the kingdom of God before them. Those blessed women whose hearts God has sown deepest with the Orient pearl of faith; they who ministered to him in his wants, washed his feet with tears of penitence, and wiped them with the hairs of their head, — was it in vain he spoke to them? Alas for the anointed priest, the child of Levi, the son of Aaron, — men who shut up inspiration in old books, and believed God was asleep, — they stumbled in darkness, and fell into the ditch. But doubtless there was many a tear-stained face that brightened like fires new stirred as Truth spoke out of Jesus's lips. His word swayed the multitude as pendent vines swing in the summer wind; as the Spirit of God moved on the waters of chaos, and said, Let

there be light, and there was light. No doubt many a rude fisherman of Gennesareth heard his words with a heart bounding and scarce able to keep in his bosom, went home a new man with a legion of angels in his breast, and from that day lived a life divine and beautiful.

No doubt, on the other hand, Rabbi Kozeb Ben Shatan, when he heard of this eloquent Nazarene and his Sermon on the Mount, said to his disciples in private at Jerusalem: — This new doctrine will not injure us, prudent and educated men: we know that men may worship as well out of the Temple as in it; a burnt-offering is nothing; the ritual of no value; the Sabbath like any other day; the Law faulty in many things, offensive in some, and no more from God than other laws equally good. We know that the priesthood is a human affair, originated and managed like other human affairs. We may confess all this to ourselves, but what is the use of telling it? The people wish to be deceived: let them. The Pharisee will conduct wisely like a Pharisee — for he sees the eternal fitness of things — even if these doctrines should be proclaimed. But this people who know not the law, what will become of them? Simon Peter, James, and John, those poor unlettered fishermen on the lake of Galilee, to whom we gave a farthing and a priestly blessing in our summer excursion, — what will become of them when told that every word of the Law did not come straight out of the mouth of Jehovah, and the ritual is nothing! They will go over to the flesh and the Devil, and be lost. It is true that the Law and the Prophets are well summed up in one word, Love God and man. But never let us sanction the saying: it would ruin the seed of Abraham, keep back the kingdom of God, and "destroy our usefulness." Thus went it at Jerusalem. The new word was "blasphemy," the new prophet an "infidel," "beside himself," "had a devil." But at Galilee things took a shape somewhat different; one which blind guides could not foresee. The common people, not knowing the Law, counted him a prophet come up from the dead, and heard him gladly. Yes, thousands of men, and women also, with hearts in their bosoms, gathered in the field and pressed about him in the city and the desert place, forgetful of hunger and thirst, and were fed to the full with his words, so deep a child could understand them; James and John leave all to follow him who had the word of eternal life; and when that young carpenter asks Peter, Whom sayest thou that I am? it has been revealed to that poor

unlettered fisherman, not by flesh and blood, but by the word of the Lord; and he can say, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. The Pharisee went his way, and preached a doctrine that he knew was false; the fisherman also went his way, but which to the flesh and the Devil?

We cannot tell, no man can tell, the feelings which the large free doctrines of absolute religion awakened when heard for the first time. There must have been many a Simeon waiting for the consolation; many a Mary longing for the better part; many a soul in cabins and cottages and stately dwellings, that caught glimpses of the same truth, as God's light shone through some crevice which Piety made in that wall Prejudice and Superstition had built up betwixt man and God; men who scarce dared to trust that revelation, — "too good to be true," — such was their awe of Moses, their reverence for the priest. To them the word of Jesus must have sounded divine; like the music of their home sung out in the sky, and heard in a distant land: beguiling toil of its weariness, pain of its sting, affliction of despair. There must have been men sick of forms which had lost their meaning, pained with the open secret of sacerdotal hypocrisy, hungering and thirsting after the truth, yet whom error and prejudice and priestcraft had blinded so that they dared not think as men, nor look on the sunlight God shed upon the mind.

But see what a work it has wrought. Men could not hold the word in their bosoms; it would not be still. No doubt they sought, — those rude disciples, — after their teacher's death, to quiet the matter and say nothing about it: they had nerves that quivered at the touch of steel; wives and children whom it was hard to leave behind to the world's uncertain sympathy; respectable friends it may be, who said the old Law did very well. Let well enough alone. The people must be deceived a little. The world can never be much mended. No doubt Truth stood on one side, and Ease on the other; it has often been so. Perhaps the disciples went to the old synagogue more sedulous than before; paid tithes; kept the new-moons; were sprinkled with the blood of the sacrifice; made low bows to the Levite, sought his savory conversation, and kept the rules a priest gave George Fox. But it would not do. There was too much truth to be hid. Even selfish Simon Peter has a cloven tongue of fire in his mouth, and he and the disciples go to their work, the new word swelling in their laboring heart.

Then came the strangest contest the world ever saw. On

the one side is all the strength of the world, — the Jews with their records from the hand of Moses, David, and Esaias; supernatural records that go back to the birth of time; their Law derived from Jehovah, attested by miracles, upheld by prophets, defended by priests, children of Levi, sons of Aaron, the Law which was to last forever; the Temple, forty and seven years in being built, its splendid ceremonies, its beautiful gate and golden porch; there was the wealth of the powerful; the pride, the self-interest, the prejudice of the priestly class; the indifference of the worldly; the hatred of the wicked; the scorn of the learned; the contempt of the great. On the same side were the Greeks, with their chaos of religion, full of mingled beauty and ugliness, virtue and vice, piety and lust, still more confounded by the deep mysteries of the priest, the cunning speculations of the sophist, the awful sublimity of the sage, by the sweet music of the philosopher and moralist and poet, who spoke and sung of man and God in strains so sweet and touching; there were rites in public; solemn and pompous ceremonies, processions, festivals, temples, games to captivate that wondrous people; there were secret mysteries, to charm the curious and attract the thoughtful; Greece, with her arts, her science, her heroes and her gods, her Muse voluptuous and sweet. There too was Rome, the queen of nations, and conqueror of the world, who sat on her seven-hilled throne, and cast her net eastward and southward and northward and westward, over tower and city and realm and empire, and drew them to herself, — a giant's spoil; with a religion haughty and insolent, that looked down on the divinities of Greece and Egypt, of "Ormus and the Ind," and gave them a shelter in her capacious robe: Rome, with her practiced skill; Rome, with her eloquence; Rome, with her pride; Rome, with her arms, hot from the conquest of a thousand kings. On the same side are all the institutions of all the world: its fables, wealth, armies, pride, its folly and its sin.

On the other hand are a few Jewish fishermen, untaught, rude, and vulgar; not free from gross errors; despised at home, and not known abroad; collected together in the name of a young carpenter, who died on the gallows, and whom they declared to be risen from the dead; men with no ritual, no learning, no books, no brass in their purse, no philosophy in their mind, no eloquence on their tongue. A Roman skeptic might tell how soon these fanatics would fall out and destroy

themselves, after serving as a terror to the maids and sport to the boys of a Jewish hamlet; and so that "detestable superstition" come to an end! A priest of Jerusalem, with his oracular gossip, could tell how long the Sanhedrim would suffer them to go at large, in the name of "that deceiver," whose body "they stole away by night"! Alas for what man calls great; the pride of prejudice; the boast of power! These fishermen of Galilee have a truth the world has not, so they are stronger than the world. Ten weak men may chain down a giant: but no combination of errors can make a truth or put it down; no army of the ignorant equal one man that has the Word of Life. Besides, all the truth in Judea, Greece, Rome, was an auxiliary to favor the new doctrine.

The first preachers of Christianity had false notions on many points; they were full of Jewish fables and technicalities; thought the world would soon end, and Jesus come back "with power and great glory." Peter would now and then lie to serve his turn; Paul was passionate, often one-sided; Barnabas and Mark could not agree. There was something of furious enthusiasm in all these come-outers. James roars like a fanatic radical at the rich man. But spite of the follies or limitations of these earnest and manly Jews, a religious fire burned in their hearts; the Word of God grew and prevailed. The new doctrine passes from its low beginnings on the Galilean lake, step by step, through Jerusalem, Ephesus, Antioch, Alexandria, Corinth, Rome, till it ascends the throne of the world, and kings and empires lie prostrate at its feet. But alas, as it spreads, it is corrupted also. Judaism, paganism, idolatry, mingle their feculent scum with the living stream, and trouble the water of life.

Christianity came to the world in the darkness of the nations; they had outgrown their old form, and looked for a new. They stood in the shadow of darkness, fearing to look back nor daring to look forward; they groped after God. Christianity came to the nations as a beam of light shot into chaos; a strain of sweet music — so silvery and soft we know not we are listening — to him who wanders on amid the uncertain gloom, and charms him to the light, to the River of God and Tree of Life. It was the fulfillment of the prophecy of holy hearts. It is human religion, human morality, and above all things reveals the greatness of man.

It is sometimes feared that Christianity is in danger; that

its days are numbered. Of the Christianity of the church, no doubt it is true. That child of many fathers cannot die too soon. It cumbers the ground. But the Christianity of Christ, absolute religion, absolute morality, cannot perish: never till love, goodness, devotion, faith, reason, fail from the heart of man; never till God melts away and vanishes, and nothing takes the place of the All-in-All. Religion can no more be separated from the race than thought and feeling; nor absolute religion die out more than wisdom perish from among men. Man's words, thoughts, churches, fail and pass off like clouds from the sky that leave no track behind. But God's word can never change. It shines perennial like the stars. Its testimony is in man's heart. None can outgrow it; none destroy. For eighteen hundred years the Christianity of Christ has been in the world to warn and encourage. Violence and cunning, allies of sin, have opposed it. Every weapon learning could snatch from the arsenals of the past, or science devise anew, or pride and cruelty and wit invent, has been used by mistaken man to destroy this fabric. Not a stone has fallen from the heavenly arch of real religion; not a loophole been found where a shot could enter. But alas, vain doctrines, follies, absurdities without count, have been plied against the temple of God, marring its beauteous shape. That Christianity continues to live — spite of the traditions, fables, doctrines wrapped about it — is proof enough of its truth. Reason never warred against love of God and man, never with the Christianity of Christ, but always with that of the church. There is much destructive work still to be done, which scoffers will attempt.

Can man destroy absolute religion? He cannot with all the arts and armies of the world destroy the pigment that colors an emmet's eye. He may obscure the truth to his own mind. But it shines forever unchanged. So boys of a summer's day throw dust above their heads to blind the sun; they only hide it from their blinded eyes.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

Francis Parkman, an American historian, born at Boston, Sept. 16, 1823; died at Jamaica Plain, near Boston, Nov. 8, 1893. He was graduated at Harvard in 1844; studied law for about two years, then traveled for a year in Europe. Early in 1844, and again in 1846, he set out to explore the Rocky Mountain region. During the last expedition he lived for several months among the Dakota Indians and other tribes, suffering hardships and privations, which permanently impaired his health, and before long resulted in partial blindness. He gave an account of his explorations in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. These papers were subsequently published in a volume entitled "The California and Oregon Trail" (1849). Notwithstanding his enfeebled health and impaired vision he resolved to devote himself to historical labors involving laborious research, the subject chosen being the doings of the Rise and Fall of the French Dominion in North America, with special reference to the efforts of the early Catholic missionaries. The volumes are in a series of monographs, and they were produced without special reference to the chronological order of events. At various times (in 1858, 1868, 1872, 1880, and 1884) he went to France in order to examine the French archives bearing upon his historical labors. The volumes of the "New France" series appeared in the following order: "The Conspiracy of Pontiac" (1851); "Pioneers of France in the New World" (1865); "Jesuits in North America" (1867); "Discovery of the Great West" (1869); "The Old Régime in Canada" (1874); "Count Frontenac and New France Under Louis XIV." (1877); "Montcalm and Wolfe" (1884); and "A Half Century of Conflict" (1892). He wrote also "The Book of Roses" (1866).

The Battle of the Plains of Abraham.

(From "Montcalm and Wolfe.")[1]

The day broke in clouds and threatening rain. Wolfe's battalions were drawn up along the crest of the heights. No

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enemy was in sight, though a body of Canadians had sallied from the town and moved along the strand towards the landing-place, whence they were quickly driven back. He had achieved the most critical part of his enterprise; yet the success that he coveted placed him in imminent danger. On one side was the garrison of Quebec and the army of Beauport, and Bougainville was on the other. Wolfe's alternative was victory or ruin; for if he should be overwhelmed by a combined attack, retreat would be hopeless. His feelings no man can know; but it would be safe to say that hesitation or doubt had no part in them.

He went to reconnoiter the ground, and soon came to the Plains of Abraham; so called from Abraham Martin, a pilot known as Maître Abraham, who had owned a piece of land here in the early times of the colony. The Plains were a tract of grass, tolerably level in most parts, patched here and there with cornfields, studded with clumps of bushes, and forming a part of the high plateau at the eastern end of which Quebec stood. On the south it was bounded by the declivities along the St. Lawrence: on the north, by those along the St. Charles, or rather along the meadows through which that lazy stream crawled like a writhing snake. At the place that Wolfe chose for his battle-field the plateau was less than a mile wide. . . .

Montcalm had passed a troubled night. Through all the evening the cannon bellowed from the ships of Saunders, and the boats of the fleet hovered in the dusk off the Beauport shore, threatening every moment to land. Troops lined the intrenchments till day, while the General walked the field that adjoined his headquarters till one in the morning, accompanied by the Chevalier Johnstone and Colonel Poulariez. Johnstone says that he was in great agitation, and took no rest all night. At daybreak he heard the sound of cannon above the town. It was the battery at Samos firing on the English ships. He had sent an officer to the quarters of Vaudreuil, which were much nearer Quebec, with orders to bring him word at once should anything unusual happen. But no word came, and about six o'clock he mounted and rode thither with Johnstone. As they advanced, the country behind the town opened more and more upon their sight; till at length, when opposite Vaudreuil's house, they saw across the St. Charles, some two miles away, the red ranks of British soldiers on the heights beyond.

"This is a serious business," Montcalm said; and sent off Johnstone at full gallop to bring up the troops from the center and left of the camp. Those of the right were in motion already, doubtless by the governor's order. Vaudreuil came out of the house. Montcalm stopped for a few words with him; then set spurs to his horse, and rode over the bridge of the St. Charles to the scene of danger. He rode with a fixed look, uttering not a word.

The army followed in such order as it might, crossed the bridge in hot haste, passed under the northern rampart of Quebec, entered at the Palace Gate, and pressed on in headlong march along the quaint narrow streets of the warlike town: troops of Indians in scalp-locks and war-paint, a savage glitter in their deep-set eyes; bands of Canadians whose all was at stake, — faith, country, and home; the colony regulars; the battalions of Old France, a torrent of white uniforms and gleaming bayonets, — La Sarre, Languedoc, Roussillon, Béarn, — victors of Oswego, William Henry, and Ticonderoga. So they swept on, poured out upon the plain, some by the gate of St. Louis and some by that of St. John, and hurried, breathless, to where the banners of Guienne still fluttered on the ridge.

Montcalm was amazed at what he saw. He had expected a detachment, and he found an army. Full in sight before him stretched the lines of Wolfe: the close ranks of the English infantry, a silent wall of red, and the wild array of the Highlanders, with their waving tartans, and bagpipes screaming defiance. Vaudreuil had not come; but not the less was felt the evil of a divided authority and the jealousy of the rival chiefs. Montcalm waited long for the forces he had ordered to join him from the left wing of the army. He waited in vain. It is said that the governor had detained them, lest the English should attack the Beauport shore. Even if they did so, and succeeded, the French might defy them, could they but put Wolfe to rout on the Plains of Abraham. Neither did the garrison of Quebec come to the aid of Montcalm. He sent to Ramesay, its commander, for twenty-five field-pieces which were on the Palace battery. Ramesay would give him only three, saying that he wanted them for his own defense. There were orders and counter-orders; misunderstanding, haste, delay, perplexity.

Montcalm and his chief officers held a council of war. It is

said that he and they alike were for immediate attack. His enemies declare that he was afraid lest Vaudreuil should arrive and take command; but the governor was not a man to assume responsibility at such a crisis. Others say that his impetuosity overcame his better judgment; and of this charge it is hard to acquit him. Bougainville was but a few miles distant, and some of his troops were much nearer, a messenger sent by way of Old Lorette could have reached him in an hour and a half at most, and a combined attack in front and rear might have been concerted with him. If, moreover, Montcalm could have come to an understanding with Vaudreuil, his own force might have been strengthened by two or three thousand additional men from the town and the camp of Beauport; but he felt that there was no time to lose: for he imagined that Wolfe would soon be reinforced — which was impossible; and he believed that the English were fortifying themselves — which was no less an error. He has been blamed not only for fighting too soon, but for fighting at all. In this he could not choose. Fight he must, for Wolfe was now in a position to cut off all his supplies. His men were full of ardor, and he resolved to attack before their ardor cooled. He spoke a few words to them in his keen, vehement way. "I remember very well how he looked," one of the Canadians, then a boy of eighteen, used to say in his old age: "he rode a black or dark-bay horse along the front of our lines, brandishing his sword, as if to excite us to do our duty. He wore a coat with wide sleeves, which fell back as he raised his arm, and showed the white linen of the wristband."

The English waited the result with a composure which if not quite real, was at least well feigned. The three field-pieces sent by Ramesay plied them with canister-shot, and fifteen hundred Canadians and Indians fusilladed them in front and flank. Over all the plain, from behind bushes and knolls and the edge of cornfields, puffs of smoke sprang incessantly from the guns of these hidden marksmen. Skirmishers were thrown out before the lines to hold them in check, and the soldiers were ordered to lie on the grass to avoid the shot. The firing was liveliest on the English left, where bands of sharpshooters got under the edge of the declivity, among thickets, and behind scattered houses, whence they killed and wounded a considerable number of Townshend's men. The light infantry were called up from the rear. The houses were taken and retaken, and one or more of them was burned.

Wolfe was everywhere. How cool he was, and why his followers loved him, is shown by an incident that happened in the course of the morning. One of his captains was shot through the lungs; and on recovering consciousness he saw the General standing at his side. Wolfe pressed his hand, told him not to despair, praised his services, promised him early promotion, and sent an aide-de-camp to Monckton to beg that officer to keep the promise if he himself should fall.

It was towards ten o'clock when, from the high ground on the right of the line, Wolfe saw that the crisis was near. The French on the ridge had formed themselves into three bodies, regulars in the center, regulars and Canadians on right and left. Two field-pieces, which had been dragged up the heights at Anse du Foulon, fired on them with grape-shot, and the troops, rising from the ground, prepared to receive them. In a few moments more they were in motion. They came on rapidly, uttering loud shouts, and firing as soon as they were within range. Their ranks, ill ordered at the best, were further confused by a number of Canadians who had been mixed among the regulars, and who, after hastily firing, threw themselves on the ground to reload. The British advanced a few rods; then halted and stood still. When the French were within forty paces the word of command rang out, and a crash of musketry answered all along the line. The volley was delivered with remarkable precision. In the battalions of the center, which had suffered least from the enemy's bullets, the simultaneous explosion was afterward said by French officers to have sounded like a cannon-shot. Another volley followed, and then a furious clattering fire that lasted but a minute or two. When the smoke rose, a miserable sight was revealed; the ground cumbered with dead and wounded, the advancing masses stopped short and turned into a frantic mob, shouting, cursing, gesticulating. The order was given to charge. Then over the field rose the British cheer, mixed with the fierce yell of the Highland slogan. Some of the corps pushed forward with the bayonet; some advanced firing. The clansmen drew their broadswords and dashed on, keen and swift as bloodhounds. At the English right, though the attacking column was broken to pieces, a fire was still kept up, chiefly, it seems, by sharpshooters from the bushes and cornfields, where they had lain for an hour or more. Here Wolfe himself led the charge, at the head of the Louisbourg grenadiers. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief about it and kept on. Another shot struck him,

and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He staggered, and sat on the ground. Lieutenant Brown of the grenadiers, one Henderson, a volunteer in the same company, and a private soldier, aided by an officer of artillery who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear. He begged them to lay him down. They did so and asked if he would have a surgeon. "There's no need," he answered: "it's all over with me." A moment after, one of them cried out, "They run; see how they run!" "Who run?" Wolfe demanded, like a man roused from sleep. "The enemy, sir. Egad, they give way everywhere!" "Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," returned the dying man; "tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge." Then, turning on his side, he murmured, "Now, God be praised, I will die in peace!" and in a few moments his gallant soul had fled.

Montcalm, still on horseback, was borne with the tide of fugitives towards the town. As he approached the walls a shot passed through his body. He kept his seat; two soldiers supported him, one on each side, and led his horse through the St. Louis Gate. On the open space within, among the excited crowd, were several women, drawn, no doubt, by eagerness to know the result of the fight. One of them recognized him, saw the streaming blood, and shrieked, "O mon Dieu! mon Dieu! Le Marquis est tué!" "It's nothing, it's nothing," replied the death-stricken man: "don't be troubled for me, my good friends." ("Ce n'est rien, ce n'est rien: ne vous affligez pas pour moi, mes bonnes amies.")

DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE

("Now, God be praised, I will die in peace!")

THOMAS PARNELL.

Thomas Parnell, an Irish poet, born at Dublin in 1679; died at Chester, England, in October, 1718. He was educated at the College of Dublin, took orders, and was made Archdeacon of Clogher in 1706; but the greater part of his mature life was passed in England. A selection from his "Poems," edited by Pope, appeared in 1721. His chief pieces are two odes, "A Night-piece on Death," "The Hymn to Contentment," and "The Hermit."

The Ways of Providence Justified.

(From "The Hermit.")

"The Maker justly claims that world He made;
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work His ends.
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts His attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
What strange events can strike with more surprise
Than those which lately caught my wondering eyes?
Yet taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

"The great, vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good,
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draught of wine,
Has with the cup the graceless custom lost;
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost,
The mean, suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in duty to the wandering poor:
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heaven can bless if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;

In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.
"Long had our pious friend in virtue trod;
But now the child half-weaned his heart from God;
Child of his age, for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee in fits he seemed to go,
And 'twas my ministry that struck the blow.
The poor, fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail.
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind. This trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew;
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew.
Thus looked Elisha when to mount on high
His Master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp, ascending, left the view;
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow, too.
The bending hermit here a prayer begun:
"Lord! as in heaven, on earth Thy will be done!"
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

Hymn to Contentment.

Lovely, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favorites of the sky
With more of happiness below,
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, oh, whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented head;
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease!
Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there.
Increasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold enshrined.

The bold adventurer plows his way
Through rocks amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves.
The silent heart, which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks — as I have vainly done —
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All nature in its forms below;
The rest it seeks, in seeking dies,
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.
Lovely, lasting Peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.
'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sang my wishes to the wood;
And, lost in thought, no more perceived
The branches whisper as they waved.
It seemed as all the quiet place
Confessed the presence of the Grace;
When thus she spake: "Go, rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still;
Know God, and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow;
Then every Grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest."
Oh! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy.
Raised, as ancient prophets were,
In heavenly vision, praise, and prayer;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleased and blessed with God alone.
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colors of delight,
While silver waters glide along

To please my ear and court my song,
I'll lift my voice, and tune my string,
And Thee, great source of nature, sing.
The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world and give the day;
The moon that shines with borrowed light;
The stars that gild the gloomy night;
The seas that roll unnumbered waves;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves;
The fields whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain:
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me.
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.
Go, search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes,
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

JAMES PARTON.

PARTON, JAMES, an American biographer; born at Canterbury, England, February 9, 1822; died at Newburyport, Mass., October 17, 1891. At the age of five he was brought to America; was educated at the public schools in and near New York; and after teaching for a while, he entered upon journalism. His first published book was the "Life of Horace Greeley." He subsequently devoted himself mainly to biographical works. Up to 1875 he resided at New York, and subsequently at Newburyport, Mass. His principal works are "Life of Horace Greeley" (1855); "Life and Times of Aaron Burr" (1857); "Life of Andrew Jackson" (1860); "General Butler in New Orleans" (1863); "Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin" (1864); "Famous Americans of Recent Times" (1867); "Life of Thomas Jefferson" (1874); "Caricature and Comic Art" (1877); "Life of Voltaire" (1881); "Captains of Industry" (1884–91). He also wrote numerous brief biographical sketches, originally published in periodicals, and afterward in separate volumes.

APPEARANCE, MANNERS, AND HABITS OF GREELEY.

(From "Life of Horace Greeley.")

HORACE GREELEY stands five feet ten and a half inches, in his stockings. He weighs one hundred and forty-five pounds. Since his return from Europe in 1851, he has increased in weight, and promises to attain, in due time, something of the dignity which belongs to amplitude of person. He stoops considerably, not from age, but from a constitutional pliancy of the back-bone, aided by his early habit of incessant reading. In walking, he swings or sways from side to side. Seen from behind, he looks, as he walks with head depressed, bended back, and swaying gait, like an old man; an illusion which is heightened, if a stray lock of white hair escapes from under his hat. But the expression of his face is singularly and engagingly youthful. His complexion is extremely fair, and a smile plays ever upon his countenance. His head, measured

round the organs of Individuality and Philoprogenitiveness, is twenty-three and a half inches in circumference, which is considerably larger than the average. His forehead is round and full, and rises into a high and ample dome. The hair is white, inclining to red at the ends, and thinly scattered over the head. Seated in company, with his hat off, he looks not unlike the "Philosopher" he is often called; no one could take him for a common man.

According to the "Phrenological Journal," his brain is *very* large, in the right place, well balanced, and of the best form, long, narrow, and high. It indicates, says the same authority, small animality and selfishness, extreme benevolence, natural nobleness, and loftiness of aim. His controlling organs are, Adhesiveness, Benevolence, Firmness, and Conscientiousness. Benevolence is small; Destructiveness and Acquisitiveness less. Amativeness and Philoprogenitiveness are fully developed. The Love of Approbation is prominent; Self-Esteem not so. Resistance and Moral Courage are very full; Secretiveness full; Cautiousness large; Continuity small; Ideality fair; Taste *very* small; Imitation small; Mirthfulness very large; Eventuality and Comparison large; Language good; Reasoning better; Agreeableness deficient; Intuition great; Temperament active. His body, adds the Phrenologist, is not enough for his head. Time, as I have just remarked, is remedying that.

In manner, Horace Greeley is still a rustic. The Metropolis has not been able to make much impression upon him. He lives amidst the million of his fellow-citizens, in their various uniforms, an unassimilated man.

Great, very great, as we all perceive, is the assimilating power of great cities. A youth comes here to New York, awkward, ill-dressed, bashful, and capable of being surprised. He visits his country home, after only a few years' residence in the city, a changed being; his clothes, his manners, his accent, and his affectations are "town-made." His hair is shorter and more elaborately brushed; his words are fewer and he utters them in a lower tone; his collar is higher; he wears strange things fastened in a curious way; he gets up late in the morning, and takes his sustenance with a fork. The country people, the younger ones at least, are rather overawed by him, and secretly resolve to have their next coat made like his. What he calls his opinions, too, are not what they were.

His talk is a languid echo of the undertone of conservative indifference which prevails in the counting-rooms where he has plied the assiduous pen, or wagged the wheedling tongue. He is, in a word, another man. He is a stranger in his father's house. He comes back to town, and, as years roll on, he hardens and sharpens into the finished citizen.

It is so with most, but not with all. Some men there are — very few, yet some — who resist effectually, and to the last, the assimilating influence of cities. These are the oddities, the stared-at, the men of whom anecdotes are told. They are generally either much wiser, or else much more nearly mad than their fellow-citizens. Girard, the tough, sensible, benevolent banker of Philadelphia was an oddity; and so was that other Philadelphian who placed all his hopes of distinction upon his persistence in the practice of not wearing a hat. Franklin was an oddity; and so was he who, says popular tradition, took his nightly repose in a lime-kiln, and never used a clothes-brush. It is best, perhaps, not to be odd; and, certainly, the wisest man *need* not be. The saying of Goethe on this subject seems good and commendable, that people who are compelled to differ from the world in important things should take all the more pains to conform to it in things unimportant. Yet all large towns contain one or more — always one — of the eccentric sort. It is a *way* large towns have.

I have seen Horace Greeley in Broadway on Sunday morning with a hole in his elbow and straws clinging to his hat. I have seen him asleep while Alboni was singing her grandest. When he is asked respecting his health, he answers sometimes by the single word "stout," and there the subject drops. He is a man who could save a Nation, but never learn to tie a cravat; no, not if Brummell gave him a thousand lessons.

If Horace Greeley were a flower, botanists would call him "single," and examine him with interest. Botanists find small pleasure in those plants, the pride of the garden, which have all gone to flower. They call them "monsters." Such are not beautiful to the eye of science, because they are not harmonious, culture having destroyed the natural proportion of their parts. Passing by, with indifference or disgust, the perfumed dandies and painted belles of the flower-garden, the botanist hangs with delight over the simple denizens of the wood-side and the wood-path. Horace Greeley is "single." He is what the Germans sometimes style "a nature." He is not complicated

nor many-sided. He is the way he grew. Other men are like the walking-sticks in a bazaar. *He* was cut from the woods. The bark is on him, the knots are not pared smooth, the crooks have not been bent out, and all the polish he shows is derived from use, not varnish. He could say the first part of the catechism without telling a lie: Who made you? *God.* Walking-sticks often make the same reply, but not with truth. To say of most men in civilized countries that God made them, is rank flattery.

The character of a man is derived, 1, from his breed; 2, from his breeding; 3, from his country; 4, from his time. Horace Greeley's poetry, his humanity, his tenderness, all that makes him lovable and pleasing, his mother gave him, as her ancestors had given them her, with her Scottish blood. His nice sense of honor, his perseverance, his anxious honesty, his tenacity, all that renders him effective and reliable, he derived from his father, to whose English blood such qualities belong. He passed his childhood in republican, puritan New England, in a secluded rural region. Thence came his habits of reflection, his readiness, his independence, his rustic toughness and roughness. He is of this generation, and therefore he shares in the humanitary spirit which yearns in the bosom of every true Saxon man that lives. He escaped the schools, and so passed through childhood uncorrupt, "his own man," not formed upon a pattern. He was not trained up — he grew up. Like a tree, he was left to seek the nourishment he needed and could appropriate. His breeding was unspeakably fortunate. It helped him much, hindered him little; and the result was, a man, not perfect indeed, very imperfect, as all men are, but a man, natural, peculiar, original, interesting; a man dear to other men, a man to whom other men are dear.

Of the countless gifts which God bestows upon man the rarest, the divinest, is an ability to take supreme interest in human welfare. This has been called Genius; but what is here meant is more than genius; it *includes* genius; it is the parent and inspirer of genius; it is above genius. If any pious soul will accurately ascertain *what it is* in the character of the Man Christ Jesus, the contemplation of which fills his heart with rapture and his eyes with tears, that pious soul will know what is here intended by the expression "supreme interest in human welfare." The concurrent instinct of mankind, in all ages, in every clime, proclaims that *this*, whatever it be

named, is the divinest quality known to human nature. It is that which man supremely honors; and well he may. Most of us, alarmed at the dangers that beset our lives, distracted with cares, blinded with desire to secure our own safety, are absorbed in schemes of personal advantage. A few men go apart, ascend a height, survey the scene with serene, unselfish eye, and make discoveries which those in the heat of the struggle could never arrive at. But for such, the race of men would long ago have extirpated itself in its mad, blind strife. But for such, it would never have been discovered that what is not good for the whole swarm is not good for a single bee, that no individual can be safe in welfare, while any other individual is not.

Genius? No. That is not the word. Dr. Arnold was not a man of genius. Carlyle is not a man of genius. But Great Britain owes more to them than to all the men of genius that have lived since Cromwell's time. Such men differ from the poets and authors of their day, precisely in the same way, though not, perhaps, in the same degree, as the Apostles differed from Cicero, Seneca, and Virgil. Between the Clays and Websters of this country and Horace Greeley, the difference is similar in *kind*. Horace Greeley, Thomas Carlyle, and Dr. Arnold, have each uttered much which, perhaps, the world will not finally accept. Such men seem particularly liable to a certain class of mistakes. But, says Goethe's immortal maxim, "The *Spirit* in which we act is the highest matter" — and it is the contagious, the influencing matter. "See how these Christians love one another." *That* was what made converts!

A young man of liberal soul, ardent mind, small experience, limited knowledge, no capital, and few friends, is likely to be exceedingly perplexed on his entrance upon the stage of life. The difficulties in his own path, if he has a path, and the horrors that overshadow his soul, if he has not, call his attention in the most forcible manner to the general condition of mankind.

How unjust, how unnecessary, how inexplicable, it seems to his innocent mind, that a human being should be denied an opportunity to do the work for which he is fitted, to attain the blessedness of which he is capable! Surely, he thinks, a man is at least entitled to a Fair Start in the race of life, and to a course free from all obstructions except such as belong to the very nature of life. What a mockery, he thinks, is this Free-

dom which is said to be our birthright, while the Freedom which results from assured plenty, right education, and suitable employment, is attainable only by an inconsiderable few? He is told, and he is glad to hear it, that the Prince of Wales and a few other boys, here and there in the world, are severely trained, scientifically taught, conveniently lodged, and bountifully provided for in every respect. And he learns with pleasure, that the Duke of Devonshire, and sundry other nobles, princes and millionaires, live in the midst of the means of delight and improvement, surrounded by every beautiful object known to art, at convenient access to all the sources of instruction. Free and far, over wide, enchanting domains, they range at their good pleasure, and wander when they will through groves, gardens, and conservatories. And far above all this, it is in their power deliberately to choose *what they will do* in their day and generation, and to bestow upon their offspring the same priceless freedom of choice. The rest of mankind are "born thralls," who toil from youth to hoary age, *apparently* for no other end than to keep aloft on the splendid summit of affairs a few mortals of average merit.

Yet it is clear to our young friend, that whatever of essential dignity and substantial good is possessed by a few individuals, like those just named, it is within the compass of human talent and the Creator's bounty to afford to all the family of man! In the contemplation of their possibility, and comparing it with the actual state of things, some of the finest spirits have gone distracted. Others have devoted themselves to impracticable schemes. Others have turned misanthropic, and others, philanthropic. Others have arrived, by degrees, at a variety of conclusions, of which the following are few: that man is rather a weak creature, and it is doubtful whether it is worth while to take much interest in him; that, as a rule, man enjoys exactly as much freedom as he becomes fit for, and no more; that, except a man have not the necessaries of life, poverty is no evil; that to most men increase of possessions is not of the slightest advantage; that the progress of mankind in wisdom and self-command is so slow, that after two thousand years of Christianity, it is not self-evident that any true advance has been made, though the fact of an advance is probably susceptible of proof; that whatever *is*, is the best that *can* be in the circumstances; and finally, that a man may mind his own business, and let the world alone.

Others, on the contrary, come to very different conclusions. They perceive that man is so great, and wondrous, and divine a creature, that it is irrational, in fact *impossible*, to take a real and deep interest in anything not connected with his welfare. They believe in the *hourly* progress of the species. They discover that the fruits of a good life, a good deed, a good word, can no more be lost than the leaves are lost when they wither and disappear. They long for the time, and confidently expect it, and would fain do something to hasten it, when Man will come forth from his dismal den of selfishness, awake to the truth that the interest of each individual and the interest of the community are identical, strive *with* his fellow for the *general* good, and so cease to be a Prince in exile, in disguise, in sackcloth, and ascend the throne that is rightfully his, and sway, with magnificence and dignity worthy of him, his great inheritance. From the general tenor of Horace Greeley's words and actions, during the last twenty years, I infer that this is something like his habitual view of life and its duties. Shall he be praised for this? Let us envy him rather. Only such a man knows anything of the luxury of being alive. "Horace Greeley," said an old friend of his, "is the only happy man I have ever known."

The great object of Horace Greeley's personal ambition has been to make the "Tribune" the best newspaper that ever existed, and the leading newspaper of the United States. To a man inflamed with an ambition like this, the temptation to prefer the Popular to the Right, the Expedient to the Just, comes with peculiar, with unequalled force. No pursuit is so fascinating, none so absorbing, none so difficult. The competition is keen, the struggle intense, the labor continuous, the reward doubtful and distant. And yet, it is a fact, that on nearly every one of its special subjects, the "Tribune" has stood opposed to the general feeling of the country. Its course on Slavery has excluded it from the Slave States; and if that had not, its elevated tone of thought would; for the Southern mind is inferior to the Northern. When the whole nation was in a blaze of enthusiasm about the triumphs of the Mexican war, it was not easy even for a private person to refrain from joining in the general huzza. But not for one day was the "Tribune" forgetful of the unworthiness of those triumphs, and the essential meanness of the conflict. There were clergymen who illuminated their houses on the occasion of those dis-

graceful victories — one, I am told, who had preached a sermon on the *unchristian* character of the "Tribune."

Mr. Greeley wrote, the other day: —

"We are every day greeted by some sage friend with a caution against the certain wreck of our influence and prosperity which we defy by opposing the secret political cabal commonly known as 'the Know-Nothings.' One writes us that he procured one hundred of our present subscribers, and will prevent the renewal of their subscriptions in case we persist in our present course; another wonders why we *will* destroy our influence by resisting the popular current, when we might do so much good by falling in with it and guiding it, and so on.

"To the first of these gentlemen we say — 'Sir, we give our time and labor to the production of "The Tribune," because we believe that to be our sphere of usefulness; but we shall be most happy to abandon journalism for a less anxious, exacting, exhausting vocation, whenever we are fairly and honorably released from this. You do not frighten us, therefore, by any such base appeals to our presumed selfishness and avarice; for if you could induce not merely your hundred but every one of our subscribers to desert us, we should cheerfully accept such a release from our present duties and try to earn a livelihood in some easier way. So please go ahead!'

"And now to our would-be friend who suggests that we are wrecking our influence by breasting the popular current: 'Good Sir! do you forget that whatever influence or consideration "The Tribune" has attained has been won, not by sailing with the stream, but *against* it? On what topic has it ever swam with the current, except in a few instances wherein it has aided to *change* the current? Would any one who conducted a journal for Popularity's or Pelf's sake be likely to have taken the side of Liquor Prohibition, or Anti-Slavery, or Woman's Rights, or Suffrage regardless of color, when we did? Would such a one have ventured to speak as we did in behalf of the Anti-Renters, when everybody hereabouts was banded to hunt them down unheard? Can you think it probable that, after what we have dared and endured, we are likely to be silenced now by the cry that we are perilling our influence?'

. . . . . .

"And now, if any would prefer to discontinue 'The Tribune' because it is and must remain opposed to every measure or scheme of proscription for opinion's sake, we beg them not to delay one minute on our account. We shall all live till it is our turn to die, whether we earn a living by making newspapers or by doing something else."

HORACE GREELEY

Every race has its own idea respecting what is best in the character of a man. The English admire "pluck;" the French, adroitness; the Germans, perseverance; the Italians, craft. But when a Yankee would bestow his most special commendation upon another, he says, "That is a man, sir, who generally *succeeds* in what he undertakes." Properly interpreted, this is high, perhaps the highest, praise; for a man who succeeds in doing what he tries to do, must have the sense to choose enterprises suited to his abilities and circumstances. This praise, it is true, is frequently given to men whose objects are extremely petty — making a fortune, for example; but if those objects were such as they could attain, if enterprises of a higher nature were really beyond their abilities, how much wiser is it in them to attempt petty objects only! But whatever may be the value of the American eulogy — and a Yankee is an American, only more so — it may most justly be bestowed upon Horace Greeley. Whatever he has attempted, he has done as well as, or better than, any one else had done it before him. A piously generous son, a perfect pupil, an apprentice of ideal excellence, a journeyman of unexampled regularity, perseverance, and effectiveness. His "New Yorker" was the best paper of its class that had been published. The "Jeffersonian" and "Log Cabin" excelled all previous and all subsequent "campaign papers." The "Tribune" is our best daily paper. As a member of Congress, he was truer to himself, and dared more in behalf of his constituents, than any man who ever sat for one session only in the House of Representatives. In Europe, he retained possession of all his faculties! In the presence of nobles, he was thoroughly himself, and he spoke eloquently for the toiling million. Emphatically, Horace Greeley is a man, sir, who has generally succeeded in what he has undertaken.

But not always. He tried hard to get Henry Clay elected President. He tried long to wield the Whig party for purposes of general beneficence. Neither of these objects could he accomplish.

Of Horace Greeley's talents as a writer little need be said. A man whose vocation obliges him frequently to write at the rate of a column an hour, and who must always write with despatch, can rarely produce literature. Nor can any man write with faultless accuracy who is acquainted with no language but that in which he writes. But Horace Greeley writes well

enough for his purpose, and has given proof, in many a glowing passage and telling argument, of a native talent for composition, which, in other circumstances, might have manifested itself in brilliant and lasting works.

His power as a writer arises from his earnestness of conviction, from his intimate acquaintance with the circumstances and feelings of his readers, from his Scotch-Irish fertility in illustration, and from the limited range of his subjects. He says not many things, but much.

His forte is, as I have said, in making practical suggestions for the better conduct of life and affairs. Like Franklin, he confines himself chiefly to the improvement of man's condition in material things; but he is a better man than Franklin; he is Franklin liberalized and enlightened; he is the Franklin of this generation. Like Franklin, too, and like most of the influencing men of this age, he is more pious than religious, more humane than devout.

The reader need not be detained here by remarks upon Horace Greeley's errors of opinion. A man's opinions are the result, the entirely inevitable result, of his character and circumstances. *Sincerity*, therefore, is our only just demand when we solicit an expression of opinion. Every man thinks erroneously. God alone knows *all* about anything. The smallest defect in our knowledge, the slightest bias of desire, or fear, or habit, is sufficient to mislead us. And in truth, the errors of a true man are not discreditable to him; for his errors spring from the same source as his excellences. It was said of Charles Lamb, that he liked his friends, not in spite of their faults, *but faults and all!* and I think the gentle Charles was no less right than kind. The crook, the knot, and the great humpy excrescences are as essential features of the oak-tree's beauty, as its waving crown of foliage. Let Horace Greeley's errors of opinion be what they may, he has done something in his day to clarify the truth, that no error of opinion is a hundredth part as detrimental to the interest of men as the forcible suppression of opinion, either by the European modes of suppression, or the American. He has made it easier than it was to take the unpopular side. He has helped us onward towards that perfect freedom of thought and speech which it is fondly hoped the people of this country are destined in some distant age to enjoy. Moreover, a critic, to be competent, must be the superior of the person criticised. The critic

is a judge, and a judge is the highest person in the court, or should be. This book is a chronicle, not an opinion.

And to conclude, the glory of Horace Greeley is this: He began life as a workingman. As a workingman, he found out, and he experienced the disadvantages of the workingman's condition. He rose from the ranks to a position of commanding influence. But he ceased to be a workingman *with* workingmen, only to become a workingman *for* workingmen. In the editor's chair, on the lecturer's platform, on the floor of Congress, at ducal banquets, in good report and in ill report, in the darkest days of his cause as in its brightest, against his own interest, his own honor, his own safety, he has been ever true, in heart and aim, to his order, *i. e.*, his countrymen. In other lands, less happy than ours, the people are a class; here we are all people; all together we must rise in the scale of humanity, or all together sink.

A great man? No. A great man has not recently trod this continent — some think not since Columbus left it. A model man? No. Let no man be upheld as a model. Horace Greeley has tried to be his "own man." Be you yours. "I rejoice," says Miss Bremer, "that there *is* such a person as Fanny Kemble; but I should be sorry if there were two." The spirit of goodness is ever the same; but the modes of its manifestation are numberless, and every sterling man is original.

Reader, if you like Horace Greeley, do as well in your place, as he has in his. If you like him not, do better. And, to end with a good word, often repeated, but not too often: "THE SPIRIT IN WHICH WE ACT IS THE HIGHEST MATTER."

BLAISE PASCAL.

Blaise Pascal, a French philosopher and geometrician, born at Clermont-Ferrand, Puy-de-Dôme, June 19, 1623; died at Paris, Aug. 19, 1662. He early manifested genius of a high order, especially in mathematics and the natural sciences, and wrote several treatises in these departments. As a youth he was so precocious that he invented geometry anew when only twelve years of age, and at seventeen he achieved renown with his "Traité des Sections Coniques." Later on he undertook and carried on successfully the solution of the most difficult problems. The so-called "Port-Royalists" were the upholders of the teachings of Jansenius in opposition to those of the Jesuits. Pascal renounced the world in 1654 and espoused the cause of the Port-Royalists. In 1655 Antoine Arnauld was expelled from the Sorbonne on account of a letter which he had written in defense of Jansenism. Pascal soon after came out in a series of eighteen letters, commonly designated as "The Provincial Letters." These and his "Thoughts upon Religion" (1670) are the works by which Pascal is best known.

The Restlessness of Mankind.

(From "Thoughts upon Religion.")

When I have set myself now and then to consider the various distractions of men, the toils and dangers to which they expose themselves in the court or the camp, whence arise so many quarrels and passions, such daring and often such evil exploits, etc., I have discovered that all the misfortunes of men arise from one thing only, that they are unable to stay quietly in their own chamber. A man who has enough to live on, if he knew how to dwell with pleasure in his own home, would not leave it for seafaring or to besiege a city. An office in the army would not be bought so dearly, but that it seems insupportable not to stir from the town; and people only seek conversation and amusing games because they cannot remain with pleasure in their own homes.

But upon stricter examination, when, having found the cause of all our ills, I have sought to discover the reason of it, I have found one which is paramount: the natural evil of our weak and mortal condition, so miserable that nothing can console us when we think of it attentively.

Whatever condition we represent to ourselves, if we bring to our minds all the advantages it is possible to possess, royalty is the finest position in the world. Yet when we imagine a king surrounded with all the conditions which he can desire, if he be without diversion, and be allowed to consider and examine what he is, this feeble happiness will never sustain him; he will necessarily fall into a foreboding of maladies which threaten him, of revolutions which may arise, and lastly, of death and inevitable diseases: so that if he be without what is called diversion he is unhappy, and more unhappy than the humblest of his subjects who plays and diverts himself.

Hence it comes that play, and the society of women, war, and offices of State, are so sought after. Not that there is in these any real happiness, or that any imagine true bliss to consist in the money won at play, or in the hare which is hunted: we would not have these as gifts. We do not seek an easy and peaceful lot, which leaves us free to think of our unhappy condition, nor the dangers of war, nor the troubles of statecraft, but seek rather the distraction which amuses us, and diverts our mind from these thoughts.

Hence it comes that men so love noise and movement; hence it comes that a prison is so horrible a punishment; hence it comes that the pleasure of solitude is a thing incomprehensible. And it is the great subject of happiness in the condition of kings, that all about them try incessantly to divert them, and to procure for them all manner of pleasures.

The king is surrounded by persons who think only how to divert the king, and to prevent his thinking of self. For he is unhappy, king though he be, if he think of self.

That is all that human ingenuity can do for human happiness. And those who philosophize on the matter, and think men unreasonable that they pass a whole day in hunting a hare which they would not have bought, scarce know their nature. The hare itself would not free us from the view of death and our miseries, but the chase of the hare does free us. Thus, when we make it a reproach that what they seek with such eagerness cannot satisfy them, if they answered — as on mature judgment

they should do — that they sought in it only violent and impetuous occupation to turn their thoughts from self, and that therefore they made choice of an attractive object which charms and ardently attracts them, they would leave their adversaries without a reply. But they do not so answer, because they do not know themselves; they do not know they seek the chase and not the quarry.

They fancy that were they to gain such-and-such an office they would then rest with pleasure, and are unaware of the insatiable nature of their desire. They believe they are honestly seeking repose, but they are only seeking agitation.

They have a secret instinct prompting them to look for diversion and occupation from without, which arises from the sense of their continual pain. They have another secret instinct, a relic of the greatness of our primitive nature, teaching them that happiness indeed consists in rest, and not in turmoil. And of these two contrary instincts a confused project is formed within them, concealing itself from their sight in the depths of their soul, leading them to aim at rest through agitation, and always to imagine that they will gain the satisfaction which as yet they have not, if by surmounting certain difficulties which now confront them, they may thereby open the door to rest.

Thus rolls all our life away. We seek repose by resistance to obstacles; and so soon as these are surmounted, repose becomes intolerable. For we think either on the miseries we feel or on those we fear. And even when we seem sheltered on all sides, weariness, of its own accord, will spring from the depths of the heart wherein are its natural roots, and fill the soul with its poison.

THE counsel given to Pyrrhus, to take the rest of which he was going in search through so many labors, was full of difficulties.

STRIFE alone pleases us, and not the victory. We like to see beasts fighting, not the victor furious over the vanquished. We wish only to see the victorious end, and as soon as it comes we are surfeited. It is the same in play, and in the search for truth. In all disputes we like to see the clash of opinions, but care not at all to contemplate truth when found. If we are to see truth with pleasure, we must see it arise out of conflict.

So in the passions: there is pleasure in seeing the shock of two contraries, but as soon as one gains the mastery it becomes

mere brutality. We never seek things in themselves, but only the search for things. So on the stage: quiet scenes which raise no emotion are worthless; so is extreme and hopeless misery, so are brutal lust and excessive cruelty.

Cæsar, as it seems to me, was too old to set about amusing himself with the conquest of the world. Such a pastime was good for Augustus or Alexander, who were still young men, and these are difficult to restrain; but Cæsar should have been more mature.

Not from space must I seek my dignity, but from the ruling of my thought. I should have no more if I possessed whole worlds. By space the universe encompasses and swallows me as an atom; by thought I encompass it.

Man is but a reed, weakest in nature, but a reed which thinks. It needs not that the whole universe should arm to crush him. A vapor, a drop of water, is enough to kill him. But were the universe to crush him, man would still be more noble than that which has slain him, because he knows that he dies, and that the universe has the better of him. The universe knows nothing of this.

All our dignity, therefore, consists in thought. By this must we raise ourselves, not by space or duration which we cannot fill. Then let us make it our study to think well; for this is the starting-point of morals.

Justice and truth are two such subtle points, that our instruments are too blunt to touch them accurately. If they attain the point, they cover it so completely that they rest more often on the wrong than the right.

Our imagination so enlarges the present by dint of continually reflecting on it, and so contracts eternity by never reflecting on it, that we make a nothing of eternity and an eternity of nothing; and all this has such living roots in us, that all our reason cannot suppress them.

We are not content with the life we have in ourselves and in our own being: we wish to live an imaginary life in the idea of others, and to this end we strive to make a show. We labor incessantly to embellish and preserve this imaginary being, and we neglect the true. And if we have either calmness, generosity, or fidelity, we hasten to let it be known, that we

may attach these virtues to that imaginary being; we would even part with them for this end, and gladly become cowards for the reputation of valor. It is a great mark of the nothingness of our own being that we are not satisfied with the one without the other, and that we often renounce one for the other. For he would be infamous who would not die to preserve his honor.

VANITY is so anchored in the heart of man that a soldier, a camp-follower, a cook, a porter, makes his boasts, and is for having his admirers; even philosophers wish for them. Those who write against it, yet desire the glory of having written well; those who read, desire the glory of having read; I who write this have maybe this desire, and perhaps those who will read it.

Whoever will know fully the vanity of man has but to consider the causes and the effects of love. The cause is an unknown quantity, and the effects are terrible. This unknown quantity, so small a matter that we cannot recognize it, moves a whole country, princes, armies, and all the world.

CLEOPATRA'S nose — had it been shorter, the face of the world had been changed.

ON what shall man found the economy of the world which he would fain govern? If on the caprice of each man, all is confusion. If on justice, man is ignorant of it.

Certainly, had he known it, he would not have established the maxim, most general of all current among men, that every one must conform to the manners of his own country; the splendor of true equity would have brought all nations into subjection, and legislators would not have taken as their model the fancies and caprice of Persians and Germans instead of stable justice. We should have seen it established in all the States of the world, in all times; whereas now we see neither justice nor injustice which does not change its quality upon changing its climate. Three degrees of latitude reverse all jurisprudence, a meridian decides what is truth, fundamental laws change after a few years of possession, right has its epochs, the entrance of Saturn into the Lion marks for us the origin of such-and-such a crime. That is droll justice which is bounded by a stream! Truth on this side of the Pyrenees, error on that. . . .

Can there be anything more absurd than that a man should

have the right to kill me because he lives across the water, and because his prince has a quarrel with mine, although I have none with him?

THE most unreasonable things in the world become most reasonable because of the unruly lives of men. What is less reasonable than to choose the eldest son of a queen to guide a State? for we do not choose as steersman of a ship that one of the passengers who is of the best family. Such a law would be ridiculous and unjust; but since men are so themselves, and ever will be, it becomes reasonable and just. For would we choose the most virtuous and able, we at once fall to blows, since each asserts that he is the most virtuous and able. Let us then affix this quality to something which cannot be disputed. This man is the king's eldest son. That is clear, and there is no dispute. Reason can do no better, for civil war is the worst of evils.

MEN of unruly lives assert that they alone follow nature, while those who are orderly stray from her paths; as passengers in a ship think that those move who stand upon the shore. Both sides say the same thing. There must be a fixed point to enable us to judge. The harbor decides the question for those who are in the vessel; but where can we find the harbor in morals?

DO we follow the majority because they have more reason? No; but because they have more power.

THE way of the majority is the best way, because it is plain, and has power to make itself obeyed; yet it is the opinion of the least able.

IT is necessary that men should be unequal. True; but that being granted, the door is open, not only to the greatest domination, but to the greatest tyranny.

It is necessary to relax the mind a little, but that opens the door to extreme dissipation.

We must mark the limits. There are no fixed boundaries in these matters; law wishes to impose them, but the mind will not bear them.

MINE, THINE. — "This is my dog," say poor children; "that is my place in the sunshine." Here is the beginning and the image of the usurpation of the whole earth.

Good birth is a great advantage; for it gives a man a chance at the age of eighteen, making him known and respected as an ordinary man is on his merits at fifty. Here are thirty years gained at a stroke.

How rightly do men distinguish by exterior rather than by interior qualities! Which of us twain shall take the lead? Who will give place to the other? The least able? But I am as able as he is. We should have to fight about that. He has four footmen, and I have but one; that is something which can be seen; there is nothing to do but to count; it is my place to yield, and I am a fool if I contest it. So by this means we remain at peace, — the greatest of all blessings.

We care nothing for the present. We anticipate the future as too slow in coming, as if we could make it move faster; or we call back the past, to stop its rapid flight. So imprudent are we that we wander through the times in which we have no part, unthinking of that which alone is ours; so frivolous are we that we dream of the days which are not, and pass by without reflection those which alone exist. For the present generally gives us pain; we conceal it from our sight because it afflicts us, and if it be pleasant we regret to see it vanish away. We endeavor to sustain the present by the future, and think of arranging things not in our power, for a time at which we have no certainty of arriving.

If we examine our thoughts, we shall find them always occupied with the past or the future. We scarcely think of the present; and if we do so, it is only that we may borrow light from it to direct the future. The present is never our end; the past and the present are our means, the future alone is our end. Thus we never live, but hope to live; and while we always lay ourselves out to be happy, it is inevitable that we can never be so.

Our nature exists by motion; perfect rest is death.

Great men and little have the same accidents, the same tempers, the same passions; but one is on the felloe of the wheel, the other near the axle, and so less agitated by the same revolutions.

Man is full of wants, and cares only for those who can satisfy them all. "Such a one is a good mathematician," it is said. But I have nothing to do with mathematics: he would take me

for a proposition. "This other is a good soldier." He would treat me as a besieged city. I need then an honorable man who can lend himself generally to all my needs.

I FEEL that I might not have been, for the "I" consists in my thought; therefore I, who think, had not been had my mother been killed before I had life. So I am not a necessary being. Neither am I eternal nor infinite; but I see plainly there is in nature a necessary being, eternal and infinite.

WE never teach men to be gentlemen, but we teach them everything else; and they never pique themselves so much on all the rest as on knowing how to be gentlemen. They pique themselves only on knowing the one thing they have not learned.

I PUT it down as a fact that if all men knew what each said of the other, there would not be four friends in the world. This is evident from the quarrels which arise from indiscreet reports made from time to time.

WERE we to dream the same thing every night, this would affect us as much as the objects we see every day; and were an artisan sure to dream every night, for twelve hours at a stretch, that he was a king, I think he would be almost as happy as a king who should dream every night for twelve hours at a stretch that he was an artisan.

Should we dream every night that we were pursued by enemies, and harassed by these painful phantoms, or that we were passing all our days in various occupations, as in traveling, we should suffer almost as much as if the dream were real, and should fear to sleep, as now we fear to wake when we expect in truth to enter on such misfortunes. And in fact, it would bring about nearly the same troubles as the reality.

But since dreams are all different, and each single dream is diversified, what we see in them affects us much less than what we see when awake, because that is continuous; not indeed so continuous and level as never to change, but the change is less abrupt, — except occasionally, as when we travel, and then we say, "I think I am dreaming," for life is but a little less inconstant dream.

WALTER PATER.

WALTER PATER, an English critic of the æsthetic school, born at Shadwell in the east of London, Aug. 4, 1839; died at Oxford, July 30, 1894. He was educated at Queen's College, Oxford, and in 1862 was made a Fellow of Brasenose College in that university. His first contribution to periodical literature was published in 1866, in the *Westminster Review*. His books include: "Studies in the History of the Renaissance" (1873); "Marius, the Epicurean," a story of ancient Rome (1885); "Imaginary Portraits" (1887); a third edition of "The Renaissance" (1888); "Appreciations" (1890); "Plato and Platonism," lectures (1893); "Greek Studies" (1895); "Miscellaneous Studies" (1895); "Gaston de Latour" (1896).

JOURNEYING TO ROME.

(From "Marius, the Epicurean.")

THE opening stage of his journey, through the firm golden weather, for which he had lingered three days beyond the appointed time of starting — days brown with the first rains of autumn — brought him, by the by-ways among the lower slopes of the Apennines of Luna, to the town of Luca, a station on the Cassian Way; traveling so far mainly on foot, the baggage following under the care of his attendants. He wore a broad felt hat, in fashion not very unlike a modern pilgrim's, the neat head projecting from the collar of his gray *paenula*, or traveling mantle, sewed closely together over the breast, but with the two sides folded back over the shoulders, to leave the arms free in walking; and was altogether so trim and fresh that, as he climbed the hill from Pisa, by the long, steep lane through the olive-yards, and turned to gaze where he could just discern the cypresses of the old school garden, like two black lines upon the yellow walls, a little child took possession of his hand, and, looking up at him with entire confidence, paced on bravely at his side, for the mere pleasure of his company, to the spot where the road sank again into the valley beyond. From this point,

leaving his servants at a distance, he surrendered himself, a willing subject, as he walked, to the impressions of the road, and was almost surprised, both at the suddenness with which evening came on, and the distance from his old home at which it found him.

And at the little town of Luca he felt that indescribable sense of a welcoming in the mere outward appearance of things which seems to mark out certain places for the special purpose of evening rest, and gives them always a peculiar amiability in retrospect. Under the deepening twilight, the rough-tiled roofs seem to huddle together side by side, like one continuous shelter over the whole township, spread low and broad over the snug sleeping-rooms within; and the place one sees for the first time, and must tarry in but for a night, breathes the very spirit of home. The cottagers lingered at their doors for a few minutes as the shadows grew larger, and went to rest early; though there was still a glow along the road through the shorn cornfields, and the birds were still awake about the crumbling gray heights of an old temple: and yet so quiet and air-swept was the place, you could hardly tell where the country left off in it, and the field-paths became its streets. Next morning he must needs change the manner of his journey. The light baggage-wagon returned, and he proceeded now more quickly, traveling a stage or two by post, along the Cassian Way, where the figures and incidents of the great high-road seemed already to tell of the capital, the one center to which all were hastening, or had lately bidden adieu. That *Way* lay through the heart of the old mysterious and visionary country of Etruria; and what he knew of its strange religion of the dead, reënforced by the actual sight of its funeral houses scattered so plentifully among the dwellings of the living, revived in him for a while, in all its strength, his old, instinctive yearning toward those inhabitants of the shadowy land he had known in life. It seemed to him that he could half divine how time passed in those painted houses on the hill-sides, among the gold and silver ornaments, the wrought armor and vestments, the drowsy and dead attendants: and the close consciousness of that vast population gave him no fear, but rather a sense of companionship, as he climbed the hills on foot behind the horses, through the genial afternoon.

The road, next day, passed below a town as primitive it might seem as the rocks it perched on — white rocks, which

had been long glistening before him in the distance. Down the dewy paths the people were descending from it, to keep a holiday, high and low alike in rough white linen smocks. A homely old play was just begun in an open-air theater, the grass-grown seats of which had been hollowed out in the turf; and Marius caught the terrified expression of a child in its mother's arms, as it turned from the yawning mouth of a great mask, for refuge in her bosom. The way mounted, and descended again, down the steep street of another place — all resounding with the noise of metal under the hammer, for every house had its brazier's workshop, the bright objects of brass and copper gleaming, like lights in a cave, out of their dark roofs and corners.

A Discourse of Marcus Aurelius.

But ah ! Mæcenas is yclad in claye,
And great Augustus long ygoe is dead,
And all the worthies liggen wrapt in lead,
That matter made for poets on to playe.

Marcus Aurelius who, though he had little relish for them himself, had been ever willing to humor the taste of his people for magnificent spectacles, was received back to Rome with the lesser honors of the *Ovation;* conceded by the Senate, so great was the public sense of deliverance, with even more than the laxity which had become habitual to it under imperial rule, for there had been no actual bloodshed in the late achievement. Clad in the civic dress of the chief Roman magistrate, and with a crown of myrtle upon his head, his colleague similarly attired walking beside him, he passed on foot in solemn procession, along the Sacred Way up to the Capitol, to offer sacrifice to the national gods. The victim, a goodly sheep, whose image we may still see, between the pig and the ox of the *Suovetaurilia*, filleted and stoled almost like ancient canons, on a sculptured fragment in the Forum, was conducted by the priests, clad in rich white vestments, and bearing their sacred utensils of massy gold, immediately behind a company of flute-players, led by the great master, or *conductor*, of that day; visibly tetchy or delighted, according as the instruments he ruled with his training-rod rose, more or less perfectly, amid the difficulties of the way, to the dream of perfect music in the soul within him. The vast crowd, in which were min-

View of Part of LONDON as it appeared in the Dreadful Fire in 1666.

gled the soldiers of the triumphant army, now restored to wives and children, all alike in holiday whiteness, had left their houses early in the fine, dry morning, in a real affection for "the father of his country," to await the procession, the two princes having spent the preceding night outside the walls, in the old *Villa of the Republic.* Marius, full of curiosity, had taken his position with much care; and stood, to see the world's masters pass by, at an angle from which he could command the view of a great part of the processional route, sprinkled with fine yellow sand, and carefully guarded from profane footsteps.

The coming of the procession was announced by the clear sound of the flutes, heard at length above the acclamations of the people — *Salve Imperator!* — *Dii te servent!* — shouted in regular time over the hills. It was on the central figure, of course, that the whole attention of Marius was fixed from the moment the procession came in sight, preceded by the lictors with gilded *fasces*, the imperial image-bearers, and pages carrying lighted torches; a band of knights, among whom was Cornelius in complete military array, following. Amply swathed about in the folds of a richly worked toga, in a manner now long since become obsolete with meaner persons, Marius beheld a man of about five-and-forty years of age, with prominent eyes — eyes which, although demurely downcast during this essentially religious ceremony, were by nature broadly and benignantly observant. He was still, in the main, as we see him in the busts which represent his gracious and courtly youth, when Hadrian had playfully called him, not *Verus*, after his father, but *Verissimus*, for that candor of gaze and the bland capacity of the brow, which below the brown hair, clustering as thickly as of old, shone out low, broad, and clear, and still without a trace of the trouble of his lips. It was the brow of one who, amid the blindness or perplexity of the people about him, understood all things clearly; with that dilemma, to which his experience so far had brought him, between Chance with meek resignation and a Providence with boundless possibilities and hope, for him at least distinctly defined.

That outward serenity which as a point of expression or manner not unworthy the attention of a public minister, he valued so highly (was it not an outward symbol of the inward religious serenity it was his constant effort to maintain?) was increased to-day, by his sense of the gratitude of his people — that his

life had been one of such gifts and blessings as made his person seem indeed divine to them. Yet the trace of some reserved internal sorrow, passing from time to time into an expression of effort and fatigue, of loneliness amid the shouting multitude, as if the sagacious hint of one of his officers — "The soldiers can't understand you; they don't know Greek" — were applicable generally to his relationships with other people, might have been read there by the more observant. The nostrils and mouth seem capable even of peevishness; and Marius noted in them, as in the hands, and in the spare body as a whole, what was new in his experience — something of asceticism, as we say — of a bodily gymnastic, in which, although it told pleasantly in the clear blue humors of the eye, the flesh had scarcely been an equal gainer with the spirit. It was hardly the expression of "the healthy mind in the healthy body," but rather of a sacrifice of the body to the soul, its needs and aspirations, that Marius seemed to divine in this assiduous student of the Greek sages — a sacrifice, indeed, far beyond the demands of their very saddest philosophy of life.

Dignify thyself, with modesty and simplicity for thine ornaments! — had been a maxim with this dainty and high-bred Stoic; who still thought *manners* a true part of *morals*, according to the old sense of the term, and who regrets, now and again, that he cannot control his thoughts equally well with his countenance. That outward composure was deepened during the solemnities of this day by an air of pontifical abstractedness; which, though very far from being pride, and a sort of humility, rather, yet gave to himself an aspect of unapproachableness, and to his whole proceeding, in which every minutest act was *considered*, the character of a ritual. Certainly there was no haughtiness, social, moral, or philosophic even, in Aurelius, who had realized, under more difficult circumstances perhaps than anyone before him, that no element of humanity could be alien to him. Yet, as he walked to-day, the center of ten thousand observers, with eyes discreetly fixed on the ground, veiling his head at times and muttering very rapidly the words of the "supplications," there was something which many a spectator must have noted again as a new thing; for, unlike his predecessors, Aurelius took all that with absolute seriousness. The doctrine of the sanctity of kings, that, in the words of Tacitus, Princes are as Gods — *principes instar deorum esse* — seemed to have taken a new and true sense. For Aurelius,

indeed, the old legend of his descent from Numa — from Numa who had talked with the gods — meant much. Attached in very early years to the service of the altars, like many another noble youth, he was "observed to perform all his sacerdotal functions with a constancy and exactness unusual at that age; was soon a master of the sacred music; and had all the forms and ceremonies by heart." And now, as the emperor, who had not only a vague divinity about his person, but was actually the chief religious functionary of the state, recited from time to time the formulas of invocation, he needed not the help of the prompter, or *ceremoniarius*, who then approached, to assist him by whispering the appointed words in his ear. It was that pontifical collectedness which now impressed itself on Marius as the leading outward characteristic of Aurelius; and to him alone, perhaps in that vast crowd of observers it was no strange thing, but a thing he had understood from of old.

Some fanciful writers have assigned the origin of these triumphal processions to the mythic pomps of Dionysus, after his conquests in the East; the very word *triumph* being, according to this supposition, only *Thriambos* — the Dionysiac Hymn. And certainly the younger of the two imperial "brothers," who, with the effect of a strong contrast, walked beside Aurelius, and shared the honors of the day, might well have reminded many of the delicate Greek god of flowers and wine. This new conqueror of the East was now about thirty-six years old, but with his punctilious care for all his advantages of person, and his soft, curling beard powdered with gold, looked many years younger. . . .

The younger certainly possessed in full measure that charm of a constitutional freshness of aspect which may defy for a long time extravagant or erring habits of life; a physiognomy healthy-looking, cleanly, and firm, which seemed unassociable with any form of self-tormenting, and made one think of the muzzle of some young hound or roe, such as human beings invariably like to stroke — with all the goodliness of animalism of the finer sort, though still wholly animal. It was the charm of the blond head, the unshrinking gaze, the warm tints: — neither more nor less than one may see every English summer, in youth, manly enough, and with the stuff in it which makes brave soldiers, in spite of the natural kinship it seems to have with playthings and gay flowers. . . .

He was all himself to-day: and it was with much wistful

curiosity that Marius regarded him. For Lucius Verus was, indeed, but a highly expressive type of a class — the true son of his father, adopted by Hadrian. Lucius Verus the elder, also, had had that same strange capacity for misusing the adornments of life with a masterly grace; as if such misusing were, indeed, the quite adequate occupation of an intelligence, powerful, but distorted by cynical philosophy or some disappointment of the heart. It was almost a sort of genius, of which there had been instances in the imperial purple: it was to ascend the throne, a few years later, in the person of one, now a hopeful little lad in the palace, and it had its following, of course, among the wealthy youth of Rome, who concentrated a very considerable force of shrewdness and tact upon minute details of attire and manner as upon the one thing needful. . . . But what precise place could there be for Verus, and his charm, in that *Wisdom*, that Order of Reason, "reaching from end to end, sweetly and strongly disposing all things;" from the vision of which Aurelius came down, so tolerant of persons like him — a vision into which Marius also was competent to enter? Yet noting his actual perfection after his kind, his undeniable achievement of the select, in all minor things, Marius felt, with some suspicion of himself, that he entered into, and could understand, Lucius Verus, too. There was a voice in that theory which he had brought to Rome with him which whispered "nothing is either great or small;" as there were times in which he could have thought that, as the "grammarian's," or the artist's ardor of soul may be satisfied by the perfecting of the theory of a sentence or the adjustment of two colors, so his own life also might have been filled by an enthusiastic quest after perfection — say, in the flowering and folding of a toga.

The emperors had burned incense before the image of Jupiter, arrayed in his most gorgeous apparel, amid sudden shouts from the people of *Salve Imperator!* turned now from the living princes to the deity, as they discerned his countenance through the great opened doors. The imperial brothers had deposited their crowns of myrtle on the richly embroidered lap-cloth of the image; and, with their chosen guests, had sat down to a public feast in the temple itself. And then followed, what was, after all, the great event of the day; an appropriate discourse — a discourse almost wholly *de contemptu mundi* — pronounced in the presence of the assembled Senate by the emperor Aurelius; who had thus, on certain rare occasions, condescended to instruct

his people, with the double authority of a chief pontiff and a laborious student of philosophy. In those lesser honors of the *ovation*, there had been no attendant slave behind the emperors, to make mock of their effulgence as they went; and it was as if, timorous, as a discreet philosopher might be, of a jealous Nemesis, he had determined himself to protest in time against the vanity of all outward success.

. . . The Senate was assembled in the vast hall of the *Curia Julia* to hear the emperor's discourse. The rays of the early November sunset slanted full upon the audience, and compelled the officers of the Court to draw the purple curtains over the windows, adding to the solemnity of the scene. In the depth of those warm shadows, surrounded by her noble ladies, the empress Faustina was seated to listen. The beautiful Greek statue of Victory, which ever since the days of Augustus had presided over the assemblies of the Senate, had been brought into the hall, and placed near the chair of the emperor; who, after rising to perform a brief sacrificial service in its honor, bowing reverently to the assembled fathers left and right, took his seat and began to speak.

There was a certain melancholy grandeur in the very simplicity or triteness of the theme; as it were the very quintessence of all the old Roman epitaphs of all that was monumental in that city of tombs, layer upon layer of dead things and people. As if in the very fervor of disillusion, he seemed to be composing — ὥσπερ ἐπιγραφὰς χρόνων καὶ ὅλων ἐθνων — the sepulchral titles of ages and whole peoples — nay! the very epitaph of the living Rome itself. The grandeur of the ruins of Rome — heroism in ruin — it was under the influence of an imaginative anticipation of that that he appeared to be speaking. And though the impression of the actual greatness of Rome on that day was but enhanced by this strain of contempt falling with an accent of pathetic conviction from the emperor himself, and gaining from his pontifical pretensions the authority of a religious intimation, yet the curious interest of the discourse lay in this, that Marius, as he listened, seemed to foresee a grass-grown Forum, the broken ways of the Capitol, and the Palatine hill itself in humble occupation: and this impression connected itself with what he had already noted of an actual change that was coming over Italian scenery. . . .

"Art thou in love with men's praises, get thee into the very soul of them, and see! — see what judges they be, even in those

matters which concern themselves. Wouldst thou have their praises after death, bethink thee that they who shall come hereafter, and with whom thou wouldst survive by thy great name, will be but as these, whom here thou hast found so hard to live with. For of a truth, his soul who is aflutter upon renown after death presents not this aright to itself, that of all whose memory he would have each one will likewise very quickly depart, and thereafter, again, he also who shall receive that from him until memory herself be put out, as she journeys on by means of such as are themselves on the wing but for a while, and are extinguished in their turn — making so much of those thou wilt never see! It is as if thou wouldst have had those who were before thee discourse fair things concerning thee.

"To him, indeed, whose wit hath been whetted by true doctrine, that well-worn sentence of Homer sufficeth, to guard him against regret and fear —

> 'Like the race of leaves
> The race of man is: —
> The wind in autumn strows
> The earth with old leaves: then the spring the woods with new endows' —

Leaves! little leaves! — thy children, thy flatterers, thine enemies! Leaves in the wind, those who would devote thee to darkness, who scorn or miscall thee here, even as they also whose great fame shall outlast them. For all these, and the like of them, are born indeed in the spring season — ἔαρος ἐπιγίγνωται ὥρη — and soon a wind hath scattered them, and thereafter the wood peopleth itself again with another generation of leaves. And what is common to all of them is but the littleness of their lives: and yet wouldst thou love and hate as if these things should continue forever. In a little while thine eyes will be closed, and he on whom thou perchance hast leaned thyself be himself a burden upon another.

"Bethink thee often of the swiftness with which the things that are, or are even now coming to be, are swept past thee: that the very substance of them is but the perpetual motion of water; that there is almost nothing which continueth: and that bottomless depth of time, so close at thy side. Folly! to be lifted up, or sorrowful, or anxious, by reason of things like these! Think of infinite matter, and thy portion — how tiny a particle of it! of infinite time, and thine own brief point

there; of destiny, and the jot thou art in it; and yield thyself readily to the wheel of Clotho, to spin thee into what web she will.

"As one casting a ball from his hand, the nature of things hath had its aim with every man, not as to the ending only, but the first beginning of his course, and passage thither. And hath the ball any profit of its rising, or loss as it descendeth again, or in its fall? or the bubble, as it groweth or breaketh on the air? or the flame of the lamp, from the beginning to the ending of its brief history?

"All but at this present that future is, in which nature, who disposeth all things in order, will transform whatsoever thou now seest, fashioning from its substance somewhat else, and therefrom somewhat else in its turn, lest the world should grow old. We are such stuff as dreams are made of — disturbing dreams. Awake, then! and see thy dream as it is, in comparison with that erewhile it seemed to thee. . . .

"Consider how quickly all things vanish away — their bodily structure into the general substance of things; the very memory of them into that great gulf and abysm of past thoughts. Ah! 'tis on a tiny space of earth thou art creeping through life — a pygmy soul carrying a dead body to its grave.

"Let death put thee upon the consideration both of thy body and thy soul — what an atom of all matter hath been distributed to thee; what a little particle of the universal mind. Turn thy body about, and consider what thing it is, and that which old age, and lust, and the languor of disease can make of it. Or come to its substantial and casual qualities, its very type: contemplate that in itself, apart from the accidents of matter, and then measure also the span of time for which the nature of things, at the longest, will maintain that special type. Nay! in the very principles and first constituents of things corruption hath its part — so much dust, humor, stench, and scraps of bone! Consider that thy marbles are but the earth's callosities, thy gold and silver its fæces; this silken robe but a worm's bedding, and thy purple an unclean fish. Ah! and thy life's breath is not otherwise; as it passes out of matters like these into the like of them again. . . .

"If there be things which trouble thee thou canst put them away, inasmuch as they have their being but in thine own notion concerning them. Consider what death is, and how, if one does but detach from it the notions and appearances that

hang about it, resting the eye upon it as in itself it really is, it must be thought of but as an effect of nature, and that man but a child whom an effect of nature shall affright. Nay! not function and effect of nature only; but a thing profitable also to herself.

"To cease from action — the ending of thine effort to think and do: there is no evil in that. Turn thy thought to the ages of man's life — boyhood, youth, maturity, old age: the change in every one of those also is a dying, but evil nowhere. Thou climbedst into the ship, thou hast made thy voyage and touched the shore: go forth now! Be it into some other life; the divine breath is everywhere, even there. Be it unto forgetfulness forever; at least thou wilt rest from the beating of sensible images upon thee, from the passions which pluck thee this way and that like an unfeeling toy, from those long marches of the intellect, from thy toilsome ministry to the flesh.

"Art thou yet more than dust and ashes and bare bone — a name only, or not even that name, which, also, is but whispering and a resonance, kept alive from mouth to mouth of dying objects who have hardly known themselves; how much less thee, dead so long ago!

"When thou lookest upon a wise man, a lawyer, a captain of war, think upon another gone. When thou seest thine own face in the glass, call up there before thee one of thine ancestors — one of those old Cæsars. Lo! everywhere, they double before thee! Thereon, let the thought occur to thee: And where are they? anywhere at all, forever? And thou, thyself — how long? Art thou blind to that thou art? — thy matter, thy function, how temporal — the nature of thy business? Yet tarry, at least, till thou hast assimilated even these things to thine own proper essence, as a quick fire turneth into heat and light whatsoever be cast upon it. . . .

"Thou hast been a citizen in this wide city — count not for how long, nor complain; since that which sends thee hence is no unrighteous judge, no tyrant; but Nature, who brought thee hither; as when a player leaves the stage at the bidding of the conductor who hired him. Sayest thou, 'I have not played five acts.' True! but in human life, three acts only make sometimes a complete play. That is the composer's business, not thine. Retire with a good will; for that, too, hath, perchance, a good will which dismisseth thee from thy part."

The discourse ended almost in darkness, the evening having

set in somewhat suddenly, with a heavy fall of snow. The torches which had been made ready to do him a useless honor were of real service now, as the emperor was solemnly conducted home; one man rapidly catching light from another — a long stream of moving lights across the white Forum, up the great stairs, to the palace. And, in effect, that night winter began, the hardest that had been known for a lifetime. The wolves came from the mountains; and, led by the carrion scent, devoured the dead bodies which had been hastily buried during the plague, and emboldened by their meal, crept, before the short day was well past, over the walls of the farm-yards of the *Campagna*. The eagles were seen driving the flocks of the smaller birds across the wintry sky. Only, in the city itself the winter was all the brighter for the contrast, among those who could pay for light and warmth. The habit-makers made a great sale of the spoil of all such furry creatures as had escaped wolves and eagles, for presents at the Saturnalia; and at no time had the winter roses from Carthage seemed more lustrously yellow and red.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

Coventry Kearsey Dighton Patmore, an English poet, born at Woodford, Essex, July 23, 1823; died at Lymington, Hampshire, Dec. 26, 1896. From 1846 to 1868 he was an Assistant Librarian in the British Museum. In 1844 he published a small volume of poems, which was republished in 1853, with large additions, under the title of "Tamerton Church Tower, and Other Poems." His principal work, "The Angel in the House," appeared in four parts: "The Betrothal" (1854); "The Espousal" (1856); "Faithful Forever" (1860); "The Victories of Love" (1862). "The Unknown Eros" appeared in 1877; "Amelia" and a memoir of Barry Cornwall, 1878. A collection of his poems was published in one volume (1886).

Honoria.

(From "The Angel in the House.")

Grown weary with a week's exile
From those fair friends, I rode to see
The church-restorings; lounged awhile,
And met the Dean; was ask'd to tea,
And found their cousin, Frederick Graham,
At Honor's side. Was I concern'd,
If, when she sang, his color came,
That mine, as with a buffet, burn'd?
A man to please a girl! thought I,
Retorting his forced smiles, the shrouds
Of wrath, so hid as she was by,
Sweet moon between her lighted clouds

Whether this Cousin was the cause
I know not, but I seem'd to see,
The first time then, how fair she was,
How much the fairest of the three.
Each stopp'd to let the other go;
But, time-bound, he arose the first.
Stay'd he in Sarum long? If so
I hoped to see him at the Hurst.

No he had call'd here, on his way
To Portsmouth, where the Arrogant,
His ship, was; he should leave next day,
For two years' cruise in the Levant.

Had love in her yet struck its germs?
I watch'd. Her farewell show'd me plain
She loved, on the majestic terms
That she should not be loved again.
And so her cousin, parting, felt.
Hope in his voice and eye was dead.
Compassion did my malice melt;
Then went I home to a restless bed.
I, who admired her too, could see
His infinite remorse at this
Great mystery, that she should be
So beautiful, yet not be his,
And, pitying, long'd to plead his part;
But scarce could tell, so strange my whim,
Whether the weight upon my heart
Was sorrow for myself or him.

She was all mildness; yet 'twas writ
In all her grace, most legibly,
"He that's for heaven itself unfit,
Let him not hope to merit me."
And such a challenge, quite apart
From thoughts of love, humbled, and thus
To sweet repentance moved my heart,
And made me more magnanimous,
And led me to review my life,
Inquiring where in aught the least,
If question were of her for wife,
Ill might be mended, hope increas'd.
Not that I soar'd so far above
Myself, as this great hope to dare;
And yet I well foresaw that love
Might hope where reason must despair;
And, half-resenting the sweet pride
Which would not ask me to admire,
"Oh," to my secret heart I sigh'd,
"That I were worthy to desire!"

As drowsiness my brain reliev'd,
A shrill defiance of all to arms,

Shriek'd by the stable-cock, receiv'd
An angry answer from three farms.
And, then, I dream'd that I, her knight,
A clarion's haughty pathos heard,
And rode securely to the fight,
Cased in the scarf she had conferr'd;
And there, the bristling lists behind,
Saw many, and vanquish'd all I saw
Of her unnumber'd cousin-kind,
In Navy, Army, Church, and Law;
Smitten, the warriors somehow turn'd
To Sarum choristers, whose song,
Mix'd with celestial sorrow, yearn'd
With joy no memory can prolong;
And phantasms as absurd and sweet
Merged each in each in endless chase,
And everywhere I seem'd to meet
The haunting fairness of her face.

The Rose of the World.

Lo, when the Lord made North and South
And sun and moon ordained, He,
Forthbringing each by word of mouth
In order of its dignity,
Did man from the crude clay express
By sequence, and, all else decreed,
He form'd the woman; nor might less
Than Sabbath such a work succeed.
And still with favor singled out,
Marr'd less than man by mortal fall,
Her disposition is devout,
Her countenance angelical;
The best things that the best believe
Are in her face so kindly writ,
The faithless, seeing her, conceive
Not only heaven, but hope of it;
No idle thought her instinct shrouds,
But fancy checkers settled sense,
Like alteration of the clouds
On noonday's azure permanence;
Pure dignity, composure, ease
Declare affections nobly fix'd,
And impulse sprung from due degrees
Of sense and spirit sweetly mix'd.

Her modesty, her chiefest grace,
The cestus clasping Venus' side,
How potent to deject the face
Of him who would affront its pride!
Wrong dares not in her presence speak,
Nor spotted thought its taint disclose
Under the protest of a cheek
Outbragging Nature's boast the rose.
In mind and manners how discreet;
How artless in her very art;
How candid in discourse; how sweet
The concord of her lips and heart;
How simple and how circumspect;
How subtle and how fancy-free;
Though sacred to her love, how deck'd
With unexclusive courtesy;
How quick in talk to see from far
The way to vanquish or evade;
How able her persuasions are
To prove, her reasons to persuade;
How (not to call true instinct's bent
And woman's very nature, harm),
How amiable and innocent
Her pleasure in her power to charm;
How humbly careful to attract,
Though crown'd with all the soul desires,
Connubial aptitude exact,
Diversity that never tires.

The Tribute.

Boon Nature to the woman bows;
She walks in earth's whole glory clad,
And, chiefest far herself of shows,
All others help her, and are glad:
No splendor 'neath the sky's proud dome
But serves for her familiar wear;
The far-fetch'd diamond finds its home
Flashing and smoldering in her hair;
For her the seas their pearls reveal;
Art and strange lands her pomp supply
With purple, chrome, and cochineal,
Ochre, and lapis lazuli;
The worm its golden woof presents;
Whatever runs, flies, dives, or delves,

All doff for her their ornaments,
  Which suit her better than themselves;
And all, by this their power to give,
  Proving her right to take, proclaim
Her beauty's clear prerogative
  To profit so by Eden's blame.

Compensation.

That nothing here may want its praise,
  Know, she who in her dress reveals
A fine and modest taste, displays
  More loveliness than she conceals.

Pain.

(From "The Unknown Eros.")

O Pain, Love's mystery,
Close next of kin
To Joy and heart's delight,
Low Pleasure's opposite,
Choice food of sanctity
And medicine of sin,
Angel, whom even they that will pursue
Pleasure with hell's whole gust
Find that they must
Perversely woo,
My lips, thy live coal touching, speak thee true.
Thou sear'st my flesh, O Pain,
But brand'st for arduous peace my languid brain,
And bright'nest my dull view,
Till I, for blessing, blessing give again,
And my roused spirit is
Another fire of bliss,
Wherein I learn
Feelingly how the pangful, purging fire
Shall furiously burn
With joy, not only of assured desire,
But also present joy
Of seeing the life's corruption, stain by stain,
Vanish in the clear heat of Love irate,
And, fume by fume, the sick alloy
Of luxury, sloth and hate
Evaporate:
Leaving the man, so dark erewhile,

The mirror merely of God's smile.
Herein O Pain, abides the praise
For which my song I raise;
But even the bastard good of intermittent ease
How greatly doth it please!
With what repose
The being from its bright exertion glows,
When from thy strenuous storm the senses sweep
Into a little harbor deep
Of rest;
When thou, O Pain,
Having devour'd the nerves that thee sustain,
Sleep'st till thy tender food be somewhat grown again;
And how the lull
With tear-blind love is full!
What mockery of a man am I express'd
That I should wait for thee
To woo!
Nor even dare to love, till thou lov'st me.
How shameful, too,
Is this:
That, when thou lov'st, I am at first afraid
Of thy fierce kiss,
Like a young maid;
And only trust thy charms
And get my courage in thy throbbing arms.
And when thou partest, what a fickle mind
Thou leav'st behind,
That, being a little absent from mine eye,
It straight forgets thee what thou art,
And ofttimes my adulterate heart
Dallies with Pleasure, thy pale enemy.
O, for the learned spirit without attaint
That does not faint,
But knows both how to have thee and to lack,
And ventures many a spell,
Unlawful but for them that love so well,
To call thee back.

Olympus.

Through female subtlety intense,
Or the good luck of innocence,
Or both, my Wife, with whom I plan
To pass calm evenings when I can,

After the chattering girls and boys
Are gone, or the less grateful noise
Is over, of grown tongues that chime
Untruly, once upon a time
Prevail'd with me to change my mind
Of reading out how Rosalind
In Arden jested, and to go
Where people whom I ought to know,
She said, would meet that night. And I,
Who inly murmur'd, "I will try
Some dish more sharply spiced than this
Milk-soup men call domestic bliss,"
Took, as she, laughing, bade me take,
Our eldest boy's brown wide-awake
And straw box of cigars, and went
Where, like a careless parliament
Of Gods olympic, six or eight
Authors and else, reputed great,
Were met in council jocular
On many things, pursuing far
Truth, only for the chase's glow,
Quick as they caught her letting go,
Or, when at fault the view-halloo,
Playing about the missing clue.
And coarse jests came; "But gods are coarse,"
Thought I, yet not without remorse,
While memory of the gentle words,
Wife, Mother, Sister, flash'd like swords.
And so, after two hours of wit,
That burnt a hole where'er it hit,
I said I would not stay to sup,
Because my Wife was sitting up;
And walk'd home with a sense that I
Was no match for that company.
Smelling of smoke, which, always kind,
Amelia said she did not mind,
I sipp'd her tea, saw Baby scold
And finger at the muslin fold,
Through which he push'd his nose at last,
And choked and chuckled, feeding fast;
And, he asleep and sent upstairs,
She rang the servants in to prayers;
And after heard what men of fame
Had urged 'gainst this and that. "For shame!"

She said, but argument show'd not.
"If I had answer'd thus," I thought,
"'Twould not have pass'd for very wise.
But I have not her voice and eyes!
Howe'er it be, I'm glad of home,
Yea, very glad at heart to come,
And lay a happy head to rest
On her unreasonable breast."

The Rosy Bosom'd Hours.

A florin to the willing Guard
Secured, for half the way,
(He lock'd us in, ah, lucky-starr'd,)
A curtain'd, front coupé.
The sparkling sun of August shone;
The wind was in the West;
Your gown and all that you had on
Was what became you best;
And we were in that seldom mood
When soul with soul agrees,
Mingling, like flood with equal flood,
In agitated ease.
Far round, each blade of harvest bare
Its little load of bread;
Each furlong of that journey fair
With separate sweetness sped.
The calm of use was coming o'er
The wonder of our wealth,
And now, maybe, 'twas not much more
Than Eden's common health.
We paced the sunny platform, while
The train at Havant changed:
What made the people kindly smile,
Or stare with looks estranged?
Too radiant for a wife you seem'd,
Serener than a bride;
Me happiest born of men I deem'd,
And show'd perchance my pride.
I loved that girl, so gaunt and tall,
Who whispered loud, "Sweet Thing!"
Scanning your figure, slight yet all
Round as your own gold ring.

At Salisbury you stray'd alone
  Within the shafted glooms,
Whilst I was by the Verger shown
  The brasses and the tombs.
At tea we talk'd of matters deep,
  Of joy that never dies;
We laugh'd, till love was mix'd with sleep
  Within your great sweet eyes.
The next day, sweet with luck no less
  And sense of sweetness past,
The full tide of our happiness
  Rose higher than the last.
At Dawlish, 'mid the pools of brine,
  You stept from rock to rock,
One hand quick tightening upon mine,
  One holding up your frock.
On starfish and on weeds alone
  You seem'd intent to be:
Flash'd those great gleams of hope unknown
  From you, or from the sea?
Ne'er came before, ah, when again
  Shall come two days like these:
Such quick delight within the brain,
  Within the heart such peace?
I thought, indeed, by magic chance,
  A third from Heaven to win,
But as, at dusk, we reach'd Penzance,
  A drizzling rain set in.

PAUSANIAS.

Pausanias, a Greek traveler of the second century of our era; a native of Lydia. He wrote in ten books "The Tour of Greece," commonly called "Pausanias's Description of Greece." He himself calls it rather a "Commentary on Greece."

The beginning is abrupt, the close is even fragmentary; and he has not fulfilled the desire which he expresses of "describing the whole of Greece." He has commented on the antiquities, history, mythology, geography, and religious cults of Attica and Megara, the Argolis (Corinthia), Laconia, Messenia, Elis, Achaia, Arcadia, Bœotia, and Phocis. That is, he has started with Athens, and proceeded through the Isthmus of Corinth and around the Peloponnesus, then crossed the Corinthian gulf, and begun with the territories north of Attica and Athens. What he would have included under his term "Greece," and how much longer his collection was designed to be, cannot be inferred from him. His work breaks off abruptly with a legend about the building of the temple of Æsculapius at Naupactus.

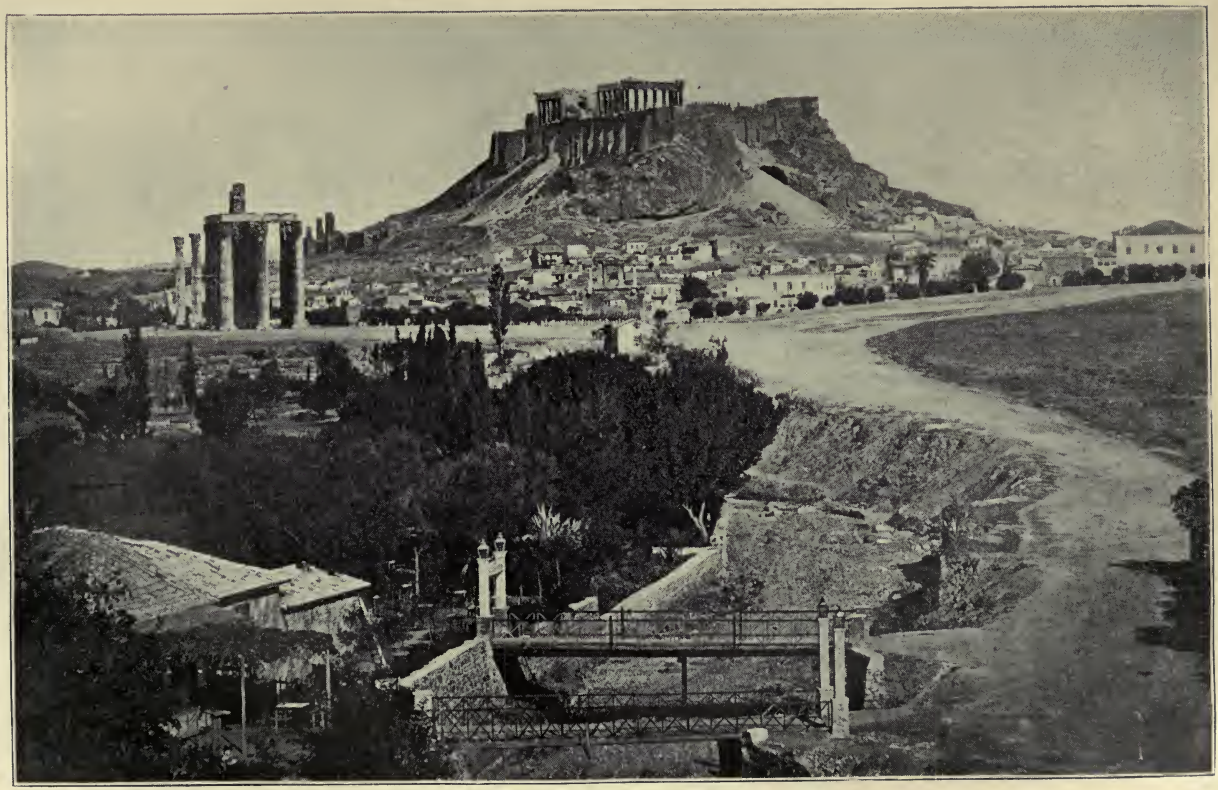
The Acropolis of Athens and its Temples.

To the Acropolis there is only one approach: it allows of no other, being everywhere precipitous and walled off. The vestibules have a roof of white marble, and even now are remarkable for both their beauty and size. As to the statues of the horsemen, I cannot say with precision whether they are the sons of Xenophon, or merely put there for decoration. On the right of the vestibules is the shrine of Wingless Victory. From it the sea is visible; and there Ægeus drowned himself, as they say. For the ship which took his sons to Crete had black sails, but Theseus told his father (for he knew there was some peril in attacking the Minotaur) that he would have white sails if he should sail back a conqueror. But he forgot this promise in his loss of Ariadne. And Ægeus, seeing the ship with black sails, thinking his son was dead, threw himself in and was drowned. And the Athenians have a hero-chapel to his memory. And on

the left of the vestibules is a building with paintings; and among those that time has not destroyed are Diomedes and Odysseus, — the one taking away Philoctetes's bow in Lemnos, the other taking the Palladium from Ilium. Among other paintings here is Ægisthus being slain by Orestes; and Pylades slaying the sons of Nauplius that came to Ægisthus's aid. And Polyxena about to have her throat cut near the tomb of Achilles. Homer did well not to mention this savage act. . . .

And there is a small stone such as a little man can sit on, on which they say Silenus rested, when Dionysus came to the land. Silenus is the name they give to all old Satyrs. About the Satyrs I have conversed with many, wishing to know all about them. And Euphemus, a Carian, told me that sailing once on a time to Italy he was driven out of his course by the winds, and carried to a distant sea, where people no longer sail. And he said that here were many desert islands, some inhabited by wild men: and at these islands the sailors did not like to land, as they had landed there before and had experience of the natives; but they were obliged on that occasion. These islands he said were called by the sailors Satyr-islands; the dwellers in them were red-haired, and had tails at their loins not much smaller than horses. . . .

And as regards the temple which they call the Parthenon, as you enter it everything portrayed on the gables relates to the birth of Athene, and behind is depicted the contest between Poseidon and Athene for the soil of Attica. And this work of art is in ivory and gold. In the middle of her helmet is an image of the Sphinx, — about whom I shall give an account when I come to Bœotia, — and on each side of the helmet are griffins worked. These griffins, says Aristus the Proconnesian, in his poems, fought with the Arimaspians beyond the Issedones for the gold of the soil which the griffins guarded. And the Arimaspians were all one-eyed men from their birth; and the griffins were beasts like lions, with wings and mouth like an eagle. Let so much suffice for these griffins. But the statue of Athene is full length, with a tunic reaching to her feet; and on her breast is the head of Medusa worked in ivory, and in one hand she has a Victory four cubits high, in the other hand a spear, and at her feet a shield; and near the spear a dragon which perhaps is Erichthonius. And on the base of the statue is a representation of the birth of Pandora, — the first woman, according to Hesiod and other poets; for before her there was



ACROPOLIS AND TEMPLE OF JUPITER

(*Athens*)

no race of women. Here too I remember to have seen the only statue here of the Emperor Adrian; and at the entrance one of Iphicrates, the celebrated Athenian general.

And outside the temple is a brazen Apollo said to be by Phidias; and they call it Apollo, Averter of Locusts, because when the locusts destroyed the land the god said he would drive them out of the country. And they know that he did so, but they don't say how. I myself know of locusts having been thrice destroyed on Mount Sipylus, but not in the same way; for some were driven away by a violent wind that fell on them, and others by a strong blight that came on them after showers, and others were frozen to death by a sudden frost. All this came under my own notice. . . .

There is also a building called the Erechtheum, and in the vestibule is an altar of Supreme Zeus, where they offer no living sacrifice, but cakes without the usual libation of wine. And as you enter there are three altars: one to Poseidon (on which they also sacrifice to Erechtheus according to the oracle), one to the hero Butes, and the third to Hephæstus. And on the walls are paintings of the family of Butes. The building is a double one; and inside there is sea-water in a well. And this is no great marvel; for even those who live in inland parts have such wells, — as notably the Aphrodisienses in Caria. But this well is represented as having a roar as of the sea when the south wind blows. And in the rock is the figure of a trident. And this is said to have been Poseidon's proof in regard to the territory Athene disputed with him.

Sacred to Athene is all the rest of Athens, and similarly all Attica; for although they worship different gods in different townships, none the less do they honor Athene generally. And the most sacred of all is the statue of Athene in what is now called the Acropolis, but was then called the Polis (*city*) which was universally worshiped many years before the various townships formed one city; and the rumor about it is that it fell from heaven. As to this I shall not give an opinion, whether it was so or not. And Callimachus made a golden lamp for the goddess. And when they fill this lamp with oil it lasts for a whole year, although it burns continually night and day. And the wick is of a particular kind of cotton flax, the only kind indestructible by fire. And above the lamp is a palm-tree of brass reaching to the roof and carrying off the smoke. And Callimachus, the maker of this lamp, although he comes behind the

first artificers, yet was remarkable for ingenuity, and was the first who perforated stone, and got the name of *Art-Critic*, whether his own appellation or given him by others.

In the temple of Athene Polias is a Hermes of wood (said to be a votive offering of Cecrops), almost hidden by myrtle leaves. And of the antique votive offerings worthy of record, is a folding chair, the work of Dædalus, and spoils taken from the Persians, — as a coat of mail of Masistius, who commanded the cavalry at Platæa, and a scimitar said to have belonged to Mardonius. Masistius we know was killed by the Athenian cavalry: but as Mardonius fought against the Lacedæmonians and was killed by a Spartan, they could not have got it at first hand; nor is it likely that the Lacedæmonians would have allowed the Athenians to carry off such a trophy. And about the olive they have nothing else to tell but that the goddess used it as a proof of her right to the country, when it was contested by Poseidon. And they record also that this olive was burned when the Persians set fire to Athens; but though burned, it grew the same day two cubits. And next to the temple of Athene is the temple of Pandrosus; who was the only one of the three sisters who didn't peep into the forbidden chest. Now the things I most marveled at are not universally known. I will therefore write of them as they occur to me. Two maidens live not far from the temple of Athene Polias, and the Athenians call them the "carriers of the holy things;" for a certain time they live with the goddess, but when her festival comes they act in the following way, by night: Putting upon their heads what the priestess of Athene gives them to carry (neither she nor they know what these things are), these maidens descend, by a natural underground passage, from an inclosure in the city sacred to Aphrodite of the gardens. In the sanctuary below they deposit what they carry, and bring back something else closely wrapped up. And these maidens they henceforth dismiss, and other two they elect instead of them for the Acropolis.

The Temple of Zeus at Olympia.

Many various wonders may one see, or hear of, in Greece: but the Eleusinian mysteries and Olympian games seem to exhibit more than anything else the Divine purpose. And the sacred grove of Zeus they have from old time called Altis,

slightly changing the Greek word for grove: it is indeed called Altis also by Pindar, in the ode he composed for a victor at Olympia. And the temple and statue of Zeus were built out of the spoils of Pisa, which the people of Elis razed to the ground, after quelling the revolt of Pisa, and some of the neighboring towns that revolted with Pisa. And that the statue of Zeus was the work of Phidias is shown by the inscription written at the base of it: —

"Phidias the Athenian, the son of Charmides, made me."

The temple is a Doric building, and outside it is a colonnade. And the temple is built of stone of the district. Its height up to the gable is 68 feet, its breadth 95 feet, and its length 230 feet. And its architect was Libon, a native of Elis. And the tiles on the roof are not of baked earth; but Pentelican marble, to imitate tiles. They say such roofs are the invention of a man of Naxos called Byzes, who made statues at Naxos with the inscription: —

" Euergus of Naxos made me, the son of Byzes, and descended from Leto, the first who made tiles of stone."

This Byzes was a contemporary of Alyattes the Lydian, and Astyages (the son of Cyaxares), the king of Persia. And there is a golden vase at each end of the roof, and a golden Victory in the middle of the gable. And underneath the Victory is a golden shield hung up as a votive offering, with the Gorgon Medusa worked on it. The inscription on the shield states who hung it up, and the reason why they did so. For this is what it says: —

"This temple's golden shield is a votive offering from the Lacedæmonians at Tanagra and their allies, a gift from the Argives, the Athenians, and the Ionians, a tithe offering for success in war."

The battle I mentioned in my account of Attica, when I described the tombs at Athens. And in the same temple at Olympia, above the zone that runs round the pillars on the outside, are 21 golden shields, the offering of Mummius the Roman general, after he had beaten the Achæans and taken Corinth, and expelled the Dorians from Corinth. And on the gables in bas-relief is the chariot race between Pelops and Œnomaus; and both chariots in motion. And in the middle of the gable is a statue of Zeus; and on the right hand of Zeus is Œnomaus with a helmet on his head; and beside him his wife Sterope, one of the daughters of Atlas. And Myrtilus, who was the

charioteer of Œnomaus, is seated behind the four horses. And next to him are two men whose names are not recorded, but they are doubtless Œnomaus's grooms, whose duty was to take care of the horses. And at the end of the gable is a delineation of the river Cladeus, next to the Alpheus held most in honor of all the rivers of Elis. And on the left of the statue of Zeus are Pelops and Hippodamia, and the charioteer of Pelops, and the horses, and two men who were Pelops's grooms. And where the gable tapers fine there is the Alpheus delineated. And Pelops's charioteer was, according to the tradition of the Trœzenians, Sphærus; but the custodian at Olympia said that his name was Cilla. The carvings on the gables in front are by Pæonius of Mende in Thracia; those behind by Alcamenes, a contemporary of Phidias and second only to him as statuary. And on the gables is a representation of the fight between the Lapithæ and the Centaurs at the marriage of Pirithous. Pirithous is in the center, and on one side of him is Eurytion trying to carry off Pirithous's wife, and Cæneus coming to the rescue, and on the other side Theseus laying about among the Centaurs with his battle-ax; and one Centaur is carrying off a maiden, another a blooming boy. Alcamenes has engraved this story, I imagine, because he learned from the lines of Homer that Pirithous was the son of Zeus and knew that Theseus was fourth in descent from Pelops. There are also in bas-relief at Olympia most of the Labors of Hercules. Above the doors of the temple is the hunting of the Erymanthian boar, and Hercules taking the mares of Diomede the Thracian, and robbing Geryon of his oxen in the island of Erytheia, and supporting the load of Atlas, and clearing the land of Elis of its dung. And above the chamber behind the doors he is robbing the Amazon of her belt; and there is the stag, and the Cretan Minotaur, and the Stymphalian birds, and the hydra, and the Nemean lion. And as you enter the brazen doors on the right in front of the pillar is Iphitus being crowned by his wife Ecechiria, as the inscription in verse states. And there are pillars inside the temple, and porticos above, and an approach by them to the image of Zeus. There is also a winding staircase to the roof.

The image of the god is in gold and ivory, seated on a throne. And a crown is on his head imitating the foliage of the olive-tree. In his right hand he holds a Victory in ivory and gold, with a tiara and crown on his head; and in his left hand a scepter adorned with all manner of precious stones, and the

bird seated on the scepter is an eagle. The robes and sandals of the god are also of gold; and on his robes are imitations of flowers, especially of lilies. And the throne is richly adorned with gold and precious stones, and with ebony and ivory. And there are imitations of animals painted on it, and models worked on it. There are four Victories like dancers, one at each foot of the throne, and two also at the instep of each foot; and at each of the front feet are Theban boys carried off by sphinxes, and below the sphinxes, Apollo and Artemis shooting down the children of Niobe. And between the feet of the throne are four divisions formed by straight lines drawn from each of the four feet. In the division nearest the entrance there are seven models, — the eighth has vanished no one knows where or how. And they are imitations of ancient contests, for in the days of Phidias the contests for boys were not yet established. And the figure with its head muffled up in a scarf is, they say, Pantarces, who was a native of Elis and the darling of Phidias. This Pantarces won the wrestling-prize for boys in the 86th Olympiad. And in the remaining divisions is the band of Hercules fighting against the Amazons. The number on each side is 29, and Theseus is on the side of Hercules. And the throne is supported not only by the four feet, but also by four pillars between the feet. But one cannot get under the throne, as one can at Amyclæ, and pass inside; for at Olympia there are panels like walls that keep one off. Of these panels the one opposite the doors of the temple is painted sky-blue only, but the others contain paintings by Panænus. Among them is Atlas bearing up Earth and Heaven, and Hercules standing by willing to relieve him of his load; and Theseus and Pirithous, and Greece, and Salamis with the figure-head of a ship in her hand, and the contest of Hercules with the Nemean lion, and Ajax's unknightly violation of Cassandra, and Hippodamia, the daughter of Œnomaus, with her mother; and Prometheus still chained to the rock, and Hercules gazing at him. For the tradition is that Hercules slew the eagle that was ever tormenting Prometheus on Mount Caucasus, and released Prometheus from his chains. The last paintings are Penthesilea dying and Achilles supporting her, and two Hesperides carrying the apples of which they are fabled to have been the keepers. This Panænus was the brother of Phidias; and at Athens in the Painted Stoa he has painted the action at Marathon. At the top of the throne, Phidias has represented above the head of Zeus the three Graces and three Seasons. For these too, as we learn

from the poets, were daughters of Zeus. Homer in the Iliad has represented the Seasons as having the care of Heaven, as a kind of guards of a royal palace. And the base under the feet of Zeus (what is called in Attic θρανίον) has golden lions engraved on it, and the battle between Theseus and the Amazons, — the first famous exploit of the Athenians beyond their own borders. And on the platform that supports the throne there are various ornaments round Zeus, and gilt carving, — the Sun seated in his chariot, and Zeus and Hera; and near is Grace. Hermes is close to her, and Vesta close to Hermes. And next to Vesta is Eros receiving Aphrodite, who is just rising from the sea and being crowned by Persuasion. And Apollo and Artemis, Athene and Hercules, are standing by, and at the end of the platform Amphitrite and Poseidon, and Selene apparently urging on her horse. And some say it is a mule and not a horse that the goddess is riding upon; and there is a silly tale about this mule.

I know that the size of the Olympian Zeus both in height and breadth has been stated; but I cannot bestow praise on the measurers, for their recorded measurement comes far short of what any one would infer from looking at the statue. They make the god also to have testified to the art of Phidias. For they say that when the statue was finished, Phidias prayed him to signify if the work was to his mind; and immediately Zeus struck with lightning that part of the pavement where in our day there is a brazen urn with a lid.

And all the pavement in front of the statue is not of white but of black stone. And a border of Parian marble runs round this black stone, as a preservative against spilled oil. For oil is good for the statue at Olympia, as it prevents the ivory being harmed by the dampness of the grove. But in the Acropolis at Athens, in regard to the statue of Athene called the Maiden, it is not oil but water that is advantageously employed to the ivory; for as the citadel is dry by reason of its great height, the statue being made of ivory needs to be sprinkled with water freely. And when I was at Epidaurus, and inquired why they use neither water nor oil to the statue of Æsculapius, the sacristans of the temple informed me that the statue of the god and its throne are over a well.

JAMES PAYN.

Payn, James, an English novelist; born at Cheltenham in 1830; died March 25, 1898. He was educated at Eton, and was graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1854. At an early age he contributed to the "Westminster Review" and "Household Words," and in 1858 he became editor of "Chambers's Journal," in which he published his first novels. He contributed essays to the "Nineteenth Century" and the "Times." In 1882 he succeeded Leslie Stephen as editor of the "Cornhill Magazine." Among his works are "Stories from Boccaccio," poems (1854); "Poems" (1855); "A Family Scapegrace;" "Lost Sir Massingberd," which placed him in the front rank of romancers; "By Proxy" (1878); "High Spirits;" "A Perfect Treasure;" "Bentinck's Tutor;" "A Country Family;" "Cecil's Tryst;" "The Foster Brothers;" "Halves;" "Carlyon's Year;" "One of the Family;" "What He Cost Her" (1879); "Gwendoline's Harvest;" "Like Father, Like Son" (1881); "Mirk Abbey;" "Less Black than We 're Painted;" "Murphy's Master;" "Under One Roof;" "The Luck of the Darrells;" "Some Literary Recollections" (1886); "Thicker than Water;" "Glow-worm Tales" (1888); "The Burnt Million" (1889); "The Word" and "The Will: A Modern Dick Whittington" (1892); "A Trying Patient" (1893); "Not Wooed but Won;" "Gleams of Memory" (autobiographical) (1894); "In Market Overt" (1895); "The Disappearance of George Driffell" (1896).

The Philanthropist.

(From "Thicker than Water.")

In London, which is equal to half a dozen great towns clubbed together, there *are* half a dozen great towns, each so different from the rest that it might well be in another hemisphere. In some quarters, notably in the vicinity of the Victoria Station, where blocks of buildings, each emulating a *hôtel-de-ville*, are numerous, the astonished visitor exclaims, "How foreign!" but in the district I have in my mind he would make use of no such ejaculation. There is nothing like it, either on the Continent or anywhere else: it is unique. Nor is that circumstance to be regretted. The streets are narrow; the shops mean and dirty; and the neighborhood is low. And the people,

"Ah! the people." It cannot, indeed, be said of them, in the words of the poet, that —

> "They are neither man nor woman,
> They are neither brute nor human:
> They are ghouls — "

but they are certainly very peculiar. "The British shibboleth" of which Byron wrote is in all their mouths, but by no means spoken with the British accent. It is only the female portion of the inhabitants that is native; the male is polyglot. Every nation under heaven, provided only it has a seaboard, has here its representatives. That they are of the earth earthy, in the spiritual sense, is only too true; but, materially, they are of the sea marine; and everything in the district smells — and smells very badly — of their calling. Flags flutter from every house-top as well as from the masts that tower everywhere above the chimney-tops; nautical instrument makers, outfitters, ship purveyors abound. These represent the export trade of the place; but the imports are much more remarkable. Shell shops, heathen idol emporiums, wild beast menageries, are as numerous as the establishments for the sale of taffy and penny fiction elsewhere. Fiction is here at a discount; no one reads it, though for the raw material of it there is a glut in the market. Who can behold yonder swart, ear-ringed Spaniard, that ringleted Italian, that shivering Lascar (bound for the opium-shop), without the suggestion of a story, not, perhaps, altogether suitable for family reading. Negroes, Norsemen, Frenchmen, all as far apart in character as in clime, but with one thing common to all, a rolling gait — for each has his sea-legs on. Very good fellows some of them, no doubt; but others, as one cannot help imagining, pirates or sea-robbers, murderers of apprentices, plunderers of passengers, scuttlers of ships. This, however, may be a morbid fancy. To the æsthetic mind it is difficult to think evil of men who wear rings in their ears, and are devoted to the fair sex. Of the latter fact there can be no question, or that the tender feeling is reciprocated. There is no coyness among the ladies in this latitude, nor is the "absence of the sun" essential to the interchange of endearment; and there are some very pretty quarrels in consequence arising from the same cause which provoked the Trojan War.

Among the heterogeneous throng that crowds the narrow pavements this sultry afternoon a tall, white-bearded man is

conspicuous, partly because he has no sign of the sea about him, but chiefly because he is well-dressed. It would have looked better had I written "because of his aristocratic air," which, indeed, he possessed in a remarkable degree; but I have observed that no aristocratic air can overcome the effect of a bad hat, and it is well to give honor where honor is due. In Pall Mall this man would have attracted little attention; his long, white mustaches, hanging like stalactites from his lip; his far-sweeping beard, white and fine as spun glass, would have been set down to mere eccentricity, while his apparel would have differed little from that of others. But in the place where he now found himself the ordinary garb of a man of fashion was a stranger sight than the robe of the Lascar or the pigtail of the Chinaman. The ear-ringed, ringleted sailors; the bonnetless, slightly draped nymphs of the neighborhood "standing at the corners of the streets," just as they did in Jewry in King Solomon's time; the venders of cauls and charms lounging at their shop-doors in wait for the superstitious, all turned to look at him as he strode by.

If they had known who and what manner of man he was, they would have stared harder, and not a few of them would have endeavored to make his acquaintance; for he was in possession of wealth which in their eyes would have seemed boundless, and had a hand that was ever open to the cry of the poor. On the other hand, there was nothing strange to him in those he met. The thieving Greek and the sullen mulatto, the bland Chinaman and the grinning negro, were all familiar to him; he had seen them, or their fathers, in their native homes, and he had seen them here. He was one of those rare citizens of the world who know their own metropolis as well as though they had been cockney-bred.

Some remarks, not altogether favorable, are made on him from time to time in a tone such as can hardly fail to reach his ear; but, for all the notice he takes of them, they might have been addressed to Memnon. Only once or twice, when some hulking sailor stops the way, does he appear to be aware of any impoliteness; then he walks straight on as though no such obstruction existed, his massive frame impinges on the churl's shoulder, as it seems, by accident, but in reality with scientific expertness, and the intruder is left gyrating. His shaggy eyebrows give to the still, clear-blue eyes beneath them a stern and almost fierce expression, which is intensified on these occasions

as he walks on: on the other hand, when a child is in the way, his features soften; if the toddler looks at him, a smile relaxes his mouth, and he stoops to pat some flaxen head, or drop a coin, which is not copper, into some dirty little hand, which fills the recipient with the wine of astonishment.

So he goes on his way, the observed of all observers, but apparently quite unconscious of the excitement he creates, till presently he reaches a shop over which is painted "Burzon's Museum," which is his goal.

To judge from the contents of the place, "Burzon, Astrologer," would have been the more appropriate title. From the low, dark ceiling is suspended a stuffed alligator; on the floor lies an Egyptian mummy; and at the very entrance stand two globes, not such as the lady of newly inherited wealth and restricted education complained of as not being "a pair," for they are both celestial ones. The walls are hung with various nautical instruments, which in a landsman's eye might well be used for casting horoscopes; while the proprietor himself, in a high-peaked fur cap and a dressing-gown of doubtful color, but which might be fitly termed "the hue of ages," looked like the younger brother of "sage Sidrophel."

The respect, however, with which he received his visitor was such as it is not customary for any reader of the planets to pay to mortal man. He doffed his cap and bent his head as to no ordinary customer, and murmured in the Hebrew tongue some reverent words of welcome.

"Have you no one with you, sir?" he inquired presently, with a glance towards the door.

"No; Japhet has got a day's holiday with a friend who speaks his language."

"It is rather riskful, is it not, sir? Our folks about here are a wild lot," observed the other, deprecatingly.

"I have been used to wilder, and, for that matter, to worse," observed the other, smiling; "and though I have lived so unreasonably long, I can still hold my own with most men."

"Still, if they only knew —"

"What I had in my pocket," interrupted the newcomer. "But then, you see, they don't know. It would, as you are doubtless thinking, be much safer to transact these little affairs through a banker's hands; but I don't choose that my banker should know of them, nor any one else save Reuben Burzon."

A grateful smile lit up the dusky features of his companion.

"May the God of Abraham so serve me and mine, and worse," he answered, solemnly, "if ever I betray your honor's secrets, though he knows they are not things to be ashamed of."

"Man, however, as I have good cause to understand," returned the other, dryly, "takes a different view of the matter. How is Verda?"

"Well, or nearly well; here is her last letter from Berck. Her nerve, she says, which she had feared had gone forever, is coming back to her again. She has promised, according to your honor's request, never to perform again without the net."

"And her father?"

"Has ceased from all pursuit of her, and is drinking himself to death."

"That's well," returned the visitor, producing two little rolls of coin neatly packed in brown paper; "tell her not to stir from the sea-side till she is herself again. And how are the little Paris people?"

"Growing no bigger, and more popular than ever. Antoine is taking fifty pounds a week for them, which is put to their account at your honor's bankers every Saturday. I think Hébert is choked off. His attempt to farm them on the ground of being their uncle utterly failed, and the Court's decision as to the arrears has ruined him."

"But he is not in Paris? Is it impossible that he can harm the children?" inquired the old man, quickly.

"Quite impossible. He was given the alternative, as your honor suggested, of a prison or expatriation, and he is now in Sweden at his old trade."

"The ways of Heaven are marvellous," muttered the old man, knitting his shaggy eyebrows so that they formed one hairy line across his forehead.

"And as merciful as they are marvellous," returned the other.

"You think so?" observed the visitor, dryly.

"I speak as I find, and in recollection of how your honor found *me*," was the earnest reply. "I am forty years of age, so that it is two-and-thirty years ago; but I can never forget it." A shudder passed over the speaker's frame.

"I remember. Poor boy — poor boy! It was in Paris, was it not — at Montmartre?"

"Yes, sir. Never did a child suffer from the greed of man as I did. I never look at my beasts there without thinking of

it. They called me the Cat-king. I can see myself now in that dreadful cage with the wild-cats, pretending to be their tamer. How they flew over me as I cracked my little whip, and gashed my shoulder! There was nothing but my flesh-colored jacket to protect me from their cruel claws. Yet what was the pain compared with the terror of it? To this hour, when I dream of it in my sleep, I seem to wake in heaven."

"And you are still grateful, Reuben?"

"Ah, yes, I am still grateful," returned the other, taking the old man's hand and carrying it reverently to his lips. "I remember the angel that looked through my bars one day and beckoned me out, and purchased me from my tyrant."

"He was your elder brother, was he not?"

"He was my brother. But I have not yet learned to say 'God forgive him!'"

"Poor Reuben! poor Reuben! Come, let us forget him and turn to better things. Show me your wild beasts."

An Interrupted Bargain.

(From "Thicker than Water.")

The relation between these two men, arising, in the first instance, from the rescue of the one by the other from a childhood of misery, was very curious. On the one side were affection and reverence, and a fidelity that never failed; on the other, a matter-of-fact acceptance of those offerings of the soul. The benefactor was not the benefactor of one, but of hundreds; and there were some, though, it is true, not many, who had repaid him with the like loving service; whose gratitude was not a sense of favors to come; who did not look on kindliness as mere stepping-stones to fortune; and who, though they had been raised up from the humblest of positions, were content. In Reuben's eyes his visitor was an angel whom he entertained by no means unawares; whereas in those of his visitor Reuben was merely a worthy fellow in whom he confided and took some personal interest. It was not, however, altogether to please Reuben that he had asked to see the wild animals which formed the chief portion of his stock in trade, and were the pride and joy of his existence. They had an attraction for the visitor — who had another side to his nature than that which it most commonly presented to the public — on their own account.

Physical force, agility, strength — nay, ferocity itself, per-

haps, though he warred against it — had peculiar charms for him. It had been said of him, by one who knew him well, that though he was a philanthropist, he had narrowly escaped being a prize-fighter. The alliteration had been too tempting for the epigram-maker, for, as a matter of fact, money would under no circumstances have been attractive to his friend; but he was by nature greedy of combat, as well as of dauntless courage. In earlier times he would have been a free-lance who would have yet disdained to be a mercenary. It would, moreover, have been necessary that the cause for which he fought should be just. On the other hand, his character was far removed from the Quixotic. His passions were strong, yet were as water unto wine in comparison with his prejudices, which were violent, unreasonable, and lasting. A cynical smile lit up his face when, upon his conductor's unlocking a crazy door that led straight out of the museum into the menagerie, he was greeted by a chorus of snarls and yells. He felt it to be a protest of the brute creation against the human, suggested by instinct, but utterly unfounded in reason, since his companion was their feeder and their friend.

The place was a mere stable, fitted for the temporary accommodation of the animals brought to Reuben from every quarter of the world for sale. Here were lions in egg-boxes (or dens that looked little stronger), and tigers in rabbit-hutches. As for the less dangerous, but still exceedingly formidable animals, such as pumas and hyenas, their cages lined the walls, between which there was but just room for a man to pass without touching them, or being touched, just as though they were fowls in Leadenhall Market. It was difficult for a nervous person to admire what presented itself to his gaze, from the consciousness of what might be pawing, scratching, or even biting him from behind. Reuben himself, however, was no more moved by these attentions on the part of his four-footed and feathered friends than if they had been stuffed.

"There, sir, are my old acquaintances," he said, stopping and pointing to a cage which, from its slightness, seemed to be made for canaries, but which was tenanted by half a dozen wild-cats; "I give you my word that I never see them, even now, without a shudder of terror." As they were showing their sharp teeth and swearing like troopers, with every hair in their bodies, especially their tails, instinct with hate and fury, his apprehensions would have seemed to most people by no means

groundless; but it was evident that he was only affected by reminiscence or association. "Think, sir, think," he went on, "what a poor child must feel on first finding himself in such company."

"Ay, and think of the company that could be gratified by seeing him there," observed the visitor, dryly.

"True, sir, true; and of the brother that could put him to such a trade — his own flesh and blood."

"Ay, ay." These monosyllables were uttered in a grating, almost menacing tone. It was plain that it was not only the museum-keeper that was subject to the influence of reminiscence.

"What I say is, sir," continued Reuben, raising his voice above the din of screech and hiss and roar, "that these wild-cats themselves are gentle creatures compared with such a scoundrel."

"Mere purring, domestic tabbies," was the quiet reply. "I don't wish to hurry your movements, Reuben, but something is spitting at my back."

"It is only the emu, sir," answered Reuben, carelessly. "He *will* spit, whatever happens. Where he gets it all from I can't think. He beats any sailor I ever knew at that; and yet he 's no tobacco-chewer, either. That 's a fine creature, ain't it, sir?"

He pointed to a magnificent Bengal tiger in a wooden cage above their heads, in which he was stretching himself (he could just do it, and only just) at full length, with his huge mouth distended in a prolonged yawn.

"He looks big enough and strong enough, but he 's not in first-rate condition, is he? If he was in India, I should almost have said, from the look of his skin, that he had taken to man-eating."

Reuben looked at his patron, admiringly. "Upon my life, sir, you seem to know almost everything. The fact is," he added, dropping his voice to a whisper, "the poor beast did commit himself in that way on shipboard. It was only a Lascar, so there was not much fuss made about it; but it shows what he 's made of. However, he 's bespoke by a travelling caravan, where he will be well looked after."

"Not the one my poor giant has joined, I do hope," returned the other, smiling.

"No, sir, no; he 's nothing to be afeared on in the way of

animals but a spotted woman. She 'll have him in the holy bonds of matrimony, if he don't look sharp, before the year's out. — What is it, my boy ? "

A sharp-looking little Jew had come in from the museum to speak with his master. "Please, sir, the Don has come. He says he will have no more shilly-shallying, but will you take the lady or will you not ? "

"Very good; tell him I will be with him directly. I am afraid I must leave you for half a minute, sir," said Reuben, apologetically.

"Don't mention it," said the visitor, carelessly. "But who is the Don, and, above all, who is the lady ? "

Well, the lady 's nothing, sir," returned Reuben, with a half-smile; "but as to the other, he 's a very ticklish customer. They call him the ' Don ' because of his looks and ways; but handsome is that handsome does, is my motto. In my opinion, this tiger here is more to be trusted. He 's a Mexican, over here for no good, I reckon, though he has brought me a rare piece of merchandise that may, perhaps, turn out trumps. The finest fellow to look at as ever I clapped my eyes on, but — "

"I 'll see him," interrupted the other, abruptly.

"I think it would be better not, your honor," hesitated Reuben. "If he only guessed — "

"Tchut! You need n't introduce me. A friend from the country who wants a lion; at all events, who wants to see one. Come ! "

Reuben shrugged his shoulders. He knew by experience that it was vain to argue with his patron, and led the way back to the museum. A tall fellow was standing with his back to them, teasing some lizards in a glass tank. He turned round with a frown that gave way at once to an insinuating smile upon perceiving that Reuben was not alone. He had not yet arrived at middle age, and even in his formal English dress, with a coarse wide-awake which made a poor substitute in point of picturesqueness for his native sombrero, was a splendidly handsome fellow. His fine eyes sparkled like diamonds, his teeth shone like pearls; his very beard had the gloss and shimmer of silk; his smile seemed to light up his fine features like a ball-room just prepared for its guests. A caviller might have objected that there was too much of brilliancy; otherwise he looked the *beau ideal* of manly beauty. His voice was low

and melodious, and the broken English in which he spoke gave it a touch of tenderness.

"I did not know you had a friend with you, Mr. Burzon," he said, raising his hat for one instant in graceful courtesy.

Reuben's patron did the like: the two men regarded one another with great intentness.

"I think we have met before," said the Englishman, in no very conciliatory tone. He had the air of one who is endeavoring to call something which is unpleasant to his own remembrance.

"It is possible; everything is possible, but it is not likely," was the airy rejoinder; "I have been but a few days in England." Then he turned to Reuben, as one who dismisses an uninteresting subject, and in a dry, quick way, observed, "Well, about the princess? Is it 'yes' or 'no'? I have other offers, and cannot afford to wait."

"This is the lady this gentleman has come about," said Reuben, throwing back the lid of a chest behind him. "She is three thousand years old, he tells me."

"And as fresh as a daisy," added the Mexican, sardonically.

The individual in question, whose face was thus disclosed, was very far from an attractive object. It was a mummy, though not swathed in bandages to the same extent as usual; it showed something of the human form; while the features, which were exposed, had even some tint of life. The hair, which was coal-black, remained on the skull; the lower jaw had dropped, showing the teeth and tongue. It was a weird and ghastly sight.

"You would hardly guess what that is, sir?" said Reuben, still addressing his patron.

"I have no need to guess. It is an Inca woman."

"Do you hear that?" said the Mexican, triumphantly. "The gentleman recognizes the lady. It is, you see, as I told you. Yes, she is a princess of the Incas, and dirt-cheap at fifty pounds."

"Is she yours to sell?" inquired the Englishman, quietly. "This inscription on the lid is a little suspicious."

"He told me that that was the Inca language," said Reuben, simply.

"Nevertheless, it is what is now spoken in Peru. How do you account"—here the old man turned to the Mexican with a

stern look — "for the words, 'Belonging to Government,' which I see inscribed here?"

"I account to nobody," returned the other, his face aglow with passion and his hand fingering his hip, as if for some weapon that was not in its accustomed place; "the mummy is mine. I suffer no human being to interfere with my affairs."

"Just so. You insist upon the rights of property. You were not always, however, such a conservative, if I remember right. Let us hope your ideas upon the sacredness of human life have undergone some change. You show your teeth; that is a mistake, my good sir, since it reminds those who have memories that you know only too well how to use them."

It is difficult to imagine how a handsome face can become hideous; but at these words of the Englishman the Mexican's features became not only terrible, but loathsome. Every evil passion that disfigures human nature seemed to crowd itself into one concentrated look of hate and rage as he replied, "You are safe to-day, my friend, but you will not be safe to-morrow; you may be safe to-morrow, but you will not be safe the next day: in my country, vengeance is a dish that we eat cold."

He turned upon his heel and left the house, though not as an ordinary man under the influence of passion would have left it. He walked softly, almost daintily, to the door, then turned round to smile — such a smile as Nero might have worn when the idea first struck him to set Rome alight — and swept his hat off, in grim *au revoir*, with the air of a natural Chesterfield.

"I think you will get your Inca princess for nothing, Reuben," observed the old man, with a dry chuckle.

"I hope not, sir; for to get it so might be to pay a great price for it," was the grave rejoinder. "That you have made that man your enemy is certain; though why he should have flown into such a passion just because you hinted at his being a thief, passes my comprehension."

"It was not *that*, Reuben; nobody minds one's knowing what everybody knows; but I have some private information respecting that gentleman. I met him once in his native land, where he was in hiding among the hills. He had got into trouble, like Mr. George Barnwell, for murdering his uncle; not that *that* is thought anything of in Mexico, but there were certain circumstances connected with his escape which rendered him unpopular. In that happy country no one is put to

death for crime, but is deported to an island off the mainland, and which is the home of yellow fever. The guards are changed every three weeks, which is an expensive item; on the other hand, no convict is alive after three months at farthest. Escape is considered impossible, as these men are manacled in pairs, and the mile of sea that lies between them and liberty is infested with sharks. Our friend the Don, however, was not one to be daunted by obstacles. He persuaded his fellow-captive to take to the water with him, and together they swam across in safety. His first act on getting to land was to kill his companion in misfortune, because he was an impediment to his own escape. But even then he had not got rid of him. The chain that united the dead with the living he found it impossible to break, and therefore he took to his teeth."

"You don't mean to say," exclaimed Reuben, incredulously, "that he bit through the chain?"

"No; he remembered the fable of the file and the serpent, and did not even try it; but he bit through his dead friend's wrist, and by that means obtained his liberty. His fellow-countrymen are not purists in such matters, but though they did not go the length of giving him up to justice, they never forgave him that expedient. They nicknamed him the 'man-eater,' and that is why, I fancy, my allusion to his splendid teeth put him out of temper."

"It is no joking matter, sir," said Reuben, earnestly; "you have made a most dangerous and mortal enemy."

"I have made many such," returned the other, contemptuously, "and overlived them all. Tchut! He is not worth a glance over the shoulder. Let us look at your Japanese jars."

Reuben's museum was in some respects like human nature; side by side with some revolting things, there were in it some very beautiful objects, the worth of which was only understood by a very few persons.

"The best I have are on commission," said Reuben; "and here, as it happens, comes the very man that owns them."

While he was speaking there entered a young sailor in a red shirt.

"Well," he said, addressing Reuben, and bestowing an easy nod on the stranger, "you 've been an all-fired time, you have, in selling those jars." They were very handsome jars, with a great deal of external work on them — cranes and water-fowl among reeds — and standing fully four feet high.

"This gentleman is looking at them," said Reuben, significantly, and with a look that would have imposed silence on any English vender under similar circumstances. But the newcomer was of that nation of whom it must surely have been written by prevision, "The tongue can no man tame."

"Let him look," continued the American; "they are things as can stand being looked at, them jars. A hundred and fifty pounds the pair is dirt-cheap. It 's only because I am afraid of those water-birds flying clean away — for they 're just as like as life — and leaving the jars plain, that I don't stand out for double the money." The possible purchaser here whispered something to Reuben, who, losing his habitual caution for the first time, replied, "Yes, Mr. Paton."

"Paton! Paton!" exclaimed the American, quickly, "I know that name. Now might you by any chance be Beryl Paton?"

"Beryl Paton is my name, sir," said the old gentleman, drawing himself up with stiffness.

"You don't say? Wal, now, that 's strange. Why, I knew your son Harry when he was in New York quite well."

"Did you? Then you knew one of the greatest blackguards that ever drew breath!" with which unexpected reply Mr. Beryl Paton spat on the ground and walked out of the house, slamming the door behind him.

Never did speech intended to be conciliatory receive such unsympathetic rejoinder.

"Wal, I *am* darned!" said the Yankee. "What on airth does it all mean?"

"It means," said Reuben, with a very blank face, "that we have made two enormous fools of ourselves; I for letting out that gentleman's name, and you for having lost the best chance you will ever have of selling those jars."

A Dumb Ally.

(From "Thicker than Water.")

Such was the turmoil of hate and passion produced upon Mr. Paton's mind by the mention of his dead son's name that he took no thought of whither he was going, but actually turned to the left hand instead of the right when he left Reuben's door. The present, with all its surroundings, was forgotten; the streets, and the motley crowd that thronged them, if they were reflected on the retina of his eye at all, conveyed no im-

pression to his brain; he walked on like a man in a dream — and an evil dream. He beheld again the boy who had been the hope of his life becoming, with frightful velocity, its despair; the flower of his pride and joy devoured by a canker-worm begotten of itself, till it perished loathsomely, leaving desolate the garden of his soul. He called to mind the seventy-and-seven times that he had forgiven his son for misdeeds that in another would have been past pardon, and the perjuries and ingratitude with which they had been repaid. Two incidents of the young man's vile and wasted life towered above all others, and cast a blacker shadow than the rest upon the tablets of unwilling memory: the one was the seduction of an orphan girl, his mother's frequent guest and life long *protégée;* the other, an attempt which had been within a hair's-breadth of success to put himself, Beryl Paton, into a mad-house. This was not the last straw that had broken the back of endurance — for all hope of compromise or reconciliation had long been at an end — but it was the act that had substituted for disappointment and disgust abhorrence, and had turned his angry blood to gall.

From henceforth the name of Henry Paton was wormwood to his father: lost, but not regretted; dead, but not forgiven; the memory of him was like some secret sin, accursed and never to be spoken of. All who knew Beryl Paton knew this; any one who did not know him, and who (as had just happened) by accident alluded to this painful subject, became in a manner involved in it, and shared some portion of his resentment.

A more wretched man than this master of millions, as he walked on, thinking of these things, with bent head, was hardly to be found. The Lascar he passed upon his way, in rags, and shivering in the summer heat; the Chinamen, poor as Job and as patient, enjoyed a happier lot, for a few pence could cause them to forget their misery in an opium dram; but for such pain as Beryl Paton suffered there was no anodyne, for such reflections no oblivion. The tumult within him was such that for hours he walked on without even consciousness of fatigue, or of the heat of the sun, which, unlike the fire within him, had indeed spent its force. He had long quitted the crowded thoroughfares and the neighborhood of the lower docks; the streets he threaded now were narrow and squalid, and their inhabitants seemed to have quitted them for the nonce for more attractive scenes, for they were almost empty. Presently he came to a creek, crossed by a swing-bridge protected only by

chains, with a small dock on the landward side. The tide was up, but there was no vessel in it. Not a human being was in sight; the road beyond led on to some marsh land, which no attempt had been made to put to any useful purpose. At this moment Beryl Paton heard rapid but stealthy footsteps behind him. He turned round with a mechanical impulse; for just then no incident, except so far that it was an interruption to his thoughts, had the slightest interest for him.

It was the Mexican, with something gleaming in his hand. The old man faced him without a tremor.

"English devil!" cried the other, as he drew near, "you will tell tales of me no more."

"You dog with the teeth!" returned the Englishman, "you will be hung like a dog."

He had nothing but his walking-stick, and it was by no means a stout one; but it is written even of the peaceful and occasionally fraudulent counter-jumper — being English — that on the approach of a foreign foe he will "strike with his yard-wand home;" and Beryl Paton was no counter-jumper. A man of courage from his birth, who had been face to face with death, afar from friends and home, half a dozen times, he was not a man to blanch from any personal danger, least of all when threatened by a scoundrel. What seems curious, existence, which five minutes before had appeared utterly valueless and a burden, grew suddenly precious to him. He had no expectation of preserving it, and he would have stooped to beg it of no man living, but he was resolved to sell it dearly. He was old, but the love of life was not dead within him.

It is not in those supreme moments in which are about to be decided the issues of life or death, that sublime thoughts present themselves; in personal combat the Vulgar prevails over the Heroic.

"At all events, I will spoil this blackguard's beauty for him," was the simple but forcible reflection that suggested itself to Beryl Paton; but, as it crossed his mind, another thought (to judge by the expression of his face) followed it, caught it, and obliterated it. "Mexican dog!" he cried, "look behind you."

The warning would have been unheeded, or taken as a *ruse*, perhaps, but that at the same moment there was a thunder of footsteps on the wooden bridge. It was the tread of a man, but it sounded like the tramp of a horse; one of those steeds of old, used for strength and not for fleetness, but which for a short

course would carry a rider in complete mail at speed in one of those mediæval "running-down" cases which were euphuistically called "jousts." Against such an antagonist, with his steam up, the slender Mexican, notwithstanding his long knife, would have had no more chance than had Saladin pitted against the Knight of the Leopard. Before he could turn and face him this moving tower of a man was upon him, and would have crushed him like that of Siloam had he been so minded. Only, not being stone and mortar, but flesh and blood endowed with intelligence, he adopted another method: with one hand he seized the wrist of the Mexican which held the knife, with the other the nape of his neck, and forcing him to the bridge-chains, toppled him over them into the deep dock before he had time to complete an execration.

Beryl Paton folded his arms and looked on with the air of a satisfied but unexcited spectator who sees beforehand how things must end; nor, till the splash arising from the displacement of the water had died away, did he move or speak. Then he said, with great deliberation and distinctness, —

"Why, Japhet, how came *you* here?"

As quick as words, but with his fingers (for the man was a deaf mute), came the dumb response, "My mistress sent me."

Beryl Paton knit his brow.

"Her commands were, sir," the man went on, "that I was to be no spy upon your movements, but that I was always to be at hand in case of need."

"And how long have you been dogging my footsteps?"

"I followed you until you entered the shop yonder," returned the other, indicating the direction from which he had come, "and when you came out I followed that gentleman." Here he pointed with a contemptuous finger to the dock beneath.

"Well, well, my brave fellow, you disobeyed orders, but Nelson did the like; you have saved your master's life, Japhet;" and Mr. Paton held out his hand.

The other, a broad-faced fellow, middle-aged, but with a boyish look, caused by the absence of beard or whisker, which, contrasting with his great bulk, gave him a very peculiar appearance, took his master's hand and raised it to his lips. The movement, so strangely out of character with his appearance, was not caused by enthusiasm; it was merely the result of habit, which led him to express all emotions by signs.

"As to this murderous scoundrel," observed the old man, quietly, "the dock, if it were but at the Old Bailey, would be the very place for him; I suppose, however, one must not leave him to drown."

"As you please, sir," returned the deaf mute, with a look of indifference. "Shall I go in after him?"

"Certainly not," replied the other, quickly; "I would not risk the loss of my walking-stick for such a cur."

He leaned over the bridge, and looked down into the dock with the same sort of disgust that one might contemplate a sewer with a rat in it.

The wretched Mexican, although, as we know, a magnificent swimmer, had been injured in his fall, and after a vain attempt to keep himself afloat by paddling, had contrived to catch hold of a rusty chain that hung down the steep, slimy side, for the accommodation of boatmen. He was very quiet, no doubt from the expectation — judging from what would have been his own conduct had he been in their place — that, if discovered to be alive, his enemies would make an end of him. Nevertheless, since to let go his hold was to drown, he permitted himself to be dragged up by the chain and deposited on the bridge, where they left him without a word — a pulpy mass, attractive only to the paper-maker.

JOHN PAYNE.

Payne, John, an English poet; born August 23, 1842. Beside admirable translations of "Villon's Poems" (1878), "The Arabian Nights" (1882), and "The Decameron" (1886), he is the author of "A Masque of Shadows" (1870); "Intaglios" (1871); "Songs of Life and Death" (1872); "Lautrec" (1878); "New Poems" (1880).

The Ballad of Shameful Death.

(From "Songs of Life and Death.")

I go to an evil death, to lie in a shameful grave,
And I know there is never a hope, and never a God that can save;
Yet I smile, for I know that the end of my toil and my striving is come, —
I shall sleep in the bosom of death, where the voice of the scorners is dumb.

I go in the felons' cart, with my hands bound fast with the cord,
And nothing of brave or bright in the death that I ride toward:
The people clamor and jeer with a fierce and an evil glee,
And the mothers and maids that pass do shudder to look on me.

For the deed that I did for men, the life that I crown with death,
Was a crime in the sight of all, a flame of the pest wind's breath; —
And the good and the gentle pass with a sad and a drooping head,
As I go to my punished crime, to lie with the felon dead.

But lo! I am joyful and proud, as one that is newly crowned:
I heed not the gibes and the sneers and the hates that compass me round;
I come not, with drooping head, to the death that a felon dies —
I come as a king to the feast, with a deathless light in mine eyes!

I ride with a dream in my eyes and the sound of a dream in mine ears,
And my spirit wanders again in the lapse of the bygone years;
I smile with the bygone hope, and I weep for the bygone grief,
And I weave me the olden plans for the world and the folk's relief. . . . .

It rises before me now, in its fragrance ever the same,
The day when my soul found peace, and my yearning soared like a flame,
The day when my shapeless thought took spirit and speech and form,
The day when I swore alone to front the fire and the storm.

It rises before me now, the little lane by the wood,
With the golden-harvested fields, where the corn in its armies stood,
The berries brown in the hedge, the eddying leaves in the breeze,
And the spirits that seemed to speak in the wind that sighed through the trees.

The path where I went alone, in the midst of the swaying sheaves,
Through the landscape glowing with gold and crimson of Autumn leaves;
The place where my full resolve rose out of my tears and sighs,
Where my life was builded for me, and my way lay clear in my eyes.

I mind me the words I spoke, the deeds that I did to save,
The life that I lived to rescue the world from its living grave;
I mind me the blows I smote at the thronèd falsehood and blame,
The comfort I spoke for the lost, the love that I gave to shame. . . .

I know that for many a year my life shall be veiled with shame,
That many an age shall hate me, and make a mock of my name;
I know that the fathers shall teach their children many a year
To hold my hope for a dread, and know my creed for a fear.

But I know that my work shall grow in the darkness ever the same;
Its seed shall stir in the earth in the shade of my evil fame;
My thought shall conquer and live, when the sound of my doom is fled,
And my name and my crime are buried, to lie with the unknown dead.

Wherefore I smile as I go, and the joy at my heart is strong,
And I gaze with a peace and a hope on the cruel glee of the throng;
I live in my thought and my love, I conquer time with my faith,
And I ride with a deathless hope to crown my living with death. . . .

And yonder on in the years, some few of the wise, peradventure,
Shall read in the things laid bare the truth of my life-long venture,

Shall see my life like a star in the shrouding mists of the ages,
And set my name for a light and a patriot's name in their pages.

And then shall the clearer thought and the tenderer sight fulfil
The things that I left unsaid, the words that are lacking still:
A poet shall set my name in the gold of his noble rhyme —
"Hated of men he died, in the heart of an evil time!"

Rococo.

(From "Intaglios.")

Straight and swift the swallows fly
To the sojourn of the sun;
All the golden year is done,
All the flower time flitted by;
Through the boughs the witch winds sigh:
But heart's summer is begun;
Life and love at last are one;
Love-lights glitter in the sky.
Summer days were soon outrun,
With the setting of the sun;
Love's delight is never done.
Let the turncoat roses die;
We are lovers, Love and I:
In Love's lips my roses lie.

Ad Dantem.

(From "Intaglios.")

To thee, my master, thee, my shining one,
Whose solitary face, immovable,
Burning athwart the midmost glooms of Hell,
Calls up stern shadows of the things undone,—
To thee, immortal, shining like the sun
In the mid-azure of Heaven's clearest bell,
Circled with radiances ineffable, —
These pale sad flowers I bring, — how hardly won
From this gray night of modern lovelessness,
How hardly and how wearily God knows!
These at thy feet I lay, whose hues confess
Thy mighty shade, if haply they may shine
With some pale reflex of that light divine
That ripples round thine own supernal rose.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

John Howard Payne, an American dramatist and actor, born at New York, June 9, 1792; died at Tunis, Africa, April 10, 1852. He early manifested a predilection for the stage, where he was hailed as "the young Roscius." At fourteen he edited the *Thespian Mirror*, and studied at Union College, where he edited the *Pastime*. In his sixteenth year he appeared at the Park Theater New York as "Young Norval." In 1813 he went to London, where he met with decided success. He remained in Europe until 1832, where he conducted a theatrical journal called the *Opera Glass*, and wrote several dramas, some of which were popular at the time, but none of them are now remembered, excepting "Brutus; or the Fall of Tarquin," and the opera of "Clari; or the Maid of Milan." In it occurs the song "Home, Sweet Home," which was sung by Miss M. Tree, sister of Mrs. Charles Kean. This song made the fortune of the opera and of the publishers, but the author reaped no pecuniary benefit. He was always in pecuniary straits, although from time to time he earned large sums of money. In 1841 he received the appointment of United States Consul at Tunis, which he retained until his death.

Home, Sweet Home.

(From "Clari; or the Maid of Milan.")

'Mid pleasure and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, home,
Sweet home!
There's no place like home —
There's no place like home.

An exile from home, pleasure dazzles in vain!
Ah! give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing sweetly that came to my call;
Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than all.

Home, home,
Sweet home!
There's no place like home —
There's no place like home.

The Roman Father.

(From "Brutus; or the Fall of Tarquin.")

Brutus — Romans, the blood which hath been shed this day
Hath been shed wisely. Traitors who conspire
Against mature societies, may urge
Their acts as bold and daring; and though villains,
Yet they are manly villains; but to stab
The cradled innocent, as these have done,
To strike their country in the mother-pangs
Of struggling child-birth, and direct the dagger
To freedom's infant throat, is a deed so black
That my foiled tongue refuses it a name.

[*A pause.*]

There is one criminal still left for judgment;
Let him approach.

Titus *is brought in by the Lictors.*

Prisoner —
Romans! forgive this agony of grief;
My heart is bursting, nature must have way —
I will perform all that a Roman should,
I cannot feel less than a father ought.

[*Gives a signal to the Lictors to fall back, and advances from the judgment-seat.*]

Well, Titus, speak, how is it with thee now?
Tell me, my son, art thou prepared to die?

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, an English satirical novelist and poet, born at Weymouth, Oct. 18, 1785; died at Halliford, Middlesex, Jan. 23, 1866. He entered the service of the East India Company in 1818, and retired on a pension in 1856. He was one of the executors of Shelley, of whose life he has given some account. Among his novels are: "Headlong Hall" (1816); "Melincourt" (1817); "Nightmare Abbey," and "Rhododaphne," a volume of verse (1818); "Maid Marian" (1822); "The Misfortunes of Elphin" (1829). "Crochet Castle" appeared in 1831. His latest novel was "Gryll Grange" (1861). An edition of his "Works," with a preface by Lord Houghton, was published in 1875, and another, edited by Richard Garnett, in 1891.

THE DISCOVERY.

(From "Nightmare Abbey.")

MR. GLOWRY was much surprised, on occasionally visiting Scythrop's tower, to find the door always locked, and to be kept sometimes waiting many minutes for admission; during which he invariably heard a heavy rolling round like that of a ponderous mangle, or of a wagon on a weighing-bridge, or of theatrical thunder.

He took little notice of this for some time: at length his curiosity was excited, and, one day, instead of knocking at the door, as usual, the instant he reached it he applied his ear to the keyhole, and like Bottom, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," "spied a voice," which he guessed to be of the feminine gender, and knew to be not Scythrop's, whose deeper tones he distinguished at intervals. Having attempted in vain to catch a syllable of the discourse, he knocked violently at the door, and roared for immediate admission. The voices ceased, the accustomed rolling sound was heard, the door opened, and Scythrop was discovered alone. Mr. Glowry looked round to every corner of the apartment, and then said, "Where is the lady?"

"The lady, sir?" said Scythrop.

"Yes, sir, the lady."

"Sir, I do not understand you."

"You don't, sir?"

"No, indeed, sir. There is no lady here."

"But, sir, this is not the only apartment in the tower, and I make no doubt there is a lady upstairs."

"You are welcome to search, sir."

"Yes, and while I am searching, she will slip out from some lurking place, and make her escape."

"You may lock this door, sir, and take the key with you."

"But there is the terrace door: she has escaped by the terrace."

"The terrace, sir, has no other outlet, and the walls are too high for a lady to jump down."

"Well, sir, give me the key."

Mr. Glowry took the key, searched every nook of the tower, and returned.

"You are a fox, Scythrop; you are an exceedingly cunning fox, with that demure visage of yours. What was that lumbering sound I heard before you opened the door?"

"Sound, sir?"

"Yes, sir, sound."

"My dear sir, I am not aware of any sound, except my great table, which I moved on rising to let you in."

"The table! — Let me see that. No, sir; not a tenth part heavy enough, not a tenth part."

"But, sir, you do not consider the laws of acoustics: a whisper becomes a peal of thunder in the focus of reverberation. Allow me to explain this: sounds striking on concave surfaces are reflected from them, and, after reflection, converge to points which are the foci of these surfaces. It follows, therefore, that the ear may be so placed in one, as that it shall hear a sound better than when situated nearer to the point of the first impulse: again, in the case of two concave surfaces placed opposite to each other" —

"Nonsense, sir. Don't tell me of foci. Pray, sir, will concave surfaces produce two voices when nobody speaks? I heard two voices, and one was feminine; feminine, sir: what say you to that?"

"Oh, sir, I perceive your mistake: I am writing a tragedy, and was acting over a scene to myself. To convince you, I will

give you a specimen; but you must first understand the plot. It is a tragedy on the German model. The Great Mogul is in exile, and has taken lodgings at Kensington, with his only daughter, the Princess Rantrorina, who takes in needlework, and keeps a day school. *The princess is discovered hemming a set of shirts for the parson of the parish: they are to be marked with a large R. Enter to her the Great Mogul. A pause, during which they look at each other expressively. The princess changes color several times. The Mogul takes snuff in great agitation. Several grains are heard to fall on the stage. His heart is seen to beat through his upper benjamin.* THE MOGUL (*with a mournful look at his left shoe*). — 'My shoe-string is broken.' THE PRINCESS (*after an interval of melancholy reflection*). — 'I know it.' THE MOGUL. — 'My second shoe-string! The first broke when I lost my empire: the second has broken to-day. When will my poor heart break?' THE PRINCESS. — 'Shoe-strings, hearts, and empires! Mysterious sympathy!'"

"Nonsense, sir," interrupted Mr. Glowry. "That is not at all like the voice I heard."

"But, sir," said Scythrop, "a keyhole may be so constructed as to act like an acoustic tube, and an acoustic tube, sir, will modify sound in a very remarkable manner. Consider the construction of the ear, and the nature and causes of sound. The external part of the ear is a cartilaginous funnel."

"It won't do, Scythrop. There is a girl concealed in this tower, and find her I will. There are such things as sliding panels and secret closets." — He sounded round the room with his cane, but detected no hollowness. — "I have heard, sir," he continued, "that during my absence, two years ago, you had a dumb carpenter closeted with you day after day. I did not dream that you were laying contrivances for carrying on secret intrigues. Young men will have their way: I had my way when I was a young man: but, sir, when your cousin Marionetta" —

Scythrop now saw that the affair was growing serious. To have clapped his hand upon his father's mouth, to have entreated him to be silent, would, in the first place, not have made him so; and, in the second, would have shown a dread of being overheard by somebody. His only resource, therefore, was to try to drown Mr. Glowry's voice; and, having no other subject, he continued (his description of the ear), raising his voice continually as Mr. Glowry raised his.

"When your cousin Marionetta," said Mr. Glowry, "whom you profess to love — whom you profess to love, sir" —

"The internal canal of the ear," said Scythrop, "is partly bony and partly cartilaginous. This internal canal is" —

"Is actually in the house, sir; and, when you are so shortly to be — as I expect" —

"Closed at the further end by the *membrana tympani*" —

"Joined together in holy matrimony" —

"Under which is carried a branch of the fifth pair of nerves" —

"I say, sir, when you are so shortly to be married to your cousin Marionetta" —

"The *cavitas tympani*" —

A loud noise was heard behind the bookcase, which, to the astonishment of Mr. Glowry, opened in the middle, and the massy compartments, with all their weight of books, receding from each other in the manner of a theatrical scene, with a heavy rolling sound (which Mr. Glowry immediately recognized to be the same which had excited his curiosity), disclosed an interior apartment, in the entrance of which stood the beautiful Stella, who, stepping forward, exclaimed, "Married! Is he going to be married? The profligate!"

"Really, madam," said Mr. Glowry, "I do not know what he is going to do, or what I am going to do, or what any one is going to do; for all this is incomprehensible."

"I can explain it all," said Scythrop, "in a most satisfactory manner, if you will but have the goodness to leave us alone."

"Pray, sir, to which act of the tragedy of the Great Mogul does this incident belong?"

"I entreat you, my dear sir, leave us alone."

Stella threw herself into a chair, and burst into a tempest of tears. Scythrop sat down by her, and took her hand. She snatched her hand away, and turned her back upon him. He rose, sat down on the other side, and took her other hand. She snatched it away, and turned from him again. Scythrop continued entreating Mr. Glowry to leave them alone; but the old gentleman was obstinate, and would not go.

"I suppose, after all," said Mr. Glowry maliciously, "it is only a phenomenon in acoustics, and this young lady is a reflection of sound from concave surfaces."

Some one tapped at the door: Mr. Glowry opened it, and Mr. Hilary entered. He had been seeking Mr. Glowry, and

had traced him to Scythrop's tower. He stood a few moments in silent surprise, and then addressed himself to Mr. Glowry for an explanation.

"The explanation," said Mr. Glowry, "is very satisfactory. The Great Mogul has taken lodgings at Kensington, and the external part of the ear is a cartilaginous funnel."

"Mr. Glowry, that is no explanation."

"Mr. Hilary, it is all I know about the matter."

"Sir, this pleasantry is very unseasonable. I perceive that my niece is sported with in a most unjustifiable manner, and I shall see if she will be more successful in obtaining an intelligible answer." And he departed in search of Marionetta.

Scythrop was now in a hopeless predicament. Mr. Hilary made a hue and cry in the abbey, and summoned his wife and Marionetta to Scythrop's apartment. The ladies, not knowing what was the matter, hastened in great consternation. Mr. Toobad saw them sweeping along the corridor, and judging from their manner that the devil had manifested his wrath in some new shape, followed from pure curiosity.

Scythrop meanwhile vainly endeavored to get rid of Mr. Glowry and to pacify Stella. The latter attempted to escape from the tower, declaring she would leave the abbey immediately, and he should never see her or hear of her more. Scythrop held her hand and detained her by force, till Mr. Hilary reappeared with Mrs. Hilary and Marionetta. Marionetta, seeing Scythrop grasping the hand of a strange beauty, fainted away in the arms of her aunt. Scythrop flew to her assistance; and Stella with redoubled anger sprang towards the door, but was intercepted in her intended flight by being caught in the arms of Mr. Toobad, who exclaimed — "Celinda!"

"Papa!" said the young lady disconsolately.

"The devil is come among you," said Mr. Toobad; "how came my daughter here?"

"Your daughter!" exclaimed Mr. Glowry.

"Your daughter!" exclaimed Scythrop and Mr. and Mrs. Hilary.

"Yes," said Mr. Toobad, "my daughter Celinda."

Marionetta opened her eyes and fixed them on Celinda; Celinda in return fixed hers on Marionetta. They were at remote points of the apartment. Scythrop was equidistant from both of them, central and motionless, like Mahomet's coffin.

"Mr. Glowry," said Mr. Toobad, "can you tell by what means my daughter came here?"

"I know no more," said Mr. Glowry, "than the Great Mogul."

"Mr. Scythrop," said Mr. Toobad, "how came my daughter here?"

"I did not know, sir, that the lady was your daughter."

"But how came she here?"

"By spontaneous locomotion," said Scythrop, sullenly.

"Celinda," said Mr. Toobad, "what does all this mean?"

"I really do not know, sir."

"This is most unaccountable. When I told you in London that I had chosen a husband for you, you thought proper to run away from him; and now to all appearance, you have run away to him."

"How, sir! was that your choice?"

"Precisely; and if he is yours too we shall be both of a mind, for the first time in our lives."

"He is not my choice, sir. This lady has a prior claim: I renounce him."

"And I renounce him," said Marionetta.

Scythrop knew not what to do. He could not attempt to conciliate the one without irreparably offending the other; and he was so fond of both, that the idea of depriving himself forever of the society of either was intolerable to him: he therefore retreated into his stronghold, mystery; maintained an impenetrable silence; and contented himself with stealing occasionally a deprecating glance at each of the objects of his idolatry. Mr. Toobad and Mr. Hilary, in the meantime, were each insisting on an explanation from Mr. Glowry, who they thought had been playing a double game on this occasion. Mr. Glowry was vainly endeavoring to persuade them of his innocence in the whole transaction. Mrs. Hilary was endeavoring to mediate between her husband and brother. The honorable Mr. Listless, the Reverend Mr. Larynx, Mr. Flosky, Mr. Asterias, and Aquarius, were attracted by the tumult to the scene of action, and were appealed to severally and conjointly by the respective disputants. Multitudinous questions, and answers *en masse*, composed a *charivari*, to which the genius of Rossini alone could have given a suitable accompaniment, and which was only terminated by Mrs. Hilary and Mr. Toobad retreating with the captive damsels. The whole party followed, with the exception of Scythrop, who threw him-

self into his armchair, crossed his left foot over his right knee, placed the hollow of his left hand on the interior ankle of his left leg, rested his right elbow on the elbow of the chair, placed the ball of his right thumb against his right temple, curved the forefinger along the upper part of his forehead, rested the point of the middle finger on the bridge of his nose, and the points of the two others on the lower part of the palm, fixed his eyes intently on the veins in the back of his left hand, and sat in this position like the immovable Theseus, who, as is well known to many who have not been at college, and to some few who have, *sedet, æternumque sedebit.* We hope the admirers of the *minutiæ* in poetry and romance will appreciate this accurate description of a pensive attitude.

Scythrop was still in this position when Raven entered to announce that dinner was on the table.

"I cannot come," said Scythrop.

Raven sighed. "Something is the matter," said Raven: "but man is born to trouble."

"Leave me," said Scythrop; "go, and croak elsewhere."

"Thus it is," said Raven. "Five-and-twenty years have I lived in Nightmare Abbey, and now all the reward of my affection is — Go, and croak elsewhere. I have danced you on my knee, and fed you with marrow."

"Good Raven," said Scythrop, "I entreat you to leave me."

"Shall I bring your dinner here?" said Raven. "A boiled fowl and a glass of Madeira are prescribed by the faculty in cases of low spirits. But you had better join the party: it is very much reduced already."

"Reduced! how?"

"The Honorable Mr. Listless is gone. He declared that, what with family quarrels in the morning, and ghosts at night, he could get neither sleep nor peace; and that the agitation was too much for his nerves: though Mr. Glowry assured him that the ghost was only poor Crow walking in his sleep, and that the shroud and bloody turban were a sheet and a red nightcap.

"Well, sir?"

"The Reverend Mr. Larynx has been called off on duty, to marry or bury (I don't know which) some unfortunate person or persons, at Claydyke; but man is born to trouble!"

"Is that all?"

"No. Mr. Toobad is gone too, and a strange lady with him."

"Gone!"

"Gone. And Mr. and Mrs. Hilary, and Miss O'Carroll: they are all gone. There is nobody left but Mr. Asterias and his son, and they are going to-night."

"Then I have lost them both."

"Won't you come to dinner?"

"No."

"Shall I bring your dinner here?"

"Yes."

"What will you have?"

"A pint of port and a pistol."

"A pistol!"

"And a pint of port. I will make my exit like Werter. Go. Stay. Did Miss O'Carroll say anything?"

"No."

"Did Miss Toobad say anything?"

"The strange lady? No."

"Did either of them cry?"

"No."

"What did they do?"

"Nothing."

"What did Mr. Toobad say?"

"He said, fifty times over, the devil was come among us."

"And they are gone?"

"Yes; and the dinner is getting cold. There is a time for everything under the sun. You may as well dine first, and be miserable afterwards."

"True, Raven. There is something in that. I will take your advice: therefore, bring me"—

"The port and the pistol?"

"No; the boiled fowl and Madeira."

Scythrop had dined, and was sipping his Madeira alone, immersed in melancholy musing, when Mr. Glowry entered, followed by Raven, who, having placed an additional glass and set a chair for Mr. Glowry, withdrew. Mr. Glowry sat down opposite Scythrop. After a pause, during which each filled and drank in silence, Mr. Glowry said, "So, sir, you have played your cards well. I proposed Miss Toobad to you: you refused her. Mr. Toobad proposed you to her: she refused you. You fell in love with Marionetta, and were going to poison yourself, because, from pure fatherly regard to your temporal interests, I withheld my consent. When, at length,

I offered you my consent, you told me I was too precipitate. And, after all, I find you and Miss Toobad living together in the same tower, and behaving in every respect like two plighted lovers. Now, sir, if there be any rational solution of all this absurdity, I shall be very much obliged to you for a small glimmering of information."

"The solution, sir, is of little moment; but I will leave it in writing for your satisfaction. The crisis of my fate is come; the world is a stage, and my direction is *exit*."

"Do not talk so, sir;—do not talk so, Scythrop. What would you have?"

"I would have my love."

"And pray, sir, who is your love?"

"Celinda — Marionetta — either — both."

"Both! That may do very well in a German tragedy; and the Great Mogul might have found it very feasible in his lodgings at Kensington; but it will not do in Lincolnshire. Will you have Miss Toobad?"

"Yes."

"And renounce Marionetta?"

"No."

"But you must renounce one."

"I cannot."

"And you cannot have both. What is to be done?"

"I must shoot myself."

"Don't talk so, Scythrop. Be rational, my dear Scythrop. Consider, and make a cool, calm choice, and I will exert myself in your behalf."

"Why should I choose, sir? Both have renounced *me:* I have no hope of either."

"Tell me which you will have, and I will plead your cause irresistibly."

"Well, sir,—I will have—no, sir, I cannot renounce either. I cannot choose either. I am doomed to be the victim of eternal disappointments; and I have no resource but a pistol."

"Scythrop—Scythrop;—if one of them should come to you—what then?"

"That, sir, might alter the case: but that cannot be."

"It can be, Scythrop; it will be: I promise you it will be. Have but a little patience—but a week's patience—and it shall be."

"A week, sir, is an age: but, to oblige you, as a last act of filial duty, I will live another week. It is now Thursday evening, twenty-five minutes past seven. At this hour and minute, on Thursday next, love and fate shall smile on me, or I will drink my last pint of port in this world."

Mr. Glowry ordered his traveling chariot, and departed from the abbey.

The Tower.

(From "Headlong Hall.")

In all the thoughts, words, and actions of Squire Headlong, there was a remarkable alacrity of progression, which almost annihilated the interval between conception and execution. He was utterly regardless of obstacles, and seemed to have expunged their very name from his vocabulary. His designs were never nipped in their infancy by the contemplation of those trivial difficulties which often turn away the current of enterprise; and, though the rapidity of his movements was sometimes arrested by a more formidable barrier, either naturally existing in the pursuit he had undertaken, or created by his own impetuosity, he seldom failed to succeed either in knocking it down or cutting his way through it. He had little idea of gradation: he saw no interval between the first step and the last, but pounced upon his object with the impetus of a mountain cataract. This rapidity of movement, indeed, subjected him to some disasters which cooler spirits would have escaped. He was an excellent sportsman, and almost always killed his game; but now and then he killed his dog. Rocks, streams, hedges, gates, and ditches were objects of no account in his estimation; though a dislocated shoulder, several severe bruises, and two or three narrow escapes for his neck, might have been expected to teach him a certain degree of caution in effecting his transitions. He was so singularly alert in climbing precipices and traversing torrents, that, when he went out on a shooting party, he was very soon left to continue his sport alone, for he was sure to dash up or down some nearly perpendicular path, where no one else had either ability or inclination to follow. He had a pleasure boat on the lake, which he steered with amazing dexterity; but as he always indulged himself in the utmost possible latitude of sail, he was occasionally upset by a sudden gust, and was indebted to

his skill in the art of swimming for the opportunity of tempering with a copious libation of wine the unnatural frigidity introduced into his stomach by the extraordinary intrusion of water, an element which he had religiously determined should never pass his lips, but of which, on these occasions, he was sometimes compelled to swallow no inconsiderable quantity. This circumstance alone, of the various disasters that befell him, occasioned him any permanent affliction, and he accordingly noted the day in his pocket-book as a *dies nefastus*, with this simple abstract, and brief chronicle of the calamity: *Mem. Swallowed two or three pints of water:* without any notice whatever of the concomitant circumstances. These days, of which there were several, were set apart in Headlong Hall for the purpose of anniversary expiation; and, as often as the day returned on which the Squire had swallowed water, he not only made a point of swallowing a treble allowance of wine himself, but imposed a heavy mulct on every one of his servants who should be detected in a state of sobriety after sunset: but their conduct on these occasions was so uniformly exemplary that no instance of the infliction of the penalty appears on record.

The Squire and Mr. Milestone, as we have already said, had set out immediately after breakfast to examine the capabilities of the scenery. The object that most attracted Mr. Milestone's admiration was a ruined tower on a projecting point of rock, almost totally overgrown with ivy. This ivy, Mr. Milestone observed, required trimming and clearing in various parts: a little pointing and polishing was also necessary for the dilapidated walls: and the whole effect would be materially increased by a plantation of spruce fir, interspersed with cypress and juniper, the present rugged and broken ascent from the land side being first converted into a beautiful slope, which might be easily effected by blowing up a part of the rock with gunpowder, laying on a quantity of fine mold, and covering the whole with an elegant stratum of turf.

Squire Headlong caught with avidity at this suggestion; and, as he had always a store of gunpowder in the house, for the accommodation of himself and his shooting visitors, and for the supply of a small battery of cannon, which he kept for his private amusement, he insisted on commencing operations immediately. Accordingly, he bounded back to the house, and very speedily returned, accompanied by the little butler, and half a dozen servants and laborers, with pickaxes and gunpowder,

a hanging stove and a poker, together with a basket of cold meat and two or three bottles of Madeira: for the Squire thought, with many others, that a copious supply of provision is a very necessary ingredient in all rural amusements.

Mr. Milestone superintended the proceedings. The rock was excavated, the powder introduced, the apertures strongly blockaded with fragments of stone: a long train was laid to a spot which Mr. Milestone fixed on as sufficiently remote from the possibility of harm: the Squire seized the poker, and, after flourishing it in the air with a degree of dexterity which induced the rest of the party to leave him in solitary possession of an extensive circumference, applied the end of it to the train; and the rapidly communicated ignition ran hissing along the surface of the soil.

At this critical moment, Mr. Cranium and Mr. Panscope appeared at the top of the tower, which, unseeing and unseen, they had ascended on the opposite side to that where the Squire and Mr. Milestone were conducting their operations. Their sudden appearance a little dismayed the Squire, who, however, comforted himself with the reflection that the tower was perfectly safe, or at least was intended to be so, and that his friends were in no probable danger but of a knock on the head from a flying fragment of stone.

The succession of these thoughts in the mind of the Squire was commensurate in rapidity to the progress of the ignition, which having reached its extremity, the explosion took place, and the shattered rock was hurled into the air in the midst of fire and smoke.

Mr. Milestone had properly calculated the force of the explosion; for the tower remained untouched: but the Squire, in his consolatory reflections, had omitted the consideration of the influence of sudden fear, which had so violent an effect on Mr. Cranium, who was just commencing a speech concerning the very fine prospect from the top of the tower, that, cutting short the thread of his observations, he bounded, under the elastic influence of terror, several feet into the air. His ascent being unluckily a little out of the perpendicular, he descended with a proportionate curve from the apex of his projection, and alighted not on the wall of the tower, but in an ivy-bush by its side, which, giving way beneath him, transferred him to a tuft of hazel at its base, which, after upholding him an instant, consigned him to the boughs of an ash that had rooted itself in a

fissure about half-way down the rock, which finally transmitted him to the waters below.

Squire Headlong anxiously watched the tower as the smoke which at first enveloped it rolled away; but when this shadowy curtain was withdrawn, and Mr. Panscope was discovered, *solus*, in a tragical attitude, his apprehensions became boundless, and he concluded that the unlucky collision of a flying fragment of rock had indeed emancipated the spirit of the craniologist from its terrestrial bondage.

Mr. Escot had considerably outstripped his companions, and arrived at the scene of the disaster just as Mr. Cranium, being utterly destitute of natatorial skill, was in imminent danger of final submersion. The deteriorationist, who had cultivated this valuable art with great success, immediately plunged in to his assistance, and brought him alive and in safety to a shelving part of the shore. Their landing was hailed with a view-holla from the delighted Squire, who, shaking them both heartily by the hand, and making ten thousand lame apologies to Mr. Cranium, concluded by asking, in a pathetic tone, *How much water he had swallowed;* and without waiting for his answer, filled a large tumbler with Madeira, and insisted on his tossing it off, which was no sooner said than done. Mr. Jenkison and Mr. Foster now made their appearance. Mr. Panscope descended the tower, which he vowed never again to approach within a quarter of a mile. The tumbler of Madeira was replenished, and handed round to recruit the spirits of the party, which now began to move towards Headlong Hall, the Squire capering for joy in the van, and the little fat butler waddling in the rear.

The Squire took care that Mr. Cranium should be seated next to him at dinner, and plied him so hard with Madeira to prevent him, as he said, from taking cold, that long before the ladies sent in their summons to coffee, every organ in his brain was in a complete state of revolution, and the Squire was under the necessity of ringing for three or four servants to carry him to bed, observing, with a smile of great satisfaction, that he was in a very excellent way for escaping any ill consequences that might have resulted from his accident.

The beautiful Cephalis, being thus freed from his *surveillance*, was enabled, during the course of the evening, to develop to his preserver the full extent of her gratitude.

The Proposals.

The chorus which celebrated the antiquity of her lineage had been ringing all night in the ears of Miss Brindle-mew Grimalkin Phœbe Tabitha Ap-Headlong, when, taking the Squire aside, while the visitors were sipping their tea and coffee, "Nephew Harry," said she, "I have been noting your behavior, during the several stages of the ball and supper; and, though I cannot tax you with any want of gallantry, for you are a very gallant young man, Nephew Harry, very gallant — I wish I could say as much for every one" (added she, throwing a spiteful look towards a distant corner, where Mr. Jenkison was sitting with great *nonchalance*, and at the moment dipping a rusk in a cup of chocolate); "but I lament to perceive that you were at least as pleased with your lakes of milk-punch, and your bottles of Champagne and Burgundy, as with any of your delightful partners. Now, though I can readily excuse this degree of incombustibility in the descendant of a family so remarkable in all ages for personal beauty as ours, yet I lament it exceedingly, when I consider that, in conjunction with your present predilection for the easy life of a bachelor, it may possibly prove the means of causing our ancient genealogical tree, which has its roots, if I may so speak, in the foundations of the world, to terminate suddenly in a point: unless you feel yourself moved by my exhortations to follow the example of all your ancestors, by choosing yourself a fitting and suitable helpmate to immortalize the pedigree of Headlong Ap-Rhaiader."

"Egad!" said Squire Headlong, "that is very true, I'll marry directly. A good opportunity to fix on some one, now they are all here; and I'll pop the question without further ceremony."

"What think you," said the old lady, "of Miss Nanny Glen-Du, the lineal descendant of Llewelyn Ap-Yorwerth?"

"She won't do," said Squire Headlong.

"What say you, then," said the lady, "to Miss Williams, of Pontyglasrhydyrallt, the descendant of the ancient family of ——?"

"I don't like her," said Squire Headlong; "and as to her ancient family, that is a matter of no consequence. I have antiquity enough for two. They are all moderns, people of yesterday, in comparison with us. What signify six or seven centuries, which are the most they can make up?"

"Why, to be sure," said the aunt, "on that view of the question, it is no consequence. What think you, then, of Miss Owen, of Nidd-y-Gygfraen? She will have six thousand a year."

"I would not have her," said Squire Headlong, "if she had fifty. I'll think of somebody presently. I should like to be married on the same day with Caprioletta."

"Caprioletta!" said Miss Brindle-mew; "without my being consulted!"

"Consulted!" said the Squire: "I was commissioned to tell you, but somehow or other I let it slip. However, she is going to be married to my friend Mr. Foster, the philosopher."

"Oh!" said the maiden aunt, "that a daughter of our ancient family should marry a philosopher! It is enough to make the bones of all the Ap-Rhaiaders turn in their graves!"

"I happen to be more enlightened," said Squire Headlong, "than any of my ancestors were. Besides, it is Caprioletta's affair, not mine. I tell you, the matter is settled, fixed, determined; and so am I, to be married on the same day. I don't know, now I think of it, whom I can choose better than one of the daughters of my friend Chromatic."

"A Saxon!" said the aunt, turning up her nose, and was commencing a vehement remonstrance; but the Squire, exclaiming "Music has charms!" flew over to Mr. Chromatic, and, with a hearty slap on the shoulder, asked him "how he should like him for a son-in-law." Mr. Chromatic, rubbing his shoulder, and highly delighted with the proposal, answered, "Very much indeed:" but, proceeding to ascertain which of his daughters had captivated the Squire, the Squire demurred, and was unable to satisfy his curiosity. "I hope," said Mr. Chromatic, "it may be Tenorina; for I imagine Graziosa has conceived a *penchant* for Sir Patrick O'Prism."—"Tenorina, exactly," said Squire Headlong; and became so impatient to bring the matter to a conclusion, that Mr. Chromatic undertook to communicate with his daughter immediately. The young lady proved to be as ready as the Squire, and the preliminaries were arranged in little more than five minutes.

Mr. Chromatic's words, that he imagined his daughter Graziosa had conceived a *penchant* for Sir Patrick O'Prism, were not lost on the Squire, who at once determined to have as many companions in the scrape as possible, and who, as soon as he could tear himself from Mrs. Headlong elect, took three

flying bounds across the room to the baronet, and said, "So, Sir Patrick, I find you and I are going to be married?"

"Are we?" said Sir Patrick: "then sure won't I wish you joy, and myself too? for this is the first I have heard of it."

"Well," said Squire Headlong, "I have made up my mind to it, and you must not disappoint me."

"To be sure I won't, if I can help it," said Sir Patrick; "and I am very much obliged to you for taking so much trouble off my hands. And pray, now, who is it that I am to be metamorphosing into Lady O'Prism?"

"Miss Graziosa Chromatic," said the Squire.

"Och violet and vermilion!" said Sir Patrick; "though I never thought of it before, I daresay she will suit me as well as another: but then you must persuade the ould Orpheus to draw out a few *notes* of rather a more magical description than those he is so fond of scraping on his crazy violin."

"To be sure he shall," said the Squire; and, immediately returning to Mr. Chromatic, concluded the negotiation for Sir Patrick as expeditiously as he had done for himself.

The Squire next addressed himself to Mr. Escot: "Here are three couple of us going to throw off together, with the Reverend Doctor Gaster for whipper-in: now, I think you cannot do better than make the fourth with Miss Cephalis; and then, as my father-in-law that is to be would say, we shall compose a very harmonious octave."

"Indeed," said Mr. Escot, "nothing would be more agreeable to both of us than such an arrangement; but the old gentleman, since I first knew him, has changed, like the rest of the world, very lamentably for the worse: now, we wish to bring him to reason, if possible, though we mean to dispense with his consent if he should prove much longer refractory."

"I'll settle him," said Squire Headlong; and immediately posted up to Mr. Cranium, informing him that four marriages were about to take place by way of a merry winding-up of the Christmas festivities.

"Indeed!" said Mr. Cranium; "and who are the parties?"

"In the first place," said the Squire, "my sister and Mr. Foster: in the second, Miss Graziosa Chromatic and Sir Patrick O'Prism: in the third, Miss Tenorina Chromatic and your humble servant: and in the fourth, to which, by the bye, your consent is wanted"—

"Oho!" said Mr. Cranium.

"Your daughter," said Squire Headlong.

"And Mr. Panscope?" said Mr. Cranium.

"And Mr. Escot," said Squire Headlong. "What would you have better? He has ten thousand virtues."

"So has Mr. Panscope," said Mr. Cranium, "he has ten thousand a year."

"Virtues?" said Squire Headlong.

"Pounds," said Mr. Cranium.

"I have set my mind on Mr. Escot," said the Squire.

"I am much obliged to you," said Mr. Cranium, "for dethroning me from my paternal authority."

"Who fished you out of the water?" said Squire Headlong.

"What is that to the purpose?" said Mr. Cranium. "The whole process of the action was mechanical and necessary. The application of the poker necessitated the ignition of the powder: the ignition necessitated the explosion: the explosion necessitated my sudden fright, which necessitated my sudden jump, which, from a necessity equally powerful, was in a curvilinear ascent: the descent being in a corresponding curve, and commencing at a point perpendicular to the extreme line of the edge of the tower, I was, by the necessity of gravitation, attracted first through the ivy, and secondly through the hazel, and thirdly through the ash, into the water beneath. The motive or impulse thus adhibited in the person of a drowning man was as powerful on his material compages as the force of gravitation on mine; and he could no more help jumping into the water than I could help falling into it."

"All perfectly true," said Squire Headlong; "and, on the same principle, you make no distinction between the man who knocks you down and him who picks you up."

"I make this distinction," said Mr. Cranium, "that I avoid the former as a machine containing a peculiar *cataballitive* quality, which I have found to be not consentaneous to my mode of pleasurable existence; but I attach no moral merit or demerit to either of them, as these terms are usually employed, seeing that they are equally creatures of necessity, and must act as they do from the nature of their organization. I no more blame or praise a man for what is called vice or virtue, than I tax a tuft of hemlock with malevolence, or discover great philanthropy in a field of potatoes, seeing that the men and the plants are equally incapacitated, by their original internal organization, and the combinations and modifications of exter-

nal circumstances, from being anything but what they are. *Quod victus fateare necesse est.*"

"Yet you destroy the hemlock," said Squire Headlong, "and cultivate the potato; that is my way, at least."

"I do," said Mr. Cranium; "because I know that the farinaceous qualities of the potato will tend to preserve the great requisites of unity and coalescence in the various constituent portions of my animal republic; and that the hemlock, if gathered by mistake for parsley, chopped up small with butter, and eaten with a boiled chicken, would necessitate a great derangement, and perhaps a total decomposition, of my corporeal mechanism."

"Very well," said the Squire; "then you are necessitated to like Mr. Escot better than Mr. Panscope?"

"That is a *non sequitur*," said Mr. Cranium.

"Then this is a *sequitur*," said the Squire: "your daughter and Mr. Escot are necessitated to love one another; and, unless you feel necessitated to adhibit your consent, they will feel necessitated to dispense with it; since it does appear to moral and political economists to be essentially inherent in the eternal fitness of things."

Mr. Cranium fell into a profound reverie: emerging from which, he said, looking Squire Headlong full in the face, "Do you think Mr. Escot would give me that skull?"

"Skull!" said Squire Headlong.

"Yes," said Mr. Cranium, "the skull of Cadwallader."

"To be sure he will," said the Squire.

"Ascertain the point," said Mr. Cranium.

"How can you doubt it?" said the Squire.

"I simply know," said Mr. Cranium, "that if it were once in my possession, I would not part with it for any acquisition on earth, much less for a wife. I have had one: and, as marriage has been compared to a pill, I can very safely assert that *one is a dose;* and my reason for thinking that he will not part with it is, that its extraordinary magnitude tends to support his system, as much as its very marked protuberances tend to support mine; and you know his own system is of all things the dearest to every man of liberal thinking and a philosophical tendency."

The Squire flew over to Mr. Escot. "I told you," said he, "I would settle him: but there is a very hard condition attached to his compliance."

"I submit to it," said Mr. Escot, "be it what it may."

"Nothing less," said Squire Headlong, "than the absolute and unconditional surrender of the skull of Cadwallader."

"I resign it," said Mr. Escot.

"The skull is yours," said the Squire, skipping over to Mr. Cranium.

"I am perfectly satisfied," said Mr. Cranium.

"The lady is yours," said the Squire, skipping back to Mr. Escot.

"I am the happiest man alive," said Mr. Escot.

"Come," said the Squire, "then there is an amelioration in the state of the sensitive man."

"A slight oscillation of good in the instance of a solitary individual," answered Mr. Escot, "by no means affects the solidity of my opinions concerning the general deterioration of the civilized world; which when I can be induced to contemplate with feelings of satisfaction, I doubt not but that I may be persuaded *to be in love with tortures, and to think charitably of the rack.*"

Saying these words, he flew off as nimbly as Squire Headlong himself, to impart the happy intelligence to his beautiful Cephalis.

Mr. Cranium now walked up to Mr. Panscope, to condole with him on the disappointment of their mutual hopes. Mr. Panscope begged him not to distress himself on the subject, observing that the monotonous system of female education brought every individual of the sex to so remarkable an approximation of similarity, that no wise man would suffer himself to be annoyed by a loss so easily repaired; and that there was much truth, though not much elegance, in a remark which he had heard made on a similar occasion by a post-captain of his acquaintance, "that there never was a fish taken out of the sea, but left another as good behind."

In the meanwhile, a great confusion had arisen at the outer doors, the departure of the ball-visitors being impeded by a circumstance which the experience of ages had discovered no means to obviate. The grooms, coachmen, and postilions were all drunk. It was proposed that the gentlemen should officiate in their places: but the gentlemen were almost all in the same condition. This was a fearful dilemma: but a very diligent investigation brought to light a few servants and a few gentlemen not above *half-seas-over;* and by an equitable distribution of these rarities, the greater part of the guests were enabled to set forward, with very nearly an even chance of not having their necks broken before they reached home.

HARRY THURSTON PECK.

PECK, HARRY THURSTON, an American scholar and literary critic; born at Stamford, Conn., in 1856. He was graduated from Columbia College in 1881, and has been professor of Latin in that institution, now Columbia University, from 1886. Since 1895 he has been the American editor of "The Bookman." Among his works, original and edited, are "The Semitic Theory of Creation" (1886); "Suetonius" (1889); "Latin Pronunciation" (1890); "Dictionary of Classical Antiquities and Literature" (1897); "The Adventures of Mabel" (1897); "The Personal Equation" (1898); "Trimalchio's Dinner," a translation from Petronius (1898).

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN IN LIVERPOOL.[1]

THERE is one European city which nearly every travelling American at some time or other visits, but which he never really knows. This is Liverpool, the front door of Europe, and to the vast majority of tourists the front door only. When the huge steamer heaves its great side against the slanting gangways of the Landing Stage, and the voyager sets his feet firmly upon them with the keen joy of being once more on land, his thought is not of Liverpool, but leaps at once to bournes beyond this dull gray sky and this maze of dingy streets. And so, after he has had his amicable two-minute interview with the British customs inspector, who obligingly sticks little labels on the luggage and blandly ignores the half-concealed cigars that must last for many a long day in the land of poor tobacco, the American jumps into a contiguous four-wheeler and rattles on his way, with high thoughts and a happy heart. He may sometimes, to be sure, partake of a hasty meal at the Adelphi Hotel, where he will be served by the most insolent German waiters that can be found in Europe; but this will be the extent of his experience with Liverpool. In an hour or two he will be crossing over the ferry to Birkenhead to visit

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THE WELLINGTON COLUMN

(*Liverpool, England*)

Chester, with its double-decked streets and lustrous ivies, and beautiful stretches of greenery; or he will be reclining luxuriously in a well-padded railway carriage, speeding along between hedgerows and scarlet-sprinkled meadows, with the fascinating zest of one whose vacation is still before him, whose letter of credit is still untouched, and who is eagerly anticipating all the undefined, mysterious delights of mighty London.

But to him Liverpool itself is nothing. It is not particularly old. It is not "historical." Baedeker tells of nothing there which seems especially attractive. It is just a big, commonplace, uninteresting British town with commerce, shipping, railway facilities, and a large but not distinguished population. Why should a tourist who has yet to visit historic England and all the Continent waste any time in Liverpool? And, in fact, he does n't.

Yet there is quite another side to this. There are some travellers who, while fully capable of drawing inspiration from historic scenes, and of appreciating all the glories of tower and castle and cathedral, are still beset by a desire to study human beings also, and who find these no less interesting than the storied relics of the past. They like to prowl about in unfamiliar corners, to chat with the casual native, to sit in the public parks and watch the unconscious throng, to see the popular amusements, and, in other words, to understand the daily life and thought and habits of the men and women who make up the mass of every nation. And after they have gone about for awhile, they manage to divest themselves of that beautifully American conception of what foreign travel really means, which has been cleverly epitomized as "rushing madly from one strange bed to another with a perpetual cinder in one's eye." They think it better in the end to see a little and to see it thoroughly, and thus to bring home some definite food for thought, rather than to bewilder their brains and memories with a mad mirage in which palaces and prisons, cafés and castles, time-tables and buffet-restaurants, are all whirling forever in a wild and quite inextricable dance.

To those who have made at last this valuable discovery, the present writer earnestly commends the town of Liverpool as having claims upon their time. It is here that one may get to know the modern Briton as he is to-day, unglorified by any romantic halo from the past. When you see him in the shadow of the great Abbey, or on the terrace of the Houses, or in the

cloisters of old Canterbury, or by the peaceful ripple of the Avon, or when you are yourself under the potent spell that Oxford casts upon your imagination, it is not the average Briton of to-day that you are contemplating. You behold unconsciously in him the representative of a mighty race — the race that is both England's and our own, the race that was born to build and civilize and conquer; and however commonplace he may really be he carries with him something of the glamour that makes the Anglo-Saxon heart all over this terrestrial globe experience a responsive thrill at the names of Runnymede, and Stratford, and Westminster, and Waterloo.

And so if you wish to know the modern every-day Briton entirely *per se*, and to understand him as he actually is, you must be sure to catch him in some such place as Liverpool, where his environment is one that is in harmony with his actual temperament, and is not romantic, nor yet steeped in memories of the past; but where you will perceive with a clear, achromatic vision the creature as he really is — a stodgy, pursy, pig-headed, obstinate, immovable, masterful, tenacious creature — a creature to make you despair of him for his crass philistinism, and admire him beyond the power of expression for his inherent force and illimitable efficiency.

Therefore, if perchance a tourist whose experience is one of several seasons, and who finds pleasure in pursuing the *Culturgeschichte*, ever comes to read these pages, let him make a note of this advice. When next he lands at Liverpool, he is not to hurry on to other and more superficially attractive places; but he is to call his cab and leisurely betake himself to Mr. Russell's excellent hotel in Church Street — which is one of the best-kept inns the present writer has ever found in any country — and let him there commit his luggage to the porter and his appetite to the personage who rules the cosy little breakfast-room. And after he has eaten of the light and spongy muffins, and done justice to the succulent chops that show the loving touch of the hissing grill, and after he has disposed of other plain but satisfying British viands, and has soothed his spirit with one of his remaining American cigars, then let him stroll out into the highways, past the velvet greensward of the pro-cathedral gardens and the queer little brown pro-cathedral itself trying hard to assert its temporary dignity, and let him keep his eyes wide open for the incidents and oddities of Liverpudlian life.

He will see uncounted thousands of the Britons who are quite unknown to fame, who have no share in parliaments or pageants, who are not even members of the county yeomanry, who do not legislate or serve as soldiers, but who just make their daily bread in shops and warehouses, and who have good digestions and a happy absence of imagination. He will read their business signs couched in the neo-British dialect of to-day inviting him to enter and purchase, or to pay an especial visit to the house of "Liverpool's Leading Booters" — a word which we cheerfully present to Professor Brander Matthews for his next supplementary list of Briticisms. He will ramble through Williamson Square, the Bowery of Liverpool, where they do such things and they say such things every evening in the week, and where he may attend a "smoking concert," at which he will be asked to sing a ditty when his turn comes around. He will be pleased to observe near the Prince's Park two small dissenting chapels that are evidently rivals in the work of saving souls; for each has a large tin sign inviting spiritual custom. Both salute the wayfarer with "Welcome All!" but one describes its exercises alliteratively as "Brief, Bright, and Brotherly," while the other, with perhaps a profounder psychological insight into human nature, says nothing about the brightness or the brotherliness, but gets down to a definite basis on the question of brevity in announcing (as though it were a surgical operation) that "All Is Over in One Hour," adding also still more reassuringly, "Sermon Positively Only Fifteen Minutes."

Then there is that picturesquely named locality, the Back Goree, which I once innocently supposed to be the lair of pirates, and crossed by noisome lanes, and filled with the haunts of the evil, but in which an actual inspection disclosed nothing more terrifying than a few mouldy naval stores, and no one more formidable than a beery mariner, who stood in the door of an eating-house chewing a long, yellow straw. This eating-house has a red and white sign, which displays the names of the viands obtainable there, among them "Hot Pot," "Raspberry Sandwiches," "Eccles Cakes," and other (to me) unknown British delicacies. I have often wished that I could eat some Hot Pot and an Eccles Cake, but somehow my gastronomic courage has always failed me, blighted perhaps by the warm breath of cabbage-soup, whose odor gushes violently and perpetually through the open doorway. He who is equally

timorous and unenterprising can find a safer place for the satisfaction of his appetite at the Bear's Paw, a vast and flourishing restaurant, whose *menu* is printed on a piece of brown paper about as large as a horse-blanket, and is as full of capital letters and exclamation-points as an American newspaper at election time. One does not readily grasp the full meaning of such capitalized warnings as "No Follows of Asparagus!" but any one with a sense of style can appreciate the Tacitean brevity of the elliptical note, "Hot Mashed Goes with the Joint." And — well, there is a good deal of ethnic instruction to be gleaned quietly in the streets of Liverpool, and what has been set forth above is given only by way of illustration.

Some time ago I happened to be spending a little time there, having arrived a few days in advance of the sailing of my steamer. It was not the first visit, nor the second, nor the third; and so the hours passed rather slowly, and when the evening came I turned to the theatres in quest of amusement and diversion. Oddly enough, at both the leading houses the stage was held by plays relating to American manners. At the first a drama whose name I cannot now recall was billed as "A Thrilling Picture of Far Western Life!" From the advertisement it appeared that the scene was laid, with a slight geographical misfit, in Denver, Nebraska; and by an excess of generosity on the part of the playwright two villains were provided — one being Colonel Esek Slodge and the other plain Joe Williams. A foot-note added the enticing promise "In the Fifth Act, Joe Williams is Hanged in Full Sight of the Audience!" I rather wished to see that play, but somehow or other the hanging of Joe Williams seemed to lack some of the essential elements of cheerfulness, and so I turned to the other theatre as a *pis aller*.

Its bill-boards vividly announced the "Protracted and Expensive Engagement of the Celebrated American Actor, Mr. Blank Blank," with a company described as "A Galaxy of the Best Histrionic Talent in the States." Furthermore, one was informed (in smaller letters) that "all parts being filled by Americans, this presentation affords a vivid, realistic picture of contemporary American life, as delineated in that most famous of all American plays, entitled Uncle Tom's Cabin." After reading this, especially the allusion to "contemporary American life," there was really nothing to do but to get a ticket and go; and the expenditure of five shillings secured one

of the best seats in the house, ensconced in which the present writer saw the curtain rise promptly at eight o'clock, disclosing the family mansion of Mr. Shelby in Kentucky, with the negro quarters adjacent to it.

The scene was one of surpassing beauty and, above all, of realism. The Shelby mansion was of white marble with Italian pillars, and it was embowered in palm-trees and other tropical foliage, while far away in the background stretched the blue waters of an inland sea, not usually recorded on the maps, and upon which were to be descried a few stray gondolas; for every one is well aware that the gondola is a favorite means of locomotion with the natives of Kentucky. The scene was so very beautiful, in fact, that one at first forgot to be surprised at the close proximity of the negro quarters to the white marble mansion; for the distance between the two was, on a liberal estimate, six paces, so that the Shelby family were probably at times quite well informed of the progress of the cookery of their domestics. But it was soon obvious just why the quarters were so near the mansion. It was to enable the Shelbys to glut themselves with negro minstrelsy at any hour of the day and night; for presently the hands emerged and sang a hymn, a proceeding which they repeated at regular intervals like a cuckoo-clock all through the act. And when they did so, the Shelbys always suspended any other occupation and struck attitudes all over the place and listened. Mr. Shelby was a fine figure of a man. He wore jack-boots and white duck trousers, while Mrs. Shelby at 3 P. M. appeared in a low-necked dress and a tiara of precious stones. When it subsequently transpired that the Shelbys were deeply in debt, and that the white marble mansion was mortgaged up to its fastigium, I could n't help thinking that Mrs. Shelby might have raised a little money on her tiara instead of weakly consenting to the sale of George Harris and Eliza, and of poor Uncle Tom, all of whom presently appeared while the hands were singing their seventh hymn. George Harris was undoubtedly a typical mulatto slave, because the play-bill said so; but if I had seen him anywhere else I should have taken him for Albert Chevalier doing a coster turn. Uncle Tom was nice and black. When he was summoned to appear, in order that he might be informed that he had been sold to the heartless Haley, he came directly from working in the fields, and he had white cotton gloves on, such as were doubtless always worn at

the South by the better class of slaves when hoeing corn and digging sweet potatoes. He had a fine deep voice and a rich Whitechapel accent; and when he was informed that he had been sold to Haley, he observed with some emotion that it was very 'ard. But there was no help for it; so he had to go, but not before he, too, had sung a hymn, and listened to the rendering of still another by his fellow-slaves.

George and Eliza, however, had more spirit than Uncle Tom; for they resolved to run away; and they did so while Haley was obligingly looking at the inland sea and the gondolas, and perhaps composing poetry; for he failed to hear a word of their intention, though it was discussed by them in a loud and carrying tone of voice. When he did discover it, they had already gone, and then he promptly called for bloodhounds and set off in hot pursuit, waiting, however, to hear the field hands give a rendering of one final hymn, and also the encores for which the audience very kindly called, perhaps to give Eliza and her child a better start.

The beginning of the second act revealed a tavern on the banks of the Ohio River, to which place Eliza had succeeded in escaping. The tavern was simply but sufficiently furnished with one deal table and two chairs, and it had a large window which commanded a sweeping view of the river. And here one discovered a remarkable fact as to the variations of climate that can be found in Kentucky; for whereas the Shelby estate, when Eliza left it, was enjoying a tropical summer, the broad Ohio, on the borders of the same State, was full of icebergs. Of course it is possible to suppose that she had consumed six months or so in reaching the river, and had thus given the season time to change; but the speed with which she rushed in seemed to make this hypothesis untenable. Haley and the bloodhounds were on her track; and already a large poster on the wall of the tavern proclaimed "One Hundred Pounds Reward for a Runaway Slave," from which it appeared that Kentuckians prefer the English monetary system. As soon as Eliza saw the poster she felt faint and sat down on one of the chairs; and when Phineas Fletcher presently came in, she confided in him at once, because he was a Quaker, and said "thee" and "thou," and because, as she told him, he had so good and kind a face. I should myself have taken him for Jesse James; but Eliza knew her man, and when the bloodhounds were presently heard baying, he shut her up in a large closet for safety.

Haley soon appeared with his myrmidons and two bloodhounds. The bloodhounds were very large and fat, and they inspired real terror — not in Phineas Fletcher, but in Haley and his minions, who were obviously afraid lest the animals should lean up against the scenery and go to sleep; so that it became necessary from time to time to tread casually on their tails to keep them awake and baying. Haley had some talk with Phineas, and presently wanted to look in the closet; but when he grew insistent, Phineas, like a true Quaker, pulled a pistol out of each boot and stopped him. Later the myrmidons attempted the same thing, and then Phineas pulled two more pistols from somewhere down the back of his neck and stopped *them.* Then Haley went out to get more myrmidons, and Phineas had to give up; so he rushed Eliza out of the house, and she ran across the river on the ice just as in the book, her passage being visible from the window. The audience naturally felt a good deal of sympathy with Eliza; but for my part I was more concerned for Haley and the myrmidons; since in spite of the rigor of the climate, which filled the river with icebergs, they were all clad in linen dusters and overalls, and I am sure their legs must have been very cold.

Later still, Eliza and George were united; and being driven to bay, they made a gallant stand for freedom in the mountains, aided by Phineas. The lofty peak on which they rallied was not less than seven feet high, and when Haley and Tom Loker and the myrmidons and Lawyer Marks attacked them, Phineas shed a perfect shower of pistols from every conceivable part of his person. Haley's gang also had at least two pistols apiece, and both parties fired steadily at one another for several minutes at a distance of six paces with no harm to any one, which served rather to discredit Kentuckian marksmanship. Somehow or other in the end, after everybody had used up all their cartridges, George and Eliza escaped down the rear of the peak, and then Lawyer Marks led in a large mouse-colored ass, on which he expected to ride away. The ass kicked various members of the party and excited uncontrollable mirth in the audience. It seemed rather awkward in its movements, however, and presently the skin over one of its fetlocks burst open and made evident the fact that the ass surreptitiously wore corduroy trousers and patent-leather shoes.

Still further along in the play we were introduced to the luxurious abode of St. Clare in the city of New Orleans, and

to the details of his domestic *ménage*. A good deal of the action took place in the garden, a noble plaisaunce enclosed in a dense thicket of fir-trees, and with contiguous mountains topped with snow. Miss Ophelia was a very prominent figure in these scenes. She was a very ample lady with a bunch of keys at her waist and a rubicund countenance, and her language was intimately suggestive of New England; for she said "How shiftless!" at least once in every two minutes; though sometimes, when she varied the form and said, "Now, that 's really very shiftless, you know!" or "Drat it, you 're really quite too shiftless!" one could n't help suspecting her of being secretly an Anglomaniac. She was greatly concerned with the general disorder of what she called the 'ouse, and went about picking up everything that anybody dropped, except the h's. St. Clare was also an interesting character, though it was darkly hinted that he was given to dissipation; and, in fact, he showed this symbolically by parting his hair in the middle and always appearing with a cigarette, which he was continually allowing to go out and then relighting. Once, however, after he had been no doubt particularly wild, he came in slapping his brow and exclaiming, "Oh, my head!" and then Uncle Tom dealt with him very effectually.

"Mahster," said Uncle Tom — who, by the way, always wore his hat in the drawing-room — "do you know where such courses hend?"

"No," said St. Clare rather feebly.

"Then let me tell you, Mahster," said Uncle Tom with his deepest voice. "They hend in 'ELL!"

After this, St. Clare smoked no more cigarettes, and always parted his hair on one side. But he must have had a relapse, for when he was brought in one evening, stabbed, it was stated openly that the affair had taken place in "a drinking-bar."

The later scenes were very harrowing. At the command of the brutal Legree, Uncle Tom was whipped several times in each scene, and Sambo and Quimbo, who did it, always added a fresh horror to the spectacle by dancing a breakdown before beginning, and by singing at least two songs after they had finished. When Tom finally succumbed and Legree was arrested for the murder of St. Clare, all the Shelby family and the Shelby field hands, and Topsy, and Haley, and Lawyer Marks, appeared in some unaccountable way and sang "The Sweet Bye and Bye."

The last scene showed George and Eliza safe on Canadian soil. George was full of emotion. He announced that at last he had reached a land over which the flag of Hengland floated, where 'ealth and 'ope were possible to hevery one, and where, has hall men knew, Britons never, never could be slaves. As he said this he took out of one of his coat-tails a large cotton pocket-handkerchief which displayed the British emblem, and spread it under his chin like a porous-plaster. This was the cue for the orchestra, which struck up "God Save the Queen;" whereupon every one in the audience arose, and the play ended with great enthusiasm.

A large and portly Briton who breathed very hard had sat beside me, and throughout the performance had incidentally occupied half of my chair as well as all his own. As we were about to leave, he caught my eye, and at once remarked with an air of intense conviction: —

"Rum lot, these Yankees, ain't they?"

And remembering my countrymen as they had just been dramatically depicted, I said that I thought they were.

WONDERLAND.[1]

I.

SWEET eyes by sorrow still unwet,
To you the world is radiant yet,
A palace-hall of splendid truth
Touched by the golden haze of youth,
Where hopes and joys are ever rife
Amid the mystery of life;
And seeking all to understand,
The world to you is Wonderland.

II.

I turn and watch with unshed tears
The furrowed track of ended years;
I see the eager hopes that wane,
The joys that die in deathless pain,
The coward Faith that falsehoods shake,
The souls that faint, the hearts that break.

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The Truth by livid lips bemoaned,
The Right defiled, the Wrong enthroned, —
And striving still to understand,
The world to me is Wonderland.

III.

A little time, then by and by
The puzzled thought itself shall die.
When, like the throb of distant drums,
The call inevitable comes
To blurring brain and weary limb,
And when the aching eyes grow dim,
And fast the gathering shadows creep
To lull the drowsy sense asleep,
We two shall slumber hand in hand,
To wake, perhaps, in Wonderland.

SILVIO PELLICO.

Silvio Pellico, an Italian poet, born at Saluzzo, Piedmont, June 24, 1789; died near Turin, Jan. 31, 1854. While quite young he achieved a high reputation, especially by his dramatic poems, "Laodamia" and "Francesca da Rimini." He took part in the Carbonari movement, and in 1820 he was arrested, brought to trial, and condemned to death; but the sentence was commuted to fifteen years' confinement. His first place of incarceration was at Milan, from which he was removed to an island near Venice, and finally to Spielberg, in Moravia. His health broke down under the hardships to which he was subjected, and in 1830, when apparently near the point of death, he was liberated and took up his residence at Turin. The year following his liberation he put forth "My Prisons," containing an account of his ten years' incarceration. This was immediately translated into several languages — into English by Thomas Roscoe. Pellico subsequently published several works in verse and prose, one of the latest being a treatise on "The Duties of Man."

Pellico Receives His Sentence in Public.

(From "My Prisons.")

At nine in the morning, Maroncelli and I were conducted into a gondola which conveyed us to the city. We alighted at the palace of the Doge, and proceeded to the prisons. We were placed in the apartment which had been occupied by Signor Caporali a few days before, but with whose fate we were not acquainted. Nine or ten *sbirri* were placed over us as a guard; and, walking about, we awaited the moment of being brought into the square. There was considerable delay. The inquisitor did not make his appearance till noon, and then informed us that it was time to go. The physician also presented himself, and advised us to take a small glass of mint-water; which we accepted, on account of the extreme compassion which the good old man expressed for us. It was Dr. Dosmo. The

head *sbirro* then advanced, and fixed the handcuffs upon us. We followed him, accompanied by the other jailers.

We descended the magnificent Giants' Stairs, and called to mind the old Doge, Marino Faliero, who was beheaded there. We entered the great gateway, which opens upon the small square from the court-yard of the palace, and then turned to the left, in the direction of the lake. In the center of the Piazzetta was raised the scaffold which we were to ascend. From the Giants' Stairs, extending to the scaffold, were two lines of Austrian soldiers, through which we passed.

After ascending the scaffold, we looked around us, and saw an immense assembly of people, apparently filled with terror. In other directions were seen bands of armed men, to awe the multitude; and we were told that cannon were loaded in readiness to be discharged at a moment's notice. I was now exactly on the spot where, in September, 1820, just a month previous to my arrest, a mendicant had observed to me, "This is a place of misfortune."

I called to mind the circumstance, and reflected that very possibly in that immense throng of spectators the same person might be present, and perhaps recognize me.

The German captain called out to us to turn toward the palace, and look up. We did so, and beheld upon the lodge a messenger of the council, with a letter in his hand: it was the sentence; he began to read it in a loud voice.

It was ushered in by solemn silence, which was continued until he came to the words, "condemned to death." There was then heard one general murmur of compassion. This was followed by a similar silence, in order to hear the rest of the document. A fresh murmur arose at the words, — *Condemned to severe imprisonment, Maroncelli for twenty years, and Pellico for fifteen.*

The captain made a sign for us to descend. We cast one glance around us, and came down. We re-entered the court-yard, mounted the great staircase, and were conducted into the room from which we had been taken. The manacles were removed, and we were carried back to San Michele.

The prisoners who had been condemned before us had already set out for Laybach and Spielberg, and were accompanied by a commissary of police. He was now expected back, in order to conduct us to our destination; but the interval of a month elapsed.

My time was chiefly spent in talking, and listening to the conversation of others, in order to distract my mind. Maroncelli read me some of his literary productions; and, in turn, I read him mine. One evening I read from the window my play of "Ester d'Engaddi," to Canova, Rezia, and Armari; and the following evening, "Iginia d'Asti." During the night, however, I grew irritable and wretched, and was unable to sleep. I both desired and feared to learn in what manner the tidings of my calamity had been received by my family.

At length a letter came from my father, and I was grieved to find, from the date, that my last to him had not been immediately sent, as I had requested of the inquisitor. Thus my unhappy father, while flattering himself that I should be set at liberty, happening to take up the *Milan Gazette*, read the horrid sentence which I had just received upon the scaffold. He himself acquainted me with this fact, and left me to infer what his feelings must have been. I cannot express the contempt and anger I felt on learning that my letter had been kept back, and how deeply I felt for all my poor, unhappy family. There was doubtless no malice in this delay: but I looked on it as a refinement of barbarity; an infernal desire to have the scourge lacerate, as it were, the very soul of my beloved and innocent relatives. I could have delighted to shed a sea of blood in order to punish this fancied inhumanity.

Now that I judge calmly, I find my suspicions improbable. The delay, doubtless, was owing to negligence on the part of subordinate agents. Enraged as I was, I heard with still more excited feelings, that my companions were to receive the communion at Easter before their departure. As for me, I considered it wholly impossible, inasmuch as I felt not the least disposition towards forgiveness. Not to receive it was an offense; yet would that I had given this offense!

The commissary at last arrived from Germany, and came to acquaint us that within two days we were to set out. "I have the pleasure," he added, "of being able to give you some consoling tidings. On my return from Spielberg, I saw at Vienna his majesty the emperor, who acquainted me that the penal days appointed you will not extend to twenty-four hours, but only to twelve." By this expression it is intended to signify that the pain will be divided, or half the punishment remitted. This diminution was never notified to us in an official

form: but there is no reason to suppose that the commissary spoke an untruth; the less so, as he made no secret of the information, which was known to the whole commission. Nevertheless, I could not congratulate myself upon it. To my feelings, seven years and a half (to be spent in chains and solitude) were scarcely less horrible than fifteen; for I conceived it to be impossible for me to survive so long. My health had again become wretched! I suffered from severe pains of the chest, attended with cough, and I thought my lungs were affected. I ate but little, and that little I could not digest. Our departure took place on the night of the 25th of March. We were permitted to take leave of our friend, Cesare Armari. A *sbirro* chained us in a transverse manner, —namely, the right hand and the left foot, —so as to render it impossible for us to escape.

We went into a gondola, and the guards rowed towards Fusina. On our arrival, we found two carriages in readiness for us. Rezia and Canova were placed in one, and Maroncelli and myself in the other. The commissary was with two of the prisoners, and an under-commissary with the other two. Six or seven guards of police, armed with swords and muskets, completed our convoy.

To be compelled by misfortune to leave one's country is always painful; but to be torn from it in chains, doomed to exile in a horrible climate, to linger days and hours and years in solitary dungeons, is a fate so appalling, that no language can describe it.

As we approached the Alps, I felt that my country was becoming doubly dear to me: the sympathy we awakened on every side, from all ranks, formed an irresistible appeal to my affection and gratitude. In every city, in every village, in every group of meanest houses, the news of our condemnation had been known for some weeks; and we were expected. In several places, the commissaries and the guards had difficulty in dispersing the crowd which surrounded us. It was astonishing to witness the benevolent and humane feeling generally manifested in our behalf.

In Udine we met with a singular and touching incident. On arriving at the inn, the commissary caused the door of the court-yard to be closed, in order to keep back the people. A room was assigned to us; and he ordered the waiters to bring supper, and make such accommodation as we required for re-

pose. In a few moments, three men entered with mattresses upon their shoulders.

What was our surprise to see that only one of them was a servant of the inn! The others were two of our acquaintances. We pretended to assist them in placing the beds, and had time to recognize each other, and give the hand of fellowship and sympathy. It was too much: the tears started to our eyes. Ah! how trying it was to us all, not to be allowed the sad satisfaction of shedding them in each other's arms!

The commissaries were not aware of the circumstance; but I had reason to think that one of the guards saw into the affair, just as the good Dario grasped me by the hand. He was a Venetian. He fixed his eyes upon us both, turned pale, and seemed in the act of making an alarm, but turned away his eyes, as if pretending not to see us. If he did not think that they were our friends, he must have believed them to be some servants with whom we were acquainted.

The next morning we left Udine by dawn of day. The affectionate Dario was already in the street, wrapped in his mantle: he beckoned to us, and followed us a long way. A coach also continued at some little distance from us for several miles. Some one waved a handkerchief from it, till it turned back: who could it have been? We had our own conjectures. May Heaven protect all those generous souls who thus express their love for the unfortunate! I had the more reason to prize them from the fact of having met with cowards, who, not content with denying me, thought to benefit themselves by calumniating their once fortunate *friend*. These cases, however, were rare; while those of the former, to the honor of the human character be it said, were numerous.

I had supposed that the warm sympathy expressed for us in Italy would cease when we entered on a foreign soil. But I was deceived: the good man is ever the fellow-countryman of the unhappy. When traversing Illyrian and German ground, it was the same as in our own country. There was the same general lamentation at our fate. *Arme Herren!* ("Poor gentlemen!") was on the lips of all.

Sometimes, on entering another district, our escort was compelled to stop, in order to decide where to take up our quarters. Then the people would gather round us, and utter exclamations of compassion which evidently came from the heart. These proofs of popular feeling were still more gratifying to me, than

such as I had met with from my own countrymen. Oh! how grateful I was to them all! What a solace is the compassion of our fellow-men! How pleasant it is to love them!

The consolation which was thus afforded me helped to soothe my bitter indignation against those whom I called my enemies. Yet possibly, I reflected, if we were brought more nearly together, could see each other's real motives, and explain each other's feelings, I might be constrained to admit that they are not impelled by the malignant spirit I suppose; while they would find there was as little of evil in me. Nay, we might perhaps be induced to feel mutual pity and love.

It is true, indeed, that men too often hate, merely because they are strangers to each other's real views and feelings; and the simple interchange of a few words would make them acknowledge their error, and give the hand of brotherhood to each other.

We remained a day at Laybach; and there Canova and Rezia were separated from us, being forthwith conducted to the castle. It is easy to imagine our feelings on this painful occasion.

The evening of our arrival at Laybach, and the day following, a gentleman visited us, who, if I rightly understood, announced himself as the municipal secretary. His manners were gentle and humane, and he spoke of religion in a tone at once elevated and impressive. I conjectured he must be a priest, — the priests in Germany being accustomed to dress exactly in the same style as laymen. His countenance was calculated to inspire esteem. I regretted my being unable further to cultivate his acquaintance, and I blame myself for carelessness in forgetting his name.

It grieves me, too, that I cannot at this time recall the name of another gentle being, a young girl of Styria, who followed us through the crowd, and, when our coach stopped for a few minutes, saluted us with both hands, and then turned away weeping, supported by a young man, whose light hair proclaimed him of German extraction, but who, perhaps, had been in Italy, where he had fallen in love with our fair country-woman, and had become attached to our country. What pleasure would it have given me to record the names of those venerable fathers and mothers of families, who, in different districts, accosted us on our road, inquiring if we had parents and friends; and who, on hearing that we had, would grow pale, and exclaim, "Alas! may it please God soon to restore you to those bereaved ones whom you have left behind!"

He Is Confined in the Fortress of Spielberg.

On the 10th of April, we arrived at our place of destination. The city of Brünn is the capital of Moravia, where the governor of the two provinces of Moravia and Silesia is accustomed to reside. Situated in a pleasant valley, it presents a rich and noble aspect. At one time it was a great manufactory of cloth; but its prosperous days were now passed, and its population did not exceed thirty thousand.

Contiguous to the walls on the western side rises a mount, on which stands the dreaded fortress of Spielberg, once the royal seat of the lords of Moravia, and now the severest prison of the Austrian monarchy. It was a well-guarded citadel, but was bombarded and taken by the French after the celebrated battle of Austerlitz, a village at a little distance from it. It was not repaired for the purpose of a fortress; but a portion of the outworks, which had been wholly demolished, were rebuilt. Within it are imprisoned some three hundred wretches, for the most part robbers and assassins: some condemned to severe imprisonment (*carcere duro*); others, to that called *durissimo*, the severest of all. The "*severe imprisonment*" comprehends compulsory daily labor, wearing chains on the legs, sleeping on bare boards, and eating the worst imaginable food. The *very severe imprisonment* signifies being chained in a more horrible manner; one part of the iron being fixed in the wall, united to a hoop round the body of the prisoner, so as to prevent his moving further than the board which serves for his couch. We, as state prisoners, were condemned to severe imprisonment. The food, however, is the same; though, in the words of the law, it is prescribed to be *bread and water*.

While mounting the acclivity, we turned our eyes as if to take a last look of the world we were leaving, and doubted if ever the portals of that living grave, which was about to receive us, would be again unclosed to us. I was calm in appearance; but rage and indignation burned within. It was in vain I had recourse to philosophy: it had no arguments to quiet or to support me.

I was in poor health on leaving Venice, and the journey had fatigued me exceedingly. I had a fever, and felt severe pains, both in my head and my limbs. Illness increased my irritation, and probably the last aggravated the disease.

We were consigned to the superintendent of Spielberg, and our names were registered in the same list as that of the robbers. On taking leave, the imperial commissary shook our hands, and was evidently affected. "Farewell," he said, "and let me recommend to you calmness and submission; for I assure you that the least infraction of discipline will be punished by the governor in the severest manner."

The consignment being made, my friend and myself were conducted into a subterranean gallery, where two dismal-looking dungeons were unlocked, at a distance from each other. In one of these I was entombed alive, and poor Maroncelli in the other.

After having bid adieu to so many beloved objects, and there remains only a single friend between yourself and utter solitude, — the solitude of chains and a living death, — how bitter it is to be separated even from that one! Maroncelli, on leaving me ill and dejected, shed tears over me as one whom, it was most probable, he would never more behold. In him, too, I lamented a noble-minded man, cut off in the splendor of his intellect and the vigor of his days, snatched from society, all its duties and its pleasures, and even from the "common air, the earth, the sky." Yet he survived the unheard-of afflictions heaped upon him; but in what a state did he leave his living tomb!

When I found myself alone in that horrid cavern; heard the closing of the iron doors, and the rattling of chains; and, by the gloomy light of a high window, saw the wooden bench destined for my couch, with an enormous chain fixed in the wall, — I sat down in sullen rage on my hard resting-place, and, taking up the chain, measured its length in the belief that it was destined for me.

In half an hour, I caught the sound of locks and keys; the door opened, and the head jailer handed me a jug of water.

"Here is something to drink," he said in a rough tone; "and you will have your loaf to-morrow."

"Thanks, my good man."

"I am not good," was the reply.

"The worse for you," I answered rather sharply. "And this great chain," I added, — "is it for me?"

"It is, sir, if you do not keep quiet, — if you get into a rage, or say impertinent things. But, if you are reasonable, we shall only chain you by the feet. The blacksmith is getting all ready."

He then walked sullenly up and down, shaking that horrid

ring of enormous keys; while, with angry eye, I measured his gigantic, lean, and aged figure. His features, though not decidedly vulgar, bore the most repulsive expression of brutal severity that I ever beheld.

How unjust mankind are when they presume to judge by appearances, and according to their arrogant prejudices! The man whom I upbraided in my heart for shaking, as it were in triumph, those horrible keys, to make me more keenly sensible of his power, whom I set down as an insignificant tyrant inured to practices of cruelty, was then revolving thoughts of compassion, and had spoken in that harsh tone only to conceal his real feelings. Perhaps he was afraid to trust himself, or thought that I should prove unworthy of gentler treatment; perhaps, though willing to afford me relief, he felt doubtful whether I might not be more criminal than unhappy.

Annoyed by his presence, and by the sort of lordly air he assumed, I determined to try to humble him, and called out, as if speaking to a servant, "Give me something to drink!" He looked at me with an expression which seemed to say, "Arrogant man! this is no place for you to show the airs of a master." Still he was silent, bent his long back, took up the jug, and gave it to me. On taking it from him, I perceived that he trembled; and, believing it to proceed from age, I felt a mingled emotion of reverence and compassion. "How old are you?" I inquired in a kinder tone.

"Seventy-four, sir. I have lived to see great calamities, as regards both others and myself."

The tremulous motion I had observed increased as he said this, and again took the jug from my hand. I now thought it might be owing to some nobler feeling than the effect of age; and the aversion I had conceived instantaneously left me.

"And what is your name?" I inquired.

"It pleased fortune, sir, to make a fool of me, by giving me the name of a great man. My name is Schiller." He then told me, in a few words, some particulars as to his native place, his family, the campaigns in which he had served, and the wounds he had received.

He was a Swiss, the son of peasants; had been in the wars against the Turks under Marshal Laudon, in the reign of Maria Theresa and Joseph II. He had subsequently served in the Austrian campaigns against France, up to the period of Napoleon's exile.

In beginning to form a better opinion of one against whom we had conceived a strong prejudice, we seem to discover in every feature, in his voice, and in his manners, fresh marks of a good disposition, to which we were before strangers. Is this real, or is it not rather founded upon illusion? Shortly before, we interpreted the same expressions in another way. Our judgment of moral qualities has undergone a change, and soon the conclusions drawn from our knowledge of physiognomy are also changed. How many portraits of celebrated men inspire us with respect or admiration because we know their characters — portraits which we should have pronounced worthless and unattractive, had they represented the ordinary race of mortals! And thus it is, if we reason *vice versâ*. I once laughed at a lady, who, on beholding a likeness of Catiline, mistook it for that of Collatinus, and thought she discovered in the features an expression of profound grief, on the part of Collatinus, for the loss of his Lucretia. This kind of illusion is not uncommon. I would not maintain that the features of good men do not bear the impression of their character, or the features of villains that of their depravity; but I say that there are many which at least have a doubtful cast. In short, I won a little upon old Schiller: I looked at him more attentively, and he no longer appeared forbidding. To say the truth, there was something in his language which, spite of its rough tone, showed the genuine traits of a noble mind. And, spite of our first looks of mutual distrust and defiance, we seemed to feel a certain respect for each other: he spoke boldly what he thought, and so did I. "Captain as I am," he observed, "I have fallen into this wretched post of jailer as an easier duty; but God knows it is far more disagreeable for me to maintain it, than it was to risk my life in battle."

I was now sorry I had asked him so haughtily to give me drink. "My dear Schiller," I said, grasping his hand, "it is vain for you to deny it, I know you are a good fellow; and, since I have fallen into this calamity, I thank Heaven which has given me you for a keeper!"

He listened to me, shook his head, and then rubbed his forehead, like a man in some perplexity or trouble.

"No, sir, I am bad,— rank bad. They made me take an oath, which I must and will keep. I am bound to treat all prisoners, without distinction, with equal severity; no indulgence, no permission to relent, or to soften the sternest orders, particularly as regards prisoners of state."

"You are a noble fellow: I respect you for making your duty a point of conscience. You may err, humanly speaking; but your motives are pure in the eyes of God."

"Poor gentleman, have patience, and pity me. I shall be hard as steel in my duty; but my heart bleeds at being unable to relieve the unfortunate. This is all I wished to say." We were both affected.

He then entreated that I would preserve my calmness, and not, as is too often the case with solitary prisoners, give way to passion, which calls for restraint, and even for severer punishment.

He afterwards resumed his gruff, affected tone, as if to conceal the compassion he felt for me; observing that it was high time for him to go.

He came back, however, and inquired how long a time I had been inflicted with that horrible cough, reflecting sharply upon the physician for not coming to see me that very evening. "You are ill of a fever," he added: "I see it well. You will need a straw bed; but we cannot give you one till the doctor has ordered it."

He retired, and locked the door; and I threw myself upon the hard boards with considerable fever and pain in my chest, but less irritable, less at enmity with mankind, and less alienated from God.

The Jailers Search the Prison.

In the evening, the superintendent came, attended by Schiller, another captain, and two soldiers, to make the usual search. Three of these inquisitions were ordered each day, at morning, noon, and midnight. Every corner of the prison and every article of the most trivial kind were examined. The inferior officers then left, and the superintendent remained a little time to converse with me.

The first time I saw this troop of jailers approach, a strange thought came into my head. Being unacquainted with their habits of search, and half-delirious from fever, I fancied that they were come to take my life; and, seizing my great chain, I resolved to sell it dearly by knocking on the head the first that offered to molest me.

"What mean you?" exclaimed the superintendent: "we are

not going to hurt you. It is merely a formal visit to ascertain that all is in proper order in the prisons."

I hesitated; but when I saw Schiller advance, and stretch forth his hand with a kind, paternal look, I dropped the chain, and took the proffered hand between mine. "Lord! how it burns!" he said, turning towards the superintendent: "he ought at least to have a straw bed:" and he said this in so truly compassionate a tone as quite to win my heart. The superintendent felt my pulse, and spoke some consolatory words: he was a man of gentlemanly manners, but dared not take any responsibility.

"It is all a reign of terror here," said he, "even as regards myself. Should I not execute my orders to the letter, you would no longer see me here." Schiller made a long face, and I could have wagered he said within himself, "But if I were at the head, like you, I would not carry my apprehensions so very far; for to give an opinion on a matter of such evident necessity, and so harmless to the government, would never be esteemed a great offense."

When left alone, my heart, so long incapable of any deep sense of religion, stirred within me; and I knelt down to pray. I besought a blessing upon the head of Schiller; and, appealing to God, asked that he would so move the hearts of those around me, as to permit me to become attached to them, and no longer suffer me to hate my fellow-beings, humbly accepting all that was to be inflicted upon me from his hand.

About midnight, I heard people passing along the gallery. Keys were rattling, and soon the door opened: it was the captain and his guards on search.

"Where is my old Schiller?" inquired I. He had stopped outside in the gallery.

"I am here, — I am here!" was the answer. He came towards the boards on which I was lying, and, feeling my pulse, hung over me, as a father would over his child, with anxious and inquiring look. "Now I remember," said he, "to-morrow is Thursday! Yes, too surely!"

"And what of that?" I inquired.

"Why! it is one of the very days when the doctor does not attend: he comes only on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Plague on him!"

"Give yourself no uneasiness about that."

"No uneasiness, no uneasiness!" he muttered; "but I do.

You are ill, I see. Nothing is talked of in the whole town but the arrival of yourself and friends. The doctor must have heard of it; and why the devil could he not make the extraordinary exertion of coming once oftener than usual?"

"Who knows?" said I, "perhaps he may be here to-morrow, — Thursday though it will be!"

The old man said no more, but gave me a squeeze of the hand, enough to break every bone in my fingers, as a mark of his approbation of my courage and resignation. But, though I was hurt, I took pleasure in it, much as a young lover does, if the girl of his heart happen in dancing to press her foot upon his: he laughs, and esteems himself highly favored, instead of crying out with the pain.

On Thursday morning, after a horrible night, I awoke weak, aching in all my bones from lying on the hard boards, and in a profuse perspiration. The visit-hour came, but the superintendent was absent: he arrived at a more convenient time. I said to Schiller, "Just see how terribly I perspire; but it is now growing cold on my skin. What a treat it would be to change my shirt!"

"You cannot do it," he said, in a brutal tone. At the same time he winked, and moved his hand as a sign. The captain and guards withdrew; and Schiller made me another sign, as he closed the door. He soon opened it again, and brought one of his own shirts, long enough to cover me from head to feet, even if doubled.

"It is a little too long for you, but I have no others here now."

"I thank you, friend; but, as I brought with me a trunk full of linen, I do hope that I may be permitted the use of it. Have the kindness to ask the superintendent to let me have one of my shirts."

"You will not be permitted, sir, to use any of your linen here. Each week you will have a prison shirt given to you, like the other prisoners."

"You see, good man, in what a condition I am. I shall never go out of here alive. I shall never be able to reward you."

"For shame, sir, for shame!" said the old man. "Talk of reward to one who can do you no good, — to one who dare hardly give a dry shirt to a sick fellow-creature in a sweat!" And he helped me on with his long shirt, grumbling all the

while, and slammed the door with violence on going out, as if he had been in a great rage.

About two hours after, he brought me a piece of black bread. "This," he said, "is your two days' fare!" Then he began to walk about in a sulky mood.

"What is the matter?" I inquired: "are you vexed at me? You know I took the shirt."

"I am enraged at that doctor. Though it is Thursday, he might show his ugly face here."

"Patience!" said I; but, though I said it, I knew not for the life of me how to get the least rest upon those hard boards, without a pillow. Every bone in my body ached. At eleven I was treated to the prison dinner, — a little iron pot of soup, and another of beans, cooked in such a way that the mere smell was disgusting. I tried to swallow a few spoonfuls, but did not succeed. Schiller encouraged me. "Never despair!" said he; "try again: you will get used to it in time. If you don't, you will be, like many others before you, unable to eat anything but bread; and you will die of exhaustion."

At last Friday morning came, and with it came Dr. Bayer. He found me very feverish, ordered me a straw bed, and insisted that I should be removed from the caverns into one of the abodes above. It could not be done: there was no room vacant. An appeal was made to the governor of Moravia and Silesia, resident at Brünn, who, considering the urgency of the case, commanded that the medical advice should be followed.

There was some light in the room to which I was removed. I crawled towards the bars of the narrow window, and had the delight of seeing the valley below, part of the city of Brünn, a suburb with gardens, the churchyard, the little lake of Certosa, and the woody hills which lay between us and the famous plains of Austerlitz. I was enchanted; and "Oh, what a double pleasure," thought I, "would be mine, if I were able to share it with my poor friend Maroncelli!"

Meanwhile, our prison dresses were being made for us; and five days afterwards mine was brought to me. It consisted of a pair of pantaloons made of rough cloth, of which the right side was gray, the left of orange color. The waistcoat was likewise of two colors, as well as the jacket, but with the same colors placed on the contrary sides. The stockings were of the coarsest wool; the shirt of linen tow, full of sharp points, — a real sackcloth garment; and round the neck was a piece of the

same kind. Our legs were enveloped in leather buskins, untanned; and we wore a coarse white hat.

This costume was not complete without the addition of chains to the feet; that is, a chain from one leg to the other, the joints being fastened with nails which were riveted upon an anvil. The blacksmith employed in this operation upon my legs, thinking that I knew nothing of German, observed in that language to one of the guards, "As ill as he is, one would think they might spare him this sort of fun. Ere two months be over, the angel of death will loosen these rivets of mine."

Möchte es seyn! ("may it be so!") was my reply, as I touched him upon the shoulder. The poor fellow started, and seemed quite confused. Then he said, "I hope I may be a false prophet: and I wish you may be set free by quite another kind of angel."

"Yet, do you not think, that, rather than live thus, even the angel of death would be welcome?" He nodded his head, and went away, with a look of deep compassion for me.

In truth, I would have been willing to die; but I felt no disposition to commit suicide. I confidently expected that the disease of my lungs would be enough, ere long, to give me freedom. Such was not the will of God. The fatigue of my journey had made me much worse, but rest seemed again to restore my powers.

A few minutes after the blacksmith left me, I heard the hammer sounding upon the anvil in one of the caverns below. Schiller was then in my room. "Do you hear those blows?" I said: "they are certainly fixing the irons on poor Maroncelli." The idea for the moment was so overwhelming, that, if the old man had not caught me, I should have fallen. For more than half an hour, I continued in a kind of swoon, and yet I was sensible. I could not speak: my pulse scarcely beat at all; a cold sweat bathed me from head to foot. Still I could hear all that Schiller said, and had a keen perception both of what had passed and was passing.

By command of the superintendent and the activity of the guards, the whole of the adjacent prisons had been kept in a state of profound silence. Three or four times, I had caught snatches of some Italian song; but they were quickly stifled by the calls of the sentinels on duty. Of these, several were stationed upon the ground floor, under our windows, and one in the gallery close by, who was continually engaged in listen-

ing at the doors and looking through the bars to forbid every kind of noise.

Once, towards evening (I feel the same sort of emotion whenever I recur to it), it happened that the sentinels were less on the alert; and I heard some one singing in a low but clear voice, in a cell adjoining my own. What joy, what agitation, I felt at the sound! I rose from my bed of straw, and eagerly listened; and, when it ceased, I burst into tears. "Who art thou, unhappy one?" I cried: "who art thou? Tell me thy name! I am Silvio Pellico."

"O Silvio!" cried my neighbor, "I know you not by person, but I have long loved you. Get up to your window, and let us speak to each other, in spite of the jailers."

I crawled up as well as I could. He told me his name, and we exchanged a few words of kindness. It was the Count Antonio Oroboni, a native of Fratta, near Rovigo; and he was only twenty-nine years of age. Alas! we were soon interrupted by the ferocious cries of the sentinels. The one in the gallery knocked as loud as he could with the butt-end of his musket, both at the count's door and at mine. We would not and we could not obey: but the noise, the oaths, and threats of the guards were such as to drown our voices; and, after arranging to resume our communication upon a change of guards, we ceased to converse.

SAMUEL PEPYS.

Samuel Pepys, an English chronicler of small gossip of the reign of Charles II., born Feb. 23, 1633; died May 26, 1703. When about twenty-seven he obtained a small post in the exchequer; and he gradually passed from one position to a better one, becoming in 1686 Secretary to the Admiralty. He was also President of the Royal Society from 1684 to 1686. The accession of William III., in 1688, occasioned his retirement from public life. He is known almost wholly by his "Diary," kept in short-hand, from 1660 to 1669, when the failure of his eyesight compelled him to abandon it. This "Diary" was first partly deciphered about 1820, and portions of it were printed in 1825, edited by Lord Braybrooke. Several editions, each more full than the preceding one, have subsequently been published.

Extracts from the "Diary."

[December 31st, 1664.] At the office all the morning, and after dinner there again, dispatched first my letters, and then to my accounts, not of the month but of the whole yeare also, and was at it till past twelve at night, it being bitter cold; but yet I was well satisfied with my worke, and above all, to find myself, by the great blessing of God, worth £1,349, by which, as I have spent very largely, so I have laid up above £500 this yeare above what I was worth this day twelvemonth. The Lord make me forever thankful to his holy name for it! Thence home to eat a little and so to bed. Soon as ever the clock struck one I kissed my wife in the kitchen by the fireside, wishing her a merry new yeare, observing that I believe I was the first proper wisher of it this year, for I did it as soon as ever the clock struck one.

So ends the old yeare, I bless God, with great joy to me, not only from my having made so good a yeare of profit, as having spent £420 and laid up £540 and upward; but I bless God I never have been in so good plight as to my health in so very cold weather as this is, nor indeed in any hot weather, these

ten years, as I am at this day, and have been these four or five months. But I am at a great losse to know whether it be my hare's foote, or taking every morning of a pill of turpentine, or my having left off the wearing of a gowne. My family is, my wife, in good health, and happy with her; her woman Mercer, a pretty, modest, quiett mayde; her chamber-mayde Besse, her cook mayde Jane, the little girl Susan, and my boy which I have had about half a yeare, Tom Edwards, which I took from the King's chappell, and a pretty and loving quiett family I have as any man in England. My credit in the world and my office grows daily, and I am in good esteeme with everybody, I think.

[January 23d, 1664.] . . . To Jervas's, my mind, God forgive me, running too much after some folly; but *elle* not being within, I away by coach to the 'Change, and thence home to dinner. And finding Mrs. Bagwell waiting at the office after dinner, away she and I to a cabaret where she and I have eat before. . . . Thence to the Court of the Turkey Company at Sir Andrew Rickard's to treat about carrying some men of ours to Tangier, and had there a very civil reception, though a denial of the thing as not practicable with them, and I think so too. So to my office a little and to Jervas's again, thinking *avoir rencontrais* Jane, *mais elle n'était pas dedans.* So I back again and to my office, where I did with great content *ferais* a vow to mind my business, and *laisser aller les femmes* for a month, and am with all my heart glad to find myself able to come to so good a resolution, that thereby I may follow my business, which and my honour thereby lies a bleeding. So home to supper and to bed.

24th. Up and by coach to Westminster Hall and the Parliament House, and there spoke with Mr. Coventry and others about business and so back to the 'Change, where no news more than that the Dutch have, by consent of all the Provinces, voted no trade to be suffered for eighteen months, but that they apply themselves wholly to the warr. And they say it is very true, but very strange, for we use to believe they cannot support themselves without trade. Thence home to dinner and then to the office, where all the afternoon, and at night till very late, and then home to supper and bed, having a great cold, got on Sunday last, by sitting too long with my head bare, for Mercer to comb my hair and wash my eares.

[March 22d, 1664–65.] After dinner Mr. Hill took me with

Mrs. Hubland, who is a fine gentlewoman, into another room, and there made her sing, which she do very well, to my great content. Then to Gresham College, and there did see a kitling killed almost quite, but that we could not quite kill her, with such a way: the ayre out of a receiver, wherein she was put, and then the ayre being let in upon her revives her immediately; nay, and this ayre is to be made by putting together a liquor and some body that ferments, the steam of that do do the work. Thence home, and thence to White Hall, where the house full of the Duke's going to-morrow, and thence to St. James's, wherein these things fell out: (1) I saw the duke, kissed his hand, and had his most kind expressions of his value and opinion of me, which comforted me above all things in the world, (2) the like from Mr. Coventry most heartily and affectionately. (3) Saw, among other fine ladies, Mrs. Middleton, a very great beauty I never knew or heard of before; (4) I saw Waller the poet, whom I never saw before. So, very late, by coach home with W. Pen, who was there. To supper and to bed, with my heart at rest, and my head very busy thinking of my several matters now on foot, the new comfort of my old navy business, and the new one of my employment on Tangier.

[August 30th, 1665.] Up betimes and to my business of settling my house and papers, and then abroad and met with Hadley, our clerke, who, upon my asking how the plague goes, he told me it encreases much, and much in our parish; for, says he, there died nine this week, though I have returned but six: which is a very ill practice, and makes me think it is so in other places; and therefore the plague much greater than people take it to be. Thence, as I intended, to Sir R. Viner's, and there found not Mr. Lewes ready for me, so I went forth and walked towards Moorefields to see (God forbid my presumption!) whether I could see any dead corps going to the grave; but as God would have it, did not. But, Lord! how every body's looks and discourse in the street is of death, and nothing else, and few people going up and down, that the towne is like a place distressed and forsaken.

[September 10th, 1665, Lord's Day.] Walked home; being forced thereto by one of my watermen falling sick yesterday, and it was God's great mercy I did not go by water with them yesterday, for he fell sick on Saturday night, and it is to be feared of the plague. So I sent him away to London with his fellow; but another boat come to me this morning, whom I sent

to Blackewall for Mr. Andrews. I walked to Woolwich, and there find Mr. Hill, and he and I all the morning at musique and a song he hath set of three parts, methinks very good. Anon comes Mr. Andrews, though it be a very ill day, and so after dinner we to musique and sang till about 4 or 5 o'clock, it blowing very hard, and now and then raining; and wind and tide being against us, Andrews and I took leave and walked to Greenwich. My wife before I come out telling me the ill news that she hears that her father is very ill, and then I told her I feared of the plague, for that the house is shut up. And so she much troubled she did desire me to send them something; and I said I would, and will do so. But before I come out there happened newes to come to me by an expresse from Mr. Coventry, telling me the most happy news of my Lord Sandwich's meeting with part of the Dutch; his taking two of their East India ships, and six or seven others, and very good prizes; and that he is in search of the rest of the fleet, which he hopes to find upon the Wellbancke, with the loss only of the Hector, poor Captain Cuttle. This newes do so overjoy me that I know not what to say enough to express it, but the better to do it I did walk to Greenwich, and there sending away Mr. Andrews, I to Captain Cocke's, where I find my Lord Bruncker and his mistress, and Sir J. Minnes. Where we supped (there was also Sir W. Doyly and Mr. Evelyn); but the receipt of this newes did put us all into such an extacy of joy, that it inspired into Sir J. Minnes and Mr. Evelyn such a spirit of mirth, that in all my life I never met with so merry a two hours as our company this night was. Among other humours, Mr. Evelyn's repeating of some verses made up of nothing but the various acceptations of *may* and *can*, and doing it so aptly upon occasion of something of that nature, and so fast, did make us all die almost with laughing, and did so stop the mouth of Sir J. Minnes in the middle of all his mirth (and in a thing agreeing with his own manner of genius), that I never saw any man so outdone in all my life; and Sir J. Minnes's mirth too to see himself outdone, was the crown of all our mirth. In this humour we sat till about ten at night, and so my Lord and his mistress home, and we to bed, it being one of the times of my life wherein I was the fullest of true sense of joy.

[September 2d, 1666, Lord's Day.] Some of our mayds sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us

of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose and slipped on my night-gowne, and went to her window, and thought it to be on the back-side of Marke-lane at the farthest; but being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off: and so went to bed again and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window and saw the fire not so much as it was and further off. So to my closett to set things to rights after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish-street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding-lane, and that it hath burned St. Magnus's Church, and most part of Fish-street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steele-yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the water-side to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconys till they were some of them burned, their wings, and fell down. Having staid, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steele-yard, and the wind mighty high and driving it into the City; and everything, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and among other things the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs. —— lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till

it fell down: I to White Hall (with a gentleman with me who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat); to White Hall, and there up to the King's closett in the Chappell, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried into the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of Yorke what I saw, and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him that if he would have any more soldiers he shall; and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's, and there walked along Watling-street, as well as I could, every creature coming away loaden with goods to save, and here and there sicke people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning-street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." That he needed no more soldiers; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home, seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tarr, in Thames-street; and warehouses of oyle, and wines, and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr. Isaake Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed and dirty, at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brothers' things, whose houses were on fire; and, as he says, have been removed twice already; and he doubts (as it soon proved) that they must be in a little time removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time it was about twelve o'clock; and so home, and there find my guests, which was Mr. Wood and his wife Barbary Sheldon, and also Mr. Moone: she mighty fine, and her husband, for aught I see, a likely man. But Mr. Moone's design and mine, which was to look over my closett

and please him with the sight thereof, which he hath long desired, was wholly disappointed; for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as at this time we could be. While at dinner Mrs. Batelier come to enquire after Mr. Woolfe and Stanes (who, it seems, are related to them), whose houses in Fish-street are all burned, and they in a sad condition. She would not stay in the fright. Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the City, the streets full of nothing but people and horses and carts loaden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning-streete (which received goods in the morning) into Lumbard-streete, and further; and among others I now saw my little goldsmith, Stokes, receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after. We parted at Paul's; he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcasse and his brother, whom I met in the streete, and carried them below and above bridge to and again to see the fire, which was now got further, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the water-side; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Buttolph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used; but the wind carries it into the City, so as we know not by the water-side what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water, and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of Virginalls in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to White Hall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Parke, and there met my wife and Creed and Wood and his wife, and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still encreasing and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's face in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no

more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruine. So home with a sad heart, and there find every body discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which is burned upon Fishstreete Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in his lying there, the newes coming every moment of the growth of the fire; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our owne goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine (it being brave dry, and moonshine, and warm weather) carry much of my goods into the garden, and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallys into a box by themselves. So great was our fear, as Sir W. Batten hath carts come out of the country to fetch away his goods this night. We did put Mr. Hater, poor man, to bed a little; but he got but very little rest, so much noise being in my house, taking down of goods.

[February 16th, 1666–67.] To Mrs. Pierce's, where I took up my wife, and there I find Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my Valentine, she having drawn me; which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have given to others. But here I do first observe the fashion of drawing of mottos as well as names; so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was I have forgot: but my wife's was "Most virtuous and most fair"; which, as it may be used, or an anagram made upon each name, might be very pretty. Thence with Cocke and my wife, set him at home, and then we home. To the office, and there did a little business, troubled that I have so much been hindered

by matters of pleasure from my business, but I shall recover it I hope in a little time. So home and to supper, not at all smitten with the musique to-night, which I did expect should have been so extraordinary. Tom Killigrew crying it up, and so all the world, above all things in the world, and so to bed. One wonder I observed to-day, that there was no musique in the morning to call up our new-married people.

[February 25th, 1666–67.] Lay long in bed, talking with pleasure with my poor wife, how she used to make coal fires, and wash my foul clothes with her own hand for me, poor wretch! in our little room at my Lord Sandwich's: for which I ought for ever to love and admire her, and do; and persuade myself she would do the same thing again, if God should reduce us to it. So up and by coach abroad to the Duke of Albemarle's about sending soldiers down to some ships, and so home, calling at a belt-maker's to mend my belt, and so home and to dinner, where pleasant with my wife, and then to the office, where mighty busy all the day, saving going forth to the 'Change to pay for some things, and on other occasions, and at my goldsmith's did observe the King's new medall, where, in little, there is Mrs. Steward's face as well done as ever I saw anything in my whole life, I think: and a pretty thing it is, that he should choose her face to represent Britannia by. So at the office late very busy and much business with great joy dispatched, and so home to supper and to bed.

[July 24th, 1667.] Betimes this morning comes a letter from the Clerke of the Cheque at Gravesend to me, to tell me that the Dutch fleete did come all into the Hope yesterday noon, and held a fight with our ships from thence till seven at night; that they had burned twelve fire-ships, and we took one of their's, and burned five of our fire-ships. But then rising and going to Sir W. Batten, he tells me that we have burned one of their men-of-war, and another of their's is blown up; but how true this is, I know not. But these fellows are mighty bold, and have had the fortune of the wind easterly this time to bring them up, and prevent our troubling them with our fire-ships; and indeed have had the winds at their command from the beginning, and now do take the beginning of the spring, as if they had some great design to do. I to my office, and there hard at work all the morning, to my great content, abstracting the contract book into my abstract book, which I have by reason of the war omitted for above two years, but now am en-

deavouring to have all my books ready and perfect against the Parliament comes, that upon examination I may be in condition to value myself upon my perfect doing of my own duty. At noon home to dinner, where my wife mighty musty, but I took no notice of it, but after dinner to the office, and there with Mr. Harper did another good piece of work.

[October 10th, 1667.] All of us, my sister and brother, and W. Hewer, to dinner to Hinchingbroke, where we had a good plain country dinner, but most kindly used; and here dined the Minister of Brampton and his wife, who is reported a very good but poor man. Here I spent alone with my Lady, after dinner, the most of the afternoon; and anon the two twins were sent for from schoole, at Mr. Taylor's, to come to see me, and I took them into the garden, and there, in one of the summer-houses, did examine them, and do find them so well advanced in their learning that I was amazed at it: they repeating a whole ode without book out of Horace, and did give me a very good account of any thing almost, and did make me very readily very good Latin, and did give me good account of their Greek grammar, beyond all possible expectation; and so grave and manly as I never saw, I confess, nor could have believed; so that they will be fit to go to Cambridge in two years at most. They are both little, but very like one another, and well-looked children. Then in to my Lady again, and staid till it was almost night again, and then took leave for a great while again, but with extraordinary kindness from my Lady, who looks upon me like one of her own family and interest. So thence, my wife and people by the highway, and I walked over the park with Mr. Shepley, and through the grove, which is mighty pretty, as is imaginable, and so over their drawbridge to Nun's Bridge, and so to my father's, and there sat and drank, and talked a little, and then parted. And he being gone, and what company there was, my father and I, with a dark lantern, it being now night, into the garden with my wife, and there went about our great work to dig up my gold. But, Lord! what a tosse I was for some time in, that they could not justly tell where it was; that I begun heartily to sweat, and be angry, that they should not agree better upon the place, and at last to fear that it was gone: but by and by poking with a spit, we found it.

[February 27th, 1667–68.] All the morning at the office, and at noon home to dinner, and thence with my wife and Deb. to the King's House, to see "The Virgin Martyr," the first time

it hath been acted a great while: and it is mighty pleasant; not that the play is worth much, but it is finely acted by Becke Marshall. But that which did please me beyond any thing in the whole world was the wind-musique when the angel comes down, which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife; that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of any thing, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any musick hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me: and makes me resolve to practice wind-musique, and to make my wife do the like.

[May 1st, 1669.] Up betimes. Called up by my tailor, and there first put on a summer suit this year: but it was not my fine one of flowered tabby vest, and coloured camelott tunique, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the hands, that I was afeared to be seen in it; but put on the stuff suit I made the last year, which is now repaired; and so did go to the Office in it, and sat all the morning, the day looking as if it would be fowle. At noon home to dinner, and there find my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years ago now laced exceeding pretty; and indeed, was fine all over; and mighty earnest to go though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards there gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reines, that people did mightily look upon us; and the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours all the day. But we set out, out of humour — I because Betty, whom I expected, was not come to go with us; and my wife that I would sit on the same seat with her, which she likes not, being so fine: and she then expected to meet Sheres, which we did in the Pell Mell, and against my will, I was forced to take him into the coach, but was sullen all day almost, and little complaisant: the day also being unpleasing, though the Park full of coaches, but dusty and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling rain; and what made it worst, there were so many hackney-coaches as spoiled the sight of the gentlemen's; and so we had little pleasure.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

James Gates Percival, an American scientist and poet, born at Berlin, Conn., Sept. 15, 1795; died at Hazel Green, Wis., May 2, 1856. He was graduated at Yale in 1815. In 1824 he was appointed Assistant Surgeon in the United States Army, and was detailed as Professor of Chemistry in the Military Academy at West Point. In 1827 he took up his residence at New Haven, and engaged in various kinds of literary work. In 1835 he was appointed to make a geological and mineral survey of the State of Connecticut.

In 1854 he was appointed Geologist of the State of Wisconsin. At various intervals between 1821 and 1843 he put forth small volumes of poems. A complete edition of his "Poems" was published in 1859.

The Coral Grove.

Deep in the wave is a coral grove,
Where purple mullet and gold-fish rove;
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with the falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and grassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain-drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow.
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless depths of the upper air.

There, with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter.
There, with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea.

And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
  Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe when the wrathful spirit of storms
  Has made the top of the wave his own.
And when the ship from his fury flies,
  Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
  And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then far below in the peaceful sea
  The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
  Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

The Pleasures of the Student.

And wherefore does the student trim his lamp
And watch his lonely taper, when the stars
Are holding their high festival in heaven,
And worshiping around the midnight throne?
And wherefore does he spend so patiently,
In deep and voiceless thought, the blooming hours
Of youth and joyance, while the blood is warm,
And the heart full of buoyancy and fire?
  He has his pleasures; he has his reward:
For there is in the company of books —
The living souls of the departed sage,
And bard and hero; there is in the roll
Of eloquence and history, which speak
The deeds of early and of better days:
In these and in the visions that arise
Sublime in midnight musings, and array
Conceptions of the wise and good —
There is an elevating influence
That snatches us awhile from earth, and lifts
The spirit in its strong aspirings, where
Superior beings fill the court of heaven.
And thus his fancy wanders, and has talk
With high imaginings, and pictures out
Communion with the worthies of old times. . . .
  With eye upturned, watching the many stars,
And ear in deep attention fixed, he sits,
Communing with himself, and with the world,
The universe around him, and with all
The beings of his memory and his hopes,
Till past becomes reality, and joys

That beckon in the future nearer draw,
And ask fruition. Oh, there is a pure,
A hallowed feeling in these midnight dreams.
And there is pleasure in the utterance
Of pleasant images in pleasant words,
Melting like melody into the ear,
And stealing on in one continual flow,
Unruffled and unbroken. It is joy
Ineffable to dwell upon the lines
That register our feelings, and portray,
In colors always fresh and ever new,
Emotions that were sanctified, and loved,
As something far too tender, and too pure,
For forms so frail and fading.

To Seneca Lake.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake!
The wild swan spreads her snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream!
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north-wind heave their foam:
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake!
Oh! I could ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.

CHARLES PERRAULT.

Charles Perrault, a French writer of fairy-tales, born in Paris, Jan. 12, 1628; died there, May 16, 1703. When nine years of age he was sent to the Collège de Beauvais, his father assisting him in his studies. He liked exercises in verse and disputes with his teacher of philosophy better than regular study. In 1651 Perrault was admitted to the bar; but finding the law wearisome, he accepted a clerkship under his brother, the Receiver-General of Paris, which position he held for ten years. He planned a house for his brother, and thus attracted the notice of Colbert, who, in 1663, procured his appointment to the superintendence of the royal buildings, which he exercised for twenty years. On his retirement he devoted himself to authorship, and to the education of his children. In 1686 he published "Saint Paulin, Evesque de Nole," with an "Ode aux Nouveaux Convertis." The next year he offended Boileau and others by comparing the ancient poets unfavorably with those of his own time, in a poem, "La Siècle de Louis XIV.," read before the Academy, to which he had been admitted in 1671. The "battle of the books" raged furiously, and Perrault defended his position in "Parallèle des Anciens et des Modernes" (1688). His last work, "Éloges des Hommes Illustres du Siècle de Louis XIV.," was published in two volumes (1696–1701). His fame rests upon none of these works. In 1694 he brought out a small volume of tales in verse, contributed, in the intervals of literary warfare, to a society paper of Paris and to a magazine published at the Hague. It was followed in 1697 by a volume of prose tales entitled "Histoires et Contes du Temps Passé," bearing on its title-page the name of Perrault's young son, P. Darmancour, and containing those immortal favorites of childhood, "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood," "Little Red Riding-Hood," "Blue Beard," "Puss in Boots," "Cinderella," "Riquet of the Tuft," and "Hop o' My Thumb."

Little Red Riding-Hood.

Once upon a time there lived in a certain village a little country girl, the prettiest creature was ever seen. Her mother

was excessively fond of her; and her grandmother doted on her still more. This good woman got made for her a little red riding-hood; which became the girl so extremely well that everybody called her Little Red Riding-Hood.

One day her mother, having made some custards, said to her: —

"Go, my dear, and see how thy grandmamma does, for I hear she has been very ill; carry her a custard, and this little pot of butter."

Little Red Riding-Hood set out immediately to go to her grandmother, who lived in another village.

As she was going through the wood, she met with Gaffer Wolf, who had a very great mind to eat her up, but he durst not, because of some fagot-makers hard by in the forest. He asked her whither she was going. The poor child, who did not know that it was dangerous to stay and hear a wolf talk, said to him: —

"I am going to see my grandmamma, and carry her a custard and a little pot of butter from my mamma."

"Does she live far off?" said the Wolf.

"Oh! ay," answered Little Red Riding-Hood: "it is beyond that mill you see there, at the first house in the village."

"Well," said the Wolf, "and I'll go and see her too. I'll go this way and go you that, and we shall see who will be there soonest."

The Wolf began to run as fast as he could, taking the nearest way; and the little girl went by that farthest about, diverting herself in gathering nuts, running after butterflies, and making nosegays of such little flowers as she met with. The Wolf was not long before he got to the old woman's house. He knocked at the door — tap, tap.

"Who's there?"

"Your grandchild, Little Red Riding-Hood," replied the Wolf, counterfeiting her voice; "who has brought you a custard and a little pot of butter sent you by mamma."

The good grandmother, who was in bed, because she was somewhat ill, cried out: —

"Pull the bobbin and the latch will go up."

The Wolf pulled the bobbin, and the door opened; and then presently he fell upon the good woman and ate her up in a moment, for it was above three days that he had not touched a bit. He then shut the door and went into the grandmother's

RED RIDING HOOD

From a Painting by Gabriel Ferrier

bed, expecting Little Red Riding-Hood, who came some time afterwards and knocked at the door — tap, tap.

"Who's there?"

Little Red Riding-Hood, hearing the big voice of the Wolf, was at first afraid; but believing her grandmother had got a cold and was hoarse, answered: —

"'Tis your grandchild, Little Red Riding-Hood, who has brought you a custard and a little pot of butter mamma sends you."

The Wolf cried out to her, softening his voice as much as he could: —

"Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up."

Little Red Riding-Hood pulled the bobbin, and the door opened.

The Wolf, seeing her come in, said to her, hiding himself under the bed-clothes: —

"Put the custard and the little pot of butter upon the stool, and come and lie down with me."

Little Red Riding-Hood undressed herself and went into bed, where, being greatly amazed to see how her grandmother looked in her night-clothes, she said to her: —

"Grandmamma, what great arms you have got!"

"That is the better to hug thee, my dear."

"Grandmamma, what great legs you have got!"

"That is to run the better, my child."

"Grandmamma, what great ears you have got!"

"That is to hear the better, my child."

"Grandmamma, what great eyes you have got!"

"It is to see the better, my child."

"Grandmamma, what great teeth you have got!"

"That is to eat thee up."

And saying these words, this wicked wolf fell upon Little Red Riding-Hood, and ate her all up.

The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood.

There were formerly a King and a Queen, who were sorry that they had no children; so sorry that it cannot be expressed. They went to all the waters in the world; vows, pilgrimages, all ways were tried, and all to no purpose.

At last, however, the Queen had a daughter. There was a

very fine christening; and the Princess had for her godmothers all the fairies they could find in the whole kingdom (they found seven), that every one of them might give her a gift, as was the custom of fairies in those days. By this means the Princess had all the perfections imaginable.

After the ceremonies of the christening were over, all the company returned to the King's palace, where was prepared a great feast for the fairies. There was placed before every one of them a magnificent cover, with a case of massive gold, wherein were a spoon, knife, and fork, — all of pure gold set with diamonds and rubies. But as they were all sitting down at table they saw come into the hall a very old fairy, whom they had not invited, because it was above fifty years since she had been out of a certain tower, and she was believed to be either dead or enchanted.

The King ordered her a cover, but could not furnish her with a case of gold as the others, because they had only seven, made for the seven fairies. The old Fairy fancied she was slighted, and muttered some threats between her teeth. One of the young fairies who sat by her overheard how she grumbled; and judging that she might give the little Princess some unlucky gift, went as soon as they rose from the table, and hid herself behind the hangings, that she might speak last, and repair as much as she could the evil which the old Fairy might intend.

In the meanwhile all the fairies began to give their gifts to the Princess. The youngest gave her for gift that she should be the most beautiful person in the world; the next, that she should have the wit of an angel; the third, that she should have a wonderful grace in everything she did; the fourth, that she should dance perfectly well; the fifth, that she should sing like a nightingale; and the sixth, that she should play all kinds of music to the utmost perfection.

The old Fairy's turn coming next, with a head shaking more with spite than age, she said that the Princess should have her hand pierced with a spindle and die of the wound. This terrible gift made the whole company tremble, and everybody fell a-crying.

At this very instant the young Fairy came out from behind the hangings, and spake these words aloud: —

"Assure yourselves, O King and Queen, that your daughter shall not die of this disaster. It is true, I have no power to

undo entirely what my elder has done. The Princess shall indeed pierce her hand with a spindle; but instead of dying, she shall only fall into a profound sleep, which shall last a hundred years, at the expiration of which a king's son shall come and awake her."

The King, to avoid the misfortune foretold by the old Fairy, caused immediately the proclamation to be made, whereby everybody was forbidden, on pain of death, to spin with a distaff and spindle, or to have so much as any spindle in their houses. About fifteen or sixteen years after, the King and Queen being gone to one of their houses of pleasure, the young Princess happened one day to divert herself in running up and down the palace; when going up from one apartment to another, she came into a little room on the top of a tower, where a good old woman, alone, was spinning with her spindle. This good woman had never heard of the King's proclamation against spindles.

"What are you doing there, goody?" said the Princess.

"I am spinning, my pretty child," said the old woman, who did not know who she was.

"Ha!" said the Princess, "this is very pretty; how do you do it? Give it to me, that I may see if I can do so."

She had no sooner taken it into her hand than, whether being very hasty at it, somewhat unhandy, or that the decree of the Fairy had so ordained it, it ran into her hand, and she fell down in a swoon.

The good old woman, not knowing very well what to do in this affair, cried out for help. People came in from every quarter in great numbers; they threw water upon the Princess's face, unlaced her, struck her on the palms of her hands, and rubbed her temples with Hungary-water; but nothing would bring her to herself.

And now the King, who came up at the noise, bethought himself of the prediction of the fairies; and judging very well that this must necessarily come to pass, since the fairies had said it, caused the Princess to be carried into the finest apartment in his palace, and to be laid upon a bed all embroidered with gold and silver.

One would have taken her for a little angel, she was so very beautiful; for her swooning away had not diminished one bit of her complexion, — her cheeks were carnation, and her lips were coral: her eyes were indeed shut, but she was heard to

breathe softly, which satisfied those about her that she was not dead. The King commanded that they should not disturb her, but let her sleep quietly till her hour of awakening was come.

The good Fairy who had saved her life by condemning her to sleep a hundred years was in the kingdom of Matakin, twelve thousand leagues off, when this accident befell the Princess: but she was instantly informed of it by a little dwarf, who had boots of seven leagues; that is, boots with which he could tread over seven leagues of ground in one stride. The Fairy came away immediately, and she arrived, about an hour after, in a fiery chariot drawn by dragons.

The King handed her out of the chariot, and she approved everything he had done; but as she had very great foresight, she thought when the Princess should awake, she might not know what to do with herself, being all alone in this old palace; and this was what she did: she touched with her wand everything in the palace (except the King and the Queen) — governesses, maids of honor, ladies of the bed-chamber, gentlemen, officers, stewards, cooks, undercooks, scullions, guards, with their beefeaters, pages, footmen; she likewise touched all the horses which were in the stables, as well pads as others, the great dogs in the outward court, and pretty little Mopsy too, the Princess's little spaniel, which lay by her on the bed.

Immediately upon her touching them they all fell asleep, that they might not awake before their mistress, and that they might be ready to wait upon her when she wanted them. The very spits at the fire, as full as they could hold of partridges and pheasants, did fall asleep also. All this was done in a moment. Fairies are not long in doing their business.

And now the King and Queen, having kissed their dear child without waking her, went out of the palace and put forth a proclamation that nobody should dare to come near it.

This, however, was not necessary: for in a quarter of an hour's time there grew up all round about the park such a vast number of trees, great and small, bushes and brambles, twining one within another, that neither man nor beast could pass through; so that nothing could be seen but the very top of the towers of the palace, and that too not unless it was a good way off. Nobody doubted but the Fairy gave herein a very extraordinary sample of her art, that the Princess, while she continued sleeping, might have nothing to fear from any curious people.

When a hundred years were gone and passed, the son of the King then reigning, and who was of another family from that of the sleeping Princess, being gone a-hunting on that side of the country, asked: —

What those towers were which he saw in the middle of a great thick wood?

Every one answered according as they had heard. Some said:

That it was a ruinous old castle, haunted by spirits.

Others, that all the sorcerers and witches of the country kept there their sabbath or night's meeting.

The common opinion was that an ogre lived there; and that he carried thither all the little children he could catch, that he might eat them up at his leisure, without anybody being able to follow him, as having himself alone the power to pass through the wood.

The Prince was at a stand, not knowing what to believe, when a very aged countryman spake to him thus: —

"May it please your Royal Highness, it is now about fifty years since I heard from my father, who heard my grandfather say, that there was then in this castle a princess, the most beautiful was ever seen; that she must sleep there a hundred years, and should be waked by a king's son, for whom she was reserved."

The young Prince was all on fire at these words, believing, without weighing the matter, that he could put an end to this rare adventure; and, pushed on by love and honor, resolved that moment to look into it.

Scarce had he advanced towards the wood when all the great trees, the bushes, and the brambles gave way of themselves to let him pass through; he walked up to the castle which he saw at the end of a large avenue which he went into; and what a little surprised him was that he saw none of his people could follow him, because the trees closed again as soon as he had passed through them. However, he did not cease from continuing his way: a young and amorous prince is always valiant.

He came into a spacious outward court, where everything he saw might have frozen up the most fearless person with horror. There reigned over all a most frightful silence; the image of death everywhere showed itself, and there was nothing to be seen but stretched-out bodies of men and animals, all seeming to be dead. He however very well knew, by the ruby faces

and pimpled noses of the beefeaters, that they were only asleep; and their goblets, wherein still remained some drops of wine, showed plainly that they fell asleep in their cups.

He then crossed a court paved with marble, went up the stairs, and came into the guard chamber, where guards were standing in their ranks, with their muskets upon their shoulders, and snoring as loud as they could. After that he went through several rooms full of gentlemen and ladies all asleep, some standing, others sitting. At last he came into a chamber all gilded with gold, where he saw upon a bed, the curtains of which were all open, the finest sight that was ever beheld, — a princess, who appeared to be about fifteen or sixteen years of age, and whose bright, and in a manner resplendent, beauty had somewhat in it divine. He approached with trembling and admiration, and fell down before her upon his knees.

And now, as the enchantment was at an end, the Princess awaked; and looking on him with eyes more tender than the first view might seem to admit of, —

"Is it you, my Prince?" said she to him. "You have waited a long while."

The Prince, charmed with these words, and much more with the manner in which they were spoken, knew not how to show his joy and gratitude; he assured her that he loved her better than he did himself; their discourse was not well connected, they did weep more than talk, — little eloquence, a great deal of love. He was more at a loss than she, and we need not wonder at it: she had time to think on what to say to him; for it is very probable (though history mentions nothing of it) that the good Fairy, during so long a sleep, had given her very agreeable dreams. In short, they talked four hours together, and yet they said not half what they had to say.

In the meanwhile all the palace awaked; every one thought upon their particular business, and as all of them were not in love, they were ready to die for hunger. The chief lady of honor, being as sharp set as other folks, grew very impatient and told the Princess aloud that supper was served up. The Prince helped the Princess to rise: she was entirely dressed, and very magnificently, but his Royal Highness took care not to tell her that she was dressed like his great-grandmother, and had a point band peeping over a high collar; she looked not a bit the less charming and beautiful for all that.

They went into the great hall of looking-glasses, where they

supped, and were served by the Princess's officers; the violins and hautboys played old tunes, but very excellent, though it was now above a hundred years since they had played; and after supper, without losing any time, the lord almoner married them in the chapel of the castle, and the chief lady of honor drew the curtains. They had but very little sleep — the Princess had no occasion; and the Prince left her next morning to return into the city, where his father must needs have been in pain for him. The Prince told him: —

That he had lost his way in the forest as he was hunting, and that he had lain in the cottage of a charcoal-burner, who gave him cheese and brown bread.

The King, his father, who was a good man, believed him: but his mother could not be persuaded it was true, and seeing that he went almost every day a-hunting, and that he always had some excuse ready for so doing, though he had lain out three or four nights together, she began to suspect that he was married; for he lived with the Princess above two whole years, and had by her two children, the eldest of which, who was a daughter, was named Morning, and the youngest, who was a son, they called Day, because he was a great deal handsomer and more beautiful than his sister.

The Queen spoke several times to her son, to inform herself after what manner he did pass his time, and that in this he ought in duty to satisfy her. But he never dared to trust her with his secret: he feared her, though he loved her, for she was of the race of the Ogres, and the King would never have married her had it not been for her vast riches; it was even whispered about the court that she had Ogreish inclinations, and that whenever she saw little children passing by, she had all the difficulty in the world to avoid falling upon them. And so the Prince would never tell her one word.

But when the King was dead, which happened about two years afterwards, and he saw himself lord and master, he openly declared his marriage; and he went in great ceremony to conduct his Queen to the palace. They made a magnificent entry into the capital city, she riding between her two children.

Soon after, the King went to make war with the Emperor Contalabutte, his neighbor. He left the government of the kingdom to the Queen his mother, and earnestly recommended to her care his wife and children. He was obliged to continue his expedition all the summer; and as soon as he departed the

Queen-mother sent her daughter-in-law to a country house among the woods, that she might with the more ease gratify her horrible longing.

Some few days afterward she went thither herself, and said to her clerk of the kitchen: —

"I have a mind to eat little Morning for my dinner to-morrow."

"Ah, madam!" cried the clerk of the kitchen.

"I will have it so," replied the Queen (and this she spoke in the tone of an Ogress who had a strong desire to eat fresh meat), "and will eat her with a *sauce*, Robert."

The poor man, knowing very well that he must not play tricks with Ogresses, took his great knife and went up into little Morning's chamber. She was then four years old; and came up to him jumping and laughing, to take him about the neck and ask him for some sugar-candy. Upon which he began to weep, the great knife fell out of his hand, and he went into the back yard and killed a little lamb, and dressed it with such good sauce that his mistress assured him she had never eaten anything so good in her life. He had at the same time taken up little Morning and carried her to his wife, to conceal her in the lodging he had at the bottom of the court-yard.

About eight days afterward the wicked Queen said to the clerk of the kitchen, "I will sup upon little Day."

He answered not a word, being resolved to cheat her as he had done before. He went to find out little Day, and saw him with a little foil in his hand, with which he was fencing with a great monkey, the child being then only three years of age. He took him up in his arms and carried him to his wife, that she might conceal him in her chamber along with his sister; and in the room of little Day cooked up a young kid, very tender, which the Ogress found to be wonderfully good.

This was hitherto all mighty well; but one evening this wicked Queen said to her clerk of the kitchen: —

"I will eat the Queen with the same sauce I had with her children."

It was now that the poor clerk of the kitchen despaired of being able to deceive her. The young Queen was turned of twenty, not reckoning the hundred years she had been asleep; and how to find in the yard a beast so firm was what puzzled him. He took then a resolution, that he might save his own life, to cut the Queen's throat; and going up into her chamber,

with intent to do it at once, he put himself into as great fury as he could possibly, and came into the young Queen's room with his dagger in his hand. He would not, however, surprise her; but told her, with a great deal of respect, the orders he had received from the Queen-mother.

"Do it; do it" (said she, stretching out her neck.) "Execute your orders; and then I shall go and see my children, my poor children, whom I so much and so tenderly loved."

For she thought them dead ever since they had been taken away without her knowledge.

"No, no, madam" (cried the poor clerk of the kitchen, all in tears): "you shall not die, and yet you shall see your children again; but then you must go home with me to my lodgings, where I have concealed them, and I shall deceive the Queen once more, by giving her in your stead a young hind."

Upon this he forthwith conducted her to his chamber, where, leaving her to embrace her children and cry along with them, he went and dressed a young hind, which the Queen had for her supper, and devoured it with the same appetite as if it had been the young Queen. Exceedingly was she delighted with her cruelty; and she had invented a story to tell the King, at his return, how the mad wolves had eaten up the Queen his wife and her two children.

One evening, as she was, according to her custom, rambling round about the courts and yards of the palace to see if she could smell any fresh meat, she heard, in a ground room, little Day crying; for his mamma was going to whip him, because he had been naughty: and she heard at the same time little Morning begging pardon for her brother.

The Ogress presently knew the voice of the Queen and her children; and being quite mad that she had been thus deceived, she commanded (with a most horrible voice, which made everybody tremble) that next morning, by break of day, they should bring into the middle of the great court a large tub, which she caused to be filled with toads, vipers, snakes, and all sorts of serpents, in order to have thrown into it the Queen and her children, the clerk of the kitchen, his wife and maid; all whom she had given orders should be brought thither with their hands tied behind them.

They were brought out accordingly, and the executioners were just going to throw them into the tub, when the King (who was not so soon expected) entered the court on horse-

back (for he came post), and asked with the utmost astonishment what was the meaning of that horrible spectacle.

No one dared to tell him; when the Ogress, all enraged to see what had happened, threw herself head foremost into the tub, and was instantly devoured by the ugly creatures she had ordered to be thrown into it for others. The King could not but be very sorry, for she was his mother; but he soon comforted himself with his beautiful wife and his pretty children.

Blue Beard.

There was a man who had fine houses, both in town and country, a deal of silver and gold plate, embroidered furniture, and coaches gilded all over with gold. But this man was so unlucky as to have a blue beard, which made him so frightfully ugly that all the women and girls ran away from him.

One of his neighbors, a lady of quality, had two daughters who were perfect beauties. He desired of her one of them in marriage, leaving to her choice which of the two she would bestow on him. They would neither of them have him, and sent him backwards and forwards from one another, not being able to bear the thoughts of marrying a man who had a blue beard; and what besides gave them disgust and aversion was his having already been married to several wives, and nobody ever knew what became of them.

Blue Beard, to engage their affection, took them, with the lady their mother and three or four ladies of their acquaintance, with other young people of the neighborhood, to one of his country seats, where they stayed a whole week.

There was nothing then to be seen but parties of pleasure, hunting, fishing, dancing, mirth, and feasting. Nobody went to bed, but all passed the night in rallying and joking with each other. In short, everything succeeded so well that the youngest daughter began to think the master of the house not to have a beard so very blue, and that he was a mighty civil gentleman.

As soon as they returned home, the marriage was concluded. About a month afterwards, Blue Beard told his wife that he was obliged to take a country journey for six weeks at least, about affairs of very great consequence, desiring her to divert herself in his absence, to send for her friends and acquaintances,

to carry them into the country, if she pleased, and to make good cheer wherever she was.

"Here," said he, "are the keys of the two great wardrobes, wherein I have my best furniture; these are of my silver and gold plate, which is not every day in use; these open my strong boxes, which hold my money, both gold and silver; these my caskets of jewels; and this is the master-key to all my apartments. But for this little one here, it is the key of the closet at the end of the great gallery on the ground floor. Open them all, go into all and every one of them, except that little closet, which I forbid you; and forbid it in such a manner that if you happen to open it, there's nothing but what you may expect from my just anger and resentment."

She promised to observe, very exactly, whatever he had ordered; when he, after having embraced her, got into his coach and proceeded on his journey.

Her neighbors and good friends did not stay to be sent for by the new-married lady, so great was their impatience to see all the rich furniture of her house, not daring to come while her husband was there, because of his blue beard which frightened them. They ran through all the rooms, closets, and wardrobes, which were all so fine and rich that they seemed to surpass one another.

After that they went up into the two great rooms, where were the best and richest furniture; they could not sufficiently admire the number and beauty of the tapestry, beds, couches, cabinets, stands, tables, — and looking-glasses in which you might see yourself from head to foot; some of them were framed with glass, others with silver, plain and gilded, the finest and most magnificent ever were seen.

They ceased not to extol and envy the happiness of their friend, who in the meantime in no way diverted herself in looking upon all these rich things, because of the impatience she had to go and open the closet on the ground floor. She was so much pressed by her curiosity that without considering that it was very uncivil to leave her company, she went down a little back staircase, and with such excessive haste that she had twice or thrice like to have broken her neck.

Being come to the closet door, she made a stop for some time, thinking upon her husband's orders, and considering what unhappiness might attend her if she were disobedient; but the temptation was so strong she could not overcome it. She then

took the little key, and opened it, trembling, but could not at first see anything plainly, because the windows were shut. After some moments she began to perceive that the floor was all covered over with clotted blood, on which lay the bodies of several dead women, ranged against the walls. (These were all the wives whom Blue Beard had married and murdered, one after another.) She thought she should have died for fear; and the key, which she pulled out of the lock, fell out of her hand.

After having somewhat recovered her surprise, she took up the key, locked the door, and went upstairs into her chamber to recover herself; but she could not, so much was she frightened. Having observed that the key of the closet was stained with blood, she tried two or three times to wipe it off; but the blood would not come out: in vain did she wash it, and even rub it with soap and sand; the blood still remained, for the key was magical and she could never make it quite clean; when the blood was gone off from one side, it came again on the other.

Blue Beard returned from his journey the same evening, and said he had received letters upon the road, informing him that the affair he went about was ended to his advantage. His wife did all she could to convince him she was extremely glad of his speedy return.

Next morning he asked her for the keys, which she gave him, but with such a trembling hand that he easily guessed what had happened.

"What!" said he, "is not the key of my closet among the rest?"

"I must certainly," said she, "have left it above upon the table."

"Fail not," said Blue Beard, "to bring it to me presently."

After several goings backward and forward she was forced to bring him the key. Blue Beard, having very attentively considered it, said to his wife: —

"How comes this blood upon the key?"

"I do not know," cried the poor woman, paler than death.

"You do not know!" replied Blue Beard. "I very well know. You were resolved to go into the closet, were you not? Mighty well, madam: you shall go in, and take your place among the ladies you saw there."

Upon this she threw herself at her husband's feet, and

begged his pardon with all the signs of a true repentance, vowing that she would never more be disobedient. She would have melted a rock, so beautiful and sorrowful was she; but Blue Beard had a heart harder than any rock!

"You must die, madam," said he; "and that presently."

"Since I must die," answered she (looking upon him with her eyes all bathed in tears), "give me some little time to say my prayers."

"I give you," replied Blue Beard, "half a quarter of an hour, but not one moment more."

When she was alone she called out to her sister, and said to her: —

"Sister Anne" (for that was her name), "go up, I beg you, upon the top of the tower, and look if my brothers are not coming; they promised me that they would come to-day, and if you see them, give them a sign to make haste."

Her sister Anne went up upon the top of the tower, and the poor afflicted wife cried out from time to time: —

"Anne, sister Anne, do you see any one coming?"

And sister Anne said: —

"I see nothing but the sun, which makes a dust, and the grass, which looks green."

In the mean while Blue Beard, holding a great saber in his hand, cried out as loud as he could bawl to his wife: —

"Come down instantly, or I shall come up to you."

"One moment longer, if you please," said his wife; and then she cried out very softly, "Anne, sister Anne, dost thou see anybody coming?"

And sister Anne answered: —

"I see nothing but the sun, which makes a dust, and the grass, which is green."

"Come down quickly," cried Blue Beard, "or I will come up to you."

"I am coming," answered his wife; and then she cried, "Anne, sister Anne, dost thou not see any one coming?"

"I see," replied sister Anne, "a great dust, which comes on this side here."

"Are they my brothers?"

"Alas! no, my dear sister: I see a flock of sheep."

"Will you not come down?" cried Blue Beard.

"One moment longer," said his wife, then she cried out, "Anne, sister Anne, dost thou see nobody coming?"

"I see," said she, "two horsemen; but they are yet a great way off."

"God be praised," replied the poor wife joyfully: "they are my brothers; I will make them a sign, as well as I can, for them to make haste."

Then Blue Beard bawled out so loud that he made the whole house tremble. The distressed wife came down, and threw herself at his feet, all in tears, with her hair about her shoulders.

"This signifies nothing," says Blue Beard: "you must die"; then, taking hold of her hair with one hand, and lifting up the sword with the other, he was going to take off her head. The poor lady, turning about to him, and looking at him with dying eyes, desired him to afford her one little moment to recollect herself.

"No, no," said he, "recommend thyself to God;" and was just ready to strike.

At this very instant there was such a loud knocking at the gate that Blue Beard made a sudden stop. The gate was opened, and presently entered two horsemen, who, drawing their swords, ran directly to Blue Beard. He knew them to be his wife's brothers, — one a dragoon, the other a musketeer; so that he ran away immediately to save himself: but the two brothers pursued so close that they overtook him before he could get to the steps of the porch, when they ran their swords through his body and left him dead. The poor wife was almost as dead as her husband, and had not strength enough to rise and welcome her brothers.

Blue Beard had no heirs, and so his wife became mistress of all his estate. She made use of one part of it to marry her sister Anne to a young gentleman who had loved her a long while; another part to buy captains' commissions for her brothers; and the rest to marry herself to a very worthy gentleman, who made her forget the ill time she had passed with Blue Beard.

NORA PERRY.

Nora Perry, an American poet, born at Dudley, Mass., in 1832; died there, May 13, 1896. In early years she removed with her parents to Providence, R.I. At the age of eighteen she began to write, and her first serial story, "Rosalind Newcomb," appeared in *Harper's Magazine* in 1859–1860. For several years she was the Boston correspondent for the Chicago *Tribune* and the Providence *Journal*. She was a frequent contributor to the *St. Nicholas* and other magazines, and was the author of "After the Ball, and Other Poems" (1874, new ed., 1879); "The Tragedy of the Unexpected, and Other Stories" (1880); "Book of Love Stories" (1881); "For a Woman" (1885); "New Songs and Ballads" (1886); "A Flock of Girls" (1887); "Lyrics and Legends" (1891); "A Rosebud Garden of Girls" (1892); "Hope Benham" (1894).

Tying Her Bonnet Under Her Chin.[1]

Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in;
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill;
And it blew the curls, a frolicsome race,
All over the happy peach-colored face,
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,

[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Or, tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill;
Madder, merrier, chillier still
The western wind blew down, and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was fair,
To play such tricks with her floating hair?
To gladly, gleefully do your best
To blow against the young man's breast,
Where he as gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and her dimpled chin?

Ah! Ellery Vane, you little thought,
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin!

PETRARCH.

Petrarch (Francesco Petrarca), an Italian ecclesiastic, diplomatist, scholar, and eminent lyric poet, born at Arezzo, July 20, 1304; died at Arqua, near Padua, July 18, 1374. After beginning the study of law he entered the ecclesiastical profession, and in time was made Archdeacon of Milan. During almost the entire years of his manhood he was the associate of Doges, Princes, Kings, Emperors, and Popes, by whom he was repeatedly appointed to discharge important diplomatic functions in Italy, France, and Germany.

In his twenty-third year he first saw the lady whom he has immortalized as "Laura," and conceived for her a love which not only lasted through the one-and-twenty years in which she lived, but endured through the almost thirty remaining years of his life.

Petrarch was one of the foremost scholars of his age. He wrote and spoke Latin with perfect ease, and had a fair mastery of Greek. Among his numerous Latin works are several ethical essays, and "Africa," an epic poem upon which he was occupied at intervals for many years.

Of his Italian poems the longest is "I Trionfi," "The Triumphs" of Love, Chastity, Death, Fame, Time, and Eternity. The general purport of the poem is that Love triumphs over Man; Chastity over Love; Time over Chastity; Fame over Time; and Eternity over Fame. The other Italian poems are collected together under the title of "Rima di Francesca Petrarca." They consist of some three hundred "Sonnets," most of which relate directly to Laura, and some fifty "Odes."

To the Princes of Italy, Exhorting Them to Set Her Free.

O my own Italy! though words are vain
The mortal wounds to close,
Unnumbered, that thy beauteous bosom stain,
Yet may it soothe my pain

To sigh forth Tiber's woes,
And Arno's wrongs, as on Po's saddened shore
Sorrowing I wander, and my numbers pour.
Ruler of heaven! By the all-pitying love
That could thy Godhead move
To dwell a lowly sojourner on earth,
Turn, Lord! on this thy chosen land thine eye:
See, God of Charity!
From what light cause this cruel war has birth;
And the hard hearts by savage discord steeled,
Thou, Father! from on high,
Touch by my humble voice, that stubborn wrath may yield!

Ye, to whose sovereign hands the fates confide
Of this fair land the reins, —
(This land for which no pity wrings your breast,) —
Why does the stranger's sword her plains invest?
That her green fields be dyed,
Hope ye, with blood from the Barbarians' veins?
Beguiled by error weak,
Ye see not, though to pierce so deep ye boast,
Who love or faith in venal bosoms seek:
When thronged your standards most,
Ye are encompassed most by hostile bands.
Oh, hideous deluge gathered in strange lands,
That rushing down amain
O'erwhelms our every native lovely plain!
Alas! if our own hands
Have thus our weal betrayed, who shall our cause sustain?

Well did kind Nature, guardian of our State,
Rear her rude Alpine heights,
A lofty rampart against German hate:
But blind ambition, seeking his own ill,
With ever restless will,
To the pure gales contagion foul invites;
Within the same strait fold
The gentle flocks and wolves relentless throng,
Where still meek innocence must suffer wrong:
And these — oh, shame avowed! —
Are of the lawless hordes no tie can hold;
Fame tells how Marius's sword
Erewhile their bosoms gored, —
Nor has Time's hand aught blurred the record proud!
When they who, thirsting, stooped to quaff the flood,
With the cool waters mixed, drank of a comrade's blood!

Great Cæsar's name I pass, who o'er our plains
Poured forth the ensanguined tide,
Drawn by our own good swords from out their veins;
But now — nor know I what ill stars preside —
Heaven holds this land in hate!
To you the thanks, whose hands control her helm!
You, whose rash feuds despoil
Of all the beauteous earth the fairest realm!
Are ye impelled by judgment, crime, or fate,
To oppress the desolate?
From broken fortunes and from humble toil
The hard-earned dole to wring,
While from afar ye bring
Dealers in blood, bartering their souls for hire?
In truth's great cause I sing,
Nor hatred nor disdain my earnest lay inspire.

Nor mark ye yet, confirmed by proof on proof,
Bavaria's perfidy,
Who strikes in mockery, keeping death aloof?
(Shame, worse than aught of loss, in honor's eye!)
While ye, with honest rage, devoted pour
Your inmost bosom's gore! —
Yet give one hour to thought,
And ye shall own how little he can hold
Another's glory dear, who sets his own at naught.
O Latin blood of old!
Arise, and wrest from obloquy thy fame,
Nor bow before a name
Of hollow sound, whose power no laws enforce!
For if barbarians rude
Have higher minds subdued,
Ours! ours the crime! — Not such wise Nature's course.

Ah! is not this the soil my foot first pressed?
And here, in cradled rest,
Was I not softly hushed? here fondly reared?
Ah! is not this my country? so endeared
By every filial tie!
In whose lap shrouded both my parents lie!
Oh! by this tender thought,
Your torpid bosoms to compassion wrought,
Look on the people's grief!
Who, after God, of you expect relief;
And if ye but relent,

Virtue shall rouse her in embattled might,
Against blind fury bent,
Nor long shall doubtful hang the unequal fight;
For no — the ancient flame
Is not extinguished yet, that raised the Italian name!

Mark, sovereign lords! how Time, with pinion strong,
Swift hurries life along!
E'en now, behold! Death presses on the rear.
We sojourn here a day — the next, are gone!
The soul disrobed, alone,
Must shuddering seek the doubtful pass we fear.
Oh! at the dreaded bourn,
Abase the lofty brow of wrath and scorn, —
Storms adverse to the eternal calm on high!
And yet, whose cruelty
Has sought another's harm, by fairer deed
Of heart, or hand, or intellect, aspire
To win the honest meed
Of just renown — the noble mind's desire!
Thus sweet on earth the stay!
Thus to the spirit pure, unbarred is Heaven's way!

My song! with courtesy, and numbers sooth,
Thy daring reasons grace;
For thou the mighty, in their pride of place,
Must woo to gentle ruth,
Whose haughty will long evil customs nurse,
Ever to truth averse!
Thee better fortunes wait,
Among the virtues few, the truly great!
Tell them — but who shall bid my terrors cease?
Peace! Peace! on thee I call! Return, O heaven-born Peace!

To Rienzi, Beseeching Him to Restore to Rome Her Ancient Liberty.

Spirit heroic! who with fire divine
Kindlest those limbs, awhile which pilgrim hold
On earth a chieftain gracious, wise, and bold;
Since rightly now the rod of State is thine,
Rome and her wandering children to confine,
And yet reclaim her to the old good way;
To thee I speak, for elsewhere not a ray
Of virtue can I find, extinct below,

Nor one who feels of evil deeds the shame.
Why Italy still waits, and what her aim,
I know not: callous to her proper woe,
Indolent, aged, slow,
Still will she sleep? Is none to rouse her found?
Oh that my wakening hands were through her tresses wound!

So grievous is the spell, the trance so deep,
Loud though we call, my hope is faint that e'er
She yet will waken from her heavy sleep;
But not, methinks, without some better end
Was this our Rome intrusted to thy care,
Who surest may revive and best defend.
Fearlessly then upon that reverend head,
'Mid her disheveled locks, thy fingers spread,
And lift at length the sluggard from the dust;
I, day and night, who her prostration mourn,
For this in thee have fixed my certain trust, —
That if her sons yet turn,
And their eyes ever true to honor raise,
The glory is reserved for thy illustrious days!

Her ancient walls, which still with fear and love
The world admires, whene'er it calls to mind
The days of eld, and turns to look behind;
Her hoar and caverned monuments above
The dust of men, whose fame, until the world
In dissolution sink, can never fail;
Her all, that in one ruin now lies hurled,
Hopes to have healed by thee its every ail.
O faithful Brutus, noble Scipios, dead!
To you what triumph, where ye now are blest,
If of our worthy choice the fame have spread:
And how his laureled crest
Will old Fabricius rear, with joy elate,
That his own Rome again shall beauteous be and great!

And if for things of earth its care Heaven show,
The souls who dwell above in joy and peace,
And their mere mortal frames have left below,
Implore thee this long civil strife may cease,
Which kills all confidence, nips every good,
Which bars the way to many a roof where men
Once holy, hospitable lived, the den
Of fearless rapine now and frequent blood,
Whose doors to virtue only are denied.

While beneath plundered saints, in outraged fanes
Plots faction, and revenge the altar stains;
And — contrast sad and wide —
The very bells which sweetly wont to fling
Summons to prayer and praise, now battle's tocsin ring!

Pale weeping women, and a friendless crowd
Of tender years, infirm and desolate Age,
Which hates itself and its superfluous days,
With each blest order to religion vowed,
Whom works of love through lives of want engage.
To thee for help their hands and voices raise;
While our poor panic-stricken land displays
The thousand wounds which now so mar her frame
That e'en from foes compassion they command;
Or more if Christendom thy care may claim,
Lo! God's own house on fire, while not a hand
Moves to subdue the flame:
Heal thou these wounds, this feverish tumult end,
And on the holy work Heaven's blessing shall descend!

Often against our marble column high,
Wolf, Lion, Bear, proud Eagle, and base Snake
Even to their own injury insult shower;
Lifts against thee and theirs her mournful cry
The noble Dame who calls thee here to break
Away the evil weeds which will not flower.
A thousand years and more! and gallant men
There fixed her seat in beauty and in power;
The breed of patriot hearts has failed since then!
And in their stead, upstart and haughty now,
A race which ne'er to her in reverence bends,
Her husband, father thou!
Like care from thee and counsel she attends,
As o'er his other works the Sire of all extends.

'Tis seldom e'en that with our fairest schemes
Some adverse fortune will not mix, and mar,
With instant ill, ambition's noblest dreams;
But thou, once ta'en thy path, so walk that I
May pardon her past faults, great as they are,
If now at least she give herself the lie.
For never in all memory as to thee,
To mortal man so sure and straight the way
Of everlasting honor open lay,
For thine the power and will, if right I see,

To lift our empire to its old proud state.
Let this thy glory be!
They succored her when young and strong and great;
He, in her weak old age, warded the stroke of Fate.

Forth on thy way! my song, and where the bold
Tarpeian lifts his brow, shouldst thou behold,
Of others' weal more thoughtful than his own,
The chief, by general Italy revered,
Tell him from me, to whom he is but known
As one to virtue and by fame endeared,
Till stamped upon his heart the sad truth be,
That day by day to thee,
With suppliant attitude and streaming eyes,
For justice and relief our seven-hilled city cries.

The Damsel of the Laurel.

Young was the damsel under the green laurel,
Whom I beheld more white and cold than snow
By sun unsmitten, many, many years.
I found her speech and lovely face and hair
So pleasing that I still before my eyes
Have and shall have them, both on wave and shore.

My thoughts will only then have come to shore
When one green leaf shall not be found on laurel;
Nor still can be my heart, nor dried my eyes,
Till freezing fire appear and burning snow.
So many single hairs make not my hair
As for one day like this I would wait years.

But seeing how Time flits, and fly the years,
And suddenly Death bringeth us ashore,
Perhaps with brown, perhaps with hoary hair,
I will pursue the shade of that sweet laurel
Through the sun's fiercest heat and o'er the snow
Until the latest day shall close my eyes.

There never have been seen such glorious eyes,
Either in our age or in eldest years;
And they consume me as the sun does snow:
Wherefore Love leads my tears, like streams ashore,
Unto the foot of that obdurate laurel,
Which boughs of adamant hath and golden hair.

Sooner will change, I dread, my face and hair
Than truly will turn on me pitying eyes
Mine Idol, which is carved in living laurel:
For now, if I miscount not, full seven years
A-sighing have I gone from shore to shore,
By night and day, through drought and through the snow.

All fire within and all outside pale snow,
Alone with these my thoughts, with alter'd hair,
I shall go weeping over every shore —
Belike to draw compassion to men's eyes,
Not to be born for the next thousand years,
If so long can abide well-nurtured laurel.

But gold and sunlit topazes on snow
Are pass'd by her pale hair, above those eyes
By which my years are brought so fast ashore.

He Feels that the Day of their Reunion is at Hand.

Methinks from hour to hour her voice I hear;
My Lady calls me! I would fain obey:
Within, without, I feel myself decay;
And am so altered — not with many a year —
That to myself a stranger I appear;
All my old usual life is put away.
Could I but know how long I have to stay!
Grant, Heaven, the long-wished summons may be near!
Oh, blest the day when from this earthly jail
I shall be freed; when burst and broken lies
This mortal guise, so heavy yet so frail;
When from this black night my saved spirit flies,
Soaring up, up, above the bright serene,
Where with my Lord my Lady shall be seen.

He Seeks Solitude, but Love Follows Him Everywhere.

Alone, and lost in thought, the desert glade
Measuring, I roam with ling'ring steps and slow;
And still a watchful glance around me throw,
Anxious to shun the print of human tread:
No other means I find, no surer aid
From the world's prying eye to hide my woe:
So well my wild disordered gestures show,

And love-lorn looks, the fire within me bred,
That well I deem each mountain, wood, and plain,
And river, knows what I from man conceal, —
What dreary hues my life's fond prospects dim.
Yet whate'er wild or savage paths I've ta'en,
Where'er I wander, Love attends me still,
Soft whisp'ring to my soul, and I to him.

Conscious of His Folly, He Prays God to Turn Him to a Better Life.

Father of heaven! after days misspent,
After the nights of wild tumultuous thought,
In that fierce passion's strong entanglement,
One, for my peace too lovely fair, had wrought:
Vouchsafe that by thy grace, my spirit, bent
On nobler aims, to holier ways be brought;
That so my Foe, spreading with dark intent
His mortal snares, be foiled, and held at naught.
E'en now th' eleventh year its course fulfills,
That I have bowed me to the tyranny
Relentless most to fealty most tried.
Have mercy, Lord! on my unworthy ills;
Fix all my thoughts in contemplation high,
How on the cross this day a Savior died.

Whoever Beholds Her Must Admit that His Praises Cannot Reach Her Perfection.

Who wishes to behold the utmost might
Of heaven and nature, on her let him gaze, —
Sole sun, not only in my partial lays,
But to the dark world, blind to virtue's light!
And let him haste to view: for death in spite
The guilty leaves, and on the virtuous preys;
For this loved angel heaven impatient stays;
And mortal charms are transient as they're bright!
Here shall he see, if timely he arrive,
Virtue and beauty, royalty of mind,
In one blest union joined. Then shall he say
That vainly my weak rhymes to praise her strive,
Whose dazzling beams have struck my genius blind;
He must forever weep if he delay!

Her Counsel Alone Affords Him Relief.

Ne'er to the son in whom her age is blest,
The anxious mother, — nor to her loved lord
The wedded dame, impending ill to ward, —
With careful sighs so faithful counsel pressed,
As she who, from her high eternal rest,
Bending as though my exile she deplored,
With all her wonted tenderness restored,
And softer pity on her brow impressed!
Now with a mother's fears, and now as one
Who loves with chaste affection, in her speech
She points what to pursue and what to shun!
Our years retracing of long, various grief,
Wooing my soul at higher good to reach,
And while she speaks, my bosom finds relief!

Sonnet Found in Laura's Tomb.

Here now repose those chaste, those blest remains
Of that most gentle spirit, sole in earth!
Harsh monumental stone, that here confinest
True honor, fame, and beauty, all o'erthrown!
Death has destroyed that Laurel green, and torn
Its tender roots; and all the noble meed
Of my long warfare, passing (if aright
My melancholy reckoning holds) four lusters.
O happy plant! Avignon's favored soil
Has seen thee spring and die; — and here with thee
Thy poet's pen, and Muse, and genius lie.
O lovely beauteous limbs! O vivid fire,
That even in death hast power to melt the soul!
Heaven be thy portion, peace with God on high!

EMILY JANE PFEIFFER.

Emily Jane (Davis) Pfeiffer, an English poet, born in Wales, Nov. 26, 1827; died at Putney, in January, 1890. She was the daughter of an army officer, and was married in 1853 to J. E. Pfeiffer, a German merchant in London. Her sonnets have been much admired by critics. Her work in verse and prose includes: "The Holly Branch"; "Valesmeria, a Tale" (1857); "Gerard's Monument," a poem (1873); "Poems" (1876); "Glan Alarch" (1877); "Quarterman's Grave" (1879); "Sonnets and Songs" (1880); "Under the Aspen" (1882); "The Rhyme of the Lady of the Rock" (1884); "Flying Leaves from East and West," a record of travel (1885); "Woman and Work" (1888); "Flowers of the Night" (1889).

A Reminiscence.

If I might save from out the wreck of years
Some loveliest moment to eternalize,
I would not seek it where the fervid eyes
Of passion long ago were dulled with tears.
Nay, liefer I would look where nature nears
The cloudy confines of her mysteries,
Where Sleep prepares his balmy ministries,
And almost so his brother Death endears.

Yes, I would lie and drowse as in my bed —
A four-years' child — with, through the open door,
The nurses' voices, merry in my stead,
And sounds of music wafted through the floor;
Such idling best contents my wearihead
To-night; to-morrow I may ask for more.

Deaf.

Never to hear the chorus that awakes
The morning strive together in the grove;
Never to hear the plaining of the dove

Or babble of the childish glee that makes
The sick heart whole; or any voice that breaks
Beneath the tender burthen of its love;
Nor any strain of music that can move
The sense until with ravishment it aches.

If of old time one thus bereft, in vain
Had sought that pool an angel Pity stirred,
The human voice of Christ he had not heard;
But human pity, like the all-visiting rain,
May reach the grief that makes such faint appeal
And touching, soothe what only death can heal.

Beating the Air.

Song drew the curtains of my life aside,
But left me songless ere the risen day,
When hurried heart-beats took my breath away,
And overdone with life I almost died.
Then it was laid upon me to abide
What time my thought was searched with sharp assay,
What while my will in fiery durance lay, —
All coinage of their store as yet denied.

So held in silent depths my grievèd soul
Would listen to the crowned ones harping high,
And yearn to touch such gentle hearts with dole;
When at the last a kindling breath, a cry,
Unsealed my lips as if with burning coal; —
Alas! the crowned ones heard me and passed by.

Love the Arbitrator.

(From "Flowers of the Night.")

I am thy servant, Love, and bear thy sign,
Which is to suffer; would, O Love, that thou
To my forlorn estate wouldst deign to bow,
And looking on me with those eyes of thine,
And calling me by this poor name of mine,
Win me my secret sorrow to avow,
Saying: "My servant, who doth wrong thee now,
Whom I to work thy pleasure may incline?"

And I, for thou art very Love, will make
Confession of my griefs; and thou, for I
Am what I cannot choose but be, will take
The part against me as our case you try,
Proving me guilty for my weak heart's sake;
Well knowing it must either love or die.

Councilors.

Warm from the wall she chose a peach,
She took the wasps for councilors;
She said: "Such little things can teach:"
Warm from the wall she chose a peach;
She waved the fruit within my reach,
Then passed it to a friend of hers:
Warm from the wall she chose a peach,
She took the wasps for councilors.

Among the Glaciers.

Land of the beacon-hills that flame up white,
And spread, as from on high, a word sublime,
How is it that upon the roll of time
Thy sons have rarely writ their names in light?
Land where the voices of loud waters throng,
Where avalanches sweep the mountain's side,
Here men have wived and fought, have worked and died,
But all in silence listened to thy song.
Is it the vastness of the temple frowning
On changing symbols of the artist's faith?
Is it the volume of the music drowning,
The utterance of his frail and fleeting breath,
That shames all forms of worship and of praise,
Save the still service of laborious days?

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, a noted American orator, abolitionist, and reformer, distinguished for his opposition to slavery and to all forms of oppression, born at Boston, Nov. 29, 1811; died there Feb. 2, 1884. He received his education at Harvard College, and was admitted to the bar in 1834. His sympathies were strongly aroused by the persecution of the early abolitionists. He refrained from the practice of his profession as a lawyer because he could not conscientiously subscribe to the Constitution of the United States, which he characterized as an unrighteous compact between freedom and slavery. A volume of his Speeches was published in 1863.

THE HERO OF HAYTI.

(From "Toussaint L'Ouverture.")

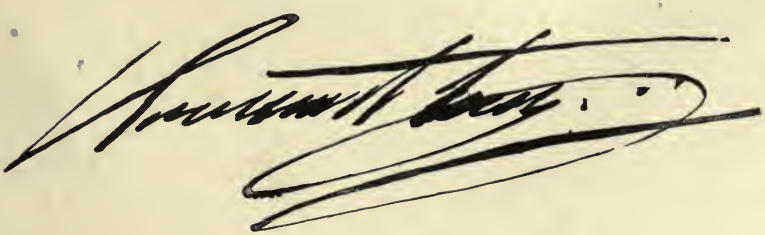
THIS is the first insurrection, if any such there were in St. Domingo, — the first determined purpose on the part of the negro, having saved the government, to save himself.

. . . . . .

At this moment, then, the island stands thus: The Spaniard is on the east triumphant; the Englishman is on the northwest intrenched; the mulattoes are in the mountains waiting; the blacks are in the valleys victorious; one half the French slave-holding element is republican, the other half royalist; the white race against the mulatto and the black; the black against both; the Frenchman against the English and Spaniard; the Spaniard against both. It is a war of races and a war of nations. At such a moment Toussaint l'Ouverture appeared.

He had been born a slave on a plantation in the north of the island, — an unmixed negro, — his father stolen from Africa. If anything, therefore, that I say of him to-night moves your admiration, remember, the black race claims it all, — we have no part nor lot in it. He was fifty years old at this

Toussaint Louverture



time. An old negro had taught him to read. His favorite books were "Epictetus," "Raynal," "Military Memoirs," "Plutarch." In the woods, he learned some of the qualities of herbs, and was village doctor. On the estate, the highest place he ever reached was that of coachman. At fifty, he joined the army as physician. Before he went, he placed his master and mistress on shipboard, freighted the vessel with a cargo of sugar and coffee, and sent them to Baltimore, and never afterward did he forget to send them, year by year, ample means of support. And I might add, that, of all the leading negro generals, each one saved the man under whose roof he was born, and protected the family.

Let me add another thing. If I stood here to-night to tell the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I here to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts, — you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his Country. I am about to tell you the story of a negro who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of Britons, Frenchmen, Spaniards,— men who despised him as a negro and a slave, and hated him because he had beaten them in many a battle. All the materials for his biography are from the lips of his enemies.

The second story told of him is this. About the time he reached the camp, the army had been subjected to two insults. First, their commissioners, summoned to meet the French Committee, were ignominiously and insultingly dismissed; and when, afterward, François, their general, was summoned to a second conference, and went to it on horseback, accompanied by two officers, a young lieutenant, who had known him as a slave, angered at seeing him in the uniform of an officer, raised his riding-whip and struck him over the shoulders. If he had been the savage which the negro is painted to us, he had only to breathe the insult to his twenty-five thousand soldiers, and they would have trodden out the Frenchmen in blood. But the indignant chief rode back in silence to his tent, and it was twenty-four hours before his troops heard of this insult to their general. Then the word went forth, "Death to every white man!" They had fifteen hundred prisoners. Ranged in front of the camp, they were about to be shot. Toussaint, who had

a vein of religious fanaticism, like most great leaders, — like Mohammed, like Napoleon, like Cromwell, like John Brown, — he could preach as well as fight, — mounting a hillock, and getting the ear of the crowd, exclaimed: "Brothers, this blood will not wipe out the insult to our chief; only the blood in yonder French camp can wipe it out. To shed that is courage; to shed this is cowardice and cruelty beside;" — and he saved fifteen hundred lives.

I cannot stop to give in detail every one of his efforts. This was in 1793. Leap with me over seven years; come to 1800; what has he achieved? He has driven the Spaniard back into his own cities, conquered him there, and put the French banner over every Spanish town; and for the first time, and almost the last, the island obeys one law. He has put the mulatto under his feet. He has attacked Maitland, defeated him in pitched battles, and permitted him to retreat to Jamaica; and when the French army rose upon Laveaux, their general, and put him in chains, Toussaint defeated them, took Laveaux out of prison, and put him at the head of his own troops. The grateful French in return named him General-in-Chief. *Cet homme fait l'ouverture partout*, said one, — "This man makes an opening everywhere," — hence his soldiers named him L'Ouverture, *the opening*.

This was the work of seven years. Let us pause a moment, and find something to measure him by. You remember Macaulay says, comparing Cromwell with Napoleon, that Cromwell showed the greater military genius, if we consider that he never saw an army till he was forty; while Napoleon was educated from a boy in the best military schools in Europe. Cromwell manufactured his own army; Napoleon at the age of twenty-seven was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. They were both successful; but, says Macaulay, with such disadvantages, the Englishman showed the greater genius. Whether you allow the inference or not, you will at least grant that it is a fair mode of measurement. Apply it to Toussaint. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army — out of what? Englishmen, — the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen, — the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen, — their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demor-

alized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed, and, as you say, despicable mass, he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier. I know it was a small territory; it was not as large as the continent; but it was as large as that Attica, which, with Athens for a capital, has filled the earth with its fame for two thousand years. We measure genius by quality, not by quantity.

. . . . . .

It was 1800. The world waited fifty years before, in 1846, Robert Peel dared to venture, as a matter of practical statesmanship, the theory of free trade. Adam Smith theorized, the French statesmen dreamed, but no man at the head of affairs had ever dared to risk it as a practical measure. Europe waited till 1846 before the most practical intellect in the world, the English, adopted the great economic formula of unfettered trade. But in 1800 this black, with the instinct of statesmanship, said to the committee who were drafting for him a Constitution: "Put at the head of the chapter of commerce that the ports of St. Domingo are open to the trade of the world." With lofty indifference to race, superior to all envy or prejudice, Toussaint had formed this committee of eight white proprietors and one mulatto, — not a soldier nor a negro on the list, although Haytian history proves that, with the exception of Rigaud, the rarest genius has always been shown by pure negroes.

Again, it was 1800, at a time when England was poisoned on every page of her statute-book with religious intolerance, when a man could not enter the House of Commons without taking an Episcopal communion, when every State in the Union, except Rhode Island, was full of the intensest religious bigotry. This man was a negro. You say that is a superstitious blood. He was uneducated. You say that makes a man narrow-minded. He was a Catholic. Many say that is but another name for intolerance. And yet — negro, Catholic, slave — he took his place by the side of Roger Williams, and said to his committee:

"Make it the first line of my Constitution that I know no difference between religious beliefs."

. . . . . .

It was 1801. The Frenchmen who lingered on the island described its prosperity and order as almost incredible. You might trust a child with a bag of gold to go from Samana to Port-au-Prince without risk. Peace was in every household; the valleys laughed with fertility; culture climbed the mountains; the commerce of the world was represented in its harbors. At this time Europe concluded the Peace of Amiens, and Napoleon took his seat on the throne of France. He glanced his eyes across the Atlantic, and, with a single stroke of his pen, reduced Cayenne and Martinique back into chains. He then said to his Council, "What shall I do with St. Domingo?" The slaveholders said, "Give it to us." Napoleon turned to the Abbé Grégoire, "What is your opinion?" "I think those men would change their opinions, if they changed their skins." Colonel Vincent, who had been private secretary to Toussaint, wrote a letter to Napoleon, in which he said: "Sire, leave it alone; it is the happiest spot in your dominions; God raised this man to govern; races melt under his hand. He has saved you this island; for I know of my own knowledge that, when the Republic could not have lifted a finger to prevent it, George III. offered him any title and any revenue if he would hold the island under the British crown. He refused, and saved it for France." Napoleon turned away from his Council, and is said to have remarked, "I have sixty thousand idle troops; I must find them something to do." He meant to say, "I am about to seize the crown; I dare not do it in the faces of sixty thousand republican soldiers: I must give them work at a distance to do." The gossip of Paris gives another reason for his expedition against St. Domingo. It is said that the satirists of Paris had christened Toussaint, the Black Napoleon; and Bonaparte hated his black shadow. Toussaint had unfortunately once addressed him a letter, "The first of the blacks to the first of the whites." He did not like the comparison. You would think it too slight a motive. But let me remind you of the present Napoleon, that when the epigrammatists of Paris christened his wasteful and tasteless expense at Versailles, *Soulouquerie*, from the name of Soulouque, the Black Emperor, he deigned to issue a specific order forbidding the use of the word. The Napoleon

blood is very sensitive. So Napoleon resolved to crush Toussaint from one motive or another, from the prompting of ambition, or dislike of this resemblance, — which was very close. If either imitated the other, it must have been the white, since the negro preceded him several years. They were very much alike, and they were very French, — French even in vanity, common to both. You remember Bonaparte's vainglorious words to his soldiers at the Pyramids: "Forty centuries look down upon us." In the same mood, Toussaint said to the French captain who urged him to go to France in his frigate, "Sir, your ship is not large enough to carry me."

Napoleon, you know, could never bear the military uniform. He hated the restraint of his rank; he loved to put on the gray coat of the Little Corporal, and wander in the camp. Toussaint also never could bear a uniform. He wore a plain coat, and often the yellow Madras handkerchief of the slaves. A French lieutenant once called him a maggot in a yellow handkerchief. Toussaint took him prisoner next day, and sent him home to his mother. Like Napoleon, he could fast many days; could dictate to three secretaries at once; could wear out four or five horses. Like Napoleon, no man ever divined his purpose or penetrated his plan. He was only a negro, and so, in him, they called it hypocrisy. In Bonaparte we style it diplomacy. For instance, three attempts made to assassinate him all failed, from not firing at the right spot. If they thought he was in the north in a carriage, he would be in the south on horseback; if they thought he was in the city in a house, he would be in the field in a tent. They once riddled his carriage with bullets; he was on horseback on the other side. The seven Frenchmen who did it were arrested. They expected to be shot. The next day was some saint's day; he ordered them to be placed before the high altar, and, when the priest reached the prayer for forgiveness, came down from his high seat, repeated it with him, and permitted them to go unpunished. He had that wit common to all great commanders, which makes its way in a camp. His soldiers getting disheartened, he filled a large vase with powder, and, scattering six grains of rice in it, shook them up, and said: "See, there is the white, there is the black; what are you afraid of?" So when people came to him in great numbers for office, as it is reported they do sometimes even in Washington, he learned the first words of a Catholic prayer in Latin, and, repeating it, would say, "Do you understand that?" "No, sir."

"What! want an office, and not know Latin? Go home and learn it!"

Then, again, like Napoleon, — like genius always, — he had confidence in his power to rule men. You remember when Bonaparte returned from Elba, and Louis XVIII. sent an army against him, Bonaparte descended from his carriage, opened his coat, offering his breast to their muskets, and saying, "Frenchmen, it is the Emperor!" and they ranged themselves behind him, *his* soldiers, shouting, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" That was in 1815. Twelve years before, Toussaint, finding that four of his regiments had deserted and gone to Leclerc, drew his sword, flung it on the grass, went across the field to them, folded his arms, and said, "Children, can you point a bayonet at me?" The blacks fell on their knees, praying his pardon. His bitterest enemies watched him, and none of them charged him with love of money, sensuality, or cruel use of power. The only instance in which his sternest critic has charged him with severity is this. During a tumult, a few white proprietors who had returned, trusting his proclamation, were killed. His nephew, General Moise, was accused of indecision in quelling the riot. He assembled a court-martial, and, on its verdict, ordered his own nephew to be shot, sternly Roman in thus keeping his promise of protection to the whites. Above the lust of gold, pure in private life, generous in the use of his power, it was against such a man that Napoleon sent his army, giving to General Leclerc, the husband of his beautiful sister Pauline, thirty thousand of his best troops, with orders to reintroduce slavery. Among these soldiers came all of Toussaint's old mulatto rivals and foes.

Holland lent sixty ships. England promised by special message to be neutral; and you know neutrality means sneering at freedom, and sending arms to tyrants. England promised neutrality, and the black looked out on the whole civilized world marshaled against him. America, full of slaves, of course was hostile. Only the Yankee sold him poor muskets at a very high price. Mounting his horse, and riding to the eastern end of the island, Samana, he looked out on a sight such as no native had ever seen before. Sixty ships of the line, crowded by the best soldiers of Europe, rounded the point. They were soldiers who had never yet met an equal, whose tread, like Cæsar's, had shaken Europe, — soldiers who had scaled the Pyramids, and planted the French banners on the

walls of Rome. He looked a moment, counted the flotilla, let the reins fall on the neck of his horse, and, turning to Christophe, exclaimed: "All France is come to Hayti; they can only come to make us slaves; and we are lost!" He then recognized the only mistake of his life, — his confidence in Bonaparte, which had led him to disband his army.

Returning to the hills, he issued the only proclamation which bears his name and breathes vengeance: "My children, France comes to make us slaves. God gave us liberty; France has no right to take it away. Burn the cities, destroy the harvests, tear up the roads with cannon, poison the wells, show the white man the hell he comes to make"; — and he was obeyed. When the great William of Orange saw Louis XIV. cover Holland with troops, he said, "Break down the dikes, give Holland back to ocean"; and Europe said, "Sublime!" When Alexander saw the armies of France descend upon Russia, he said, "Burn Moscow, starve back the invaders"; and Europe said, "Sublime!" This black saw all Europe marshaled to crush him, and gave to his people the same heroic example of defiance.

It is true, the scene grows bloodier as we proceed. But, remember, the white man fitly accompanied his infamous attempt to *reduce freemen to slavery* with every bloody and cruel device that bitter and shameless hate could invent. Aristocracy is always cruel. The black man met the attempt, as every such attempt should be met, with war to the hilt. In his first struggle to gain his freedom, he had been generous and merciful, saved lives and pardoned enemies, as the people in every age and clime have always done when rising against aristocrats. Now, to save his liberty, the negro exhausted every means, seized every weapon, and turned back the hateful invaders with a vengeance as terrible as their own, though even now he refused to be cruel.

Leclerc sent word to Christophe that he was about to land at Cape City. Christophe said, "Toussaint is governor of the island. I will send to him for permission. If without it a French soldier sets foot on shore, I will burn the town, and fight over its ashes."

Leclerc landed. Christophe took two thousand *white* men, women, and children, and carried them to the mountains in safety, then with his own hands set fire to the splendid palace which French architects had just finished for him, and in forty

hours the place was in ashes. The battle was fought in its streets, and the French driven back to their boats. Wherever they went, they were met with fire and sword. Once, resisting an attack, the blacks, Frenchmen born, shouted the Marseilles Hymn, and the French soldiers stood still; they could not fight the Marseillaise. And it was not till their officers sabered them on that they advanced, and then they were beaten. Beaten in the field, the French then took to lies. They issued proclamations, saying, "We do not come to make you slaves; this man Toussaint tells you lies. Join us, and you shall have the rights you claim." They cheated every one of his officers, except Christophe and Dessalines, and his own brother Pierre, and finally these also deserted him, and he was left alone. He then sent word to Leclerc, "I will submit. I could continue the struggle for years, — could prevent a single Frenchman from safely quitting your camp. But I hate bloodshed. I have fought only for the liberty of my race. Guarantee that, I will submit and come in." He took the oath to be a faithful citizen; and on the same crucifix Leclerc swore that he should be faithfully protected, and that the island should be free. As the French general glanced along the line of his splendidly equipped troops, and saw, opposite, Toussaint's ragged, ill-armed followers, he said to him, "L'Ouverture, had you continued the war, where could you have got arms?" "I would have taken yours," was the Spartan reply. He went down to his house in peace; it was summer. Leclerc remembered that the fever months were coming, when his army would be in hospitals, and when one motion of that royal hand would sweep his troops into the sea. He was too dangerous to be left at large. So they summoned him to attend a council; and here is the only charge made against him, — the only charge. They say he was fool enough to go. Grant it; what was the record? The white man lies shrewdly to cheat the negro. Knight-errantry was truth. The foulest insult you can offer a man since the Crusades is, You lie. Of Toussaint, Hermona, the Spanish general, who knew him well, said, "He was the purest soul God ever put into a body." Of him history bears witness, "He never broke his word." Maitland was traveling in the depths of the woods to meet Toussaint, when he was met by a messenger, and told that he was betrayed. He went on, and met Toussaint, who showed him two letters, — one from the French general, offering him any rank if he would put Maitland in his

power, and the other his reply. It was, "Sir, I have promised the Englishman that he shall go back." Let it stand, therefore, that the negro, truthful as a knight of old, was cheated by his lying foe. Which race has reason to be proud of such a record?

But he was not cheated. He was under espionage. Suppose he had refused: the government would have doubted him, — would have found some cause to arrest him. He probably reasoned thus: "If I go willingly, I shall be treated accordingly;" and he went. The moment he entered the room, the officers drew their swords, and told him he was prisoner; and one young lieutenant who was present says, "He was not at all surprised, but seemed very sad." They put him on shipboard, and weighed anchor for France. As the island faded from his sight, he turned to the captain, and said, "You think you have rooted up the tree of liberty, but I am only a branch; I have planted the tree so deep that all France can never root it up." Arrived in Paris, he was flung into jail, and Napoleon sent his secretary, Caffarelli, to him, supposing he had buried large treasures. He listened awhile, then replied, "Young man, it is true I have lost treasures, but they are not such as you come to seek." He was then sent to the Castle of St. Joux, to a dungeon twelve feet by twenty, built wholly of stone, with a narrow window, high up on the side, looking out on the snows of Switzerland. In winter, ice covers the floor; in summer, it is damp and wet. In this living tomb the child of the sunny tropic was left to die. From this dungeon he wrote two letters to Napoleon. One of them ran thus: —

"Sire, I am a French citizen. I never broke a law. By the grace of God, I have saved for you the best island of your realm. Sire, of your mercy grant me justice."

Napoleon never answered the letters. The commandant allowed him five francs a day for food and fuel. Napoleon heard of it, and reduced the sum to three. The luxurious usurper, who complained that the English government was stingy because it allowed him only six thousand dollars a month, stooped from his throne to cut down a dollar to a half, and still Toussaint did not die quick enough.

This dungeon was a tomb. The story is told that, in Josephine's time, a young French marquis was placed there, and the girl to whom he was betrothed went to the Empress and prayed for his release. Said Josephine to her, "Have a

model of it made, and bring it to me." Josephine placed it near Napoleon. He said, "Take it away, — it is horrible!" She put it on his footstool, and he kicked it from him. She held it to him the third time, and said, "Sire, in this horrible dungeon you have put a man to die." "Take him out," said Napoleon, and the girl saved her lover. In this tomb Toussaint was buried, but he did not die fast enough. Finally, the commandant was told to go into Switzerland, to carry the keys of the dungeon with him, and to stay four days; when he returned, Toussaint was found starved to death. That imperial assassin was taken twelve years after to his prison at St. Helena, planned for a tomb, as he had planned that of Toussaint, and there he whined away his dying hours in pitiful complaints of curtains and titles, of dishes and rides. God grant that when some future Plutarch shall weigh the great men of our epoch, the whites against the blacks, he do not put that whining child at St. Helena into one scale, and into the other the negro meeting death like a Roman, without a murmur, in the solitude of his icy dungeon!

From the moment he was betrayed, the negroes began to doubt the French, and rushed to arms. Soon every negro but Maurepas deserted the French. Leclerc summoned Maurepas to his side. He came, loyally bringing with him five hundred soldiers. Leclerc spiked his epaulettes to his shoulders, shot him, and flung him into the sea. He took his five hundred soldiers on shore, shot them on the edge of a pit, and tumbled them in. Dessalines from the mountains saw it, and, selecting five hundred French officers from his prisons, hung them on separate trees in sight of Leclerc's camp; and born, as I was, not far from Bunker Hill, I have yet found no reason to think he did wrong. They murdered Pierre Toussaint's wife at his own door, and after such treatment that it was mercy when they killed her. The maddened husband, who had but a year before saved the lives of twelve hundred white men, carried his next thousand prisoners and sacrificed them on her grave.

The French exhausted every form of torture. The negroes were bound together and thrown into the sea; any one who floated was shot, — others sunk with cannon-balls tied to their feet; some smothered with sulphur fumes, — others strangled, scourged to death, gibbeted; sixteen of Toussaint's officers were chained to rocks in desert islands, — others in marshes, and left to be devoured by poisonous reptiles and insects. Rochambeau

sent to Cuba for bloodhounds. When they arrived, the young girls went down to the wharf, decked the hounds with ribbons and flowers, kissed their necks, and, seated in the amphitheater, the women clapped their hands to see a negro thrown to these dogs, previously starved to rage. But the negroes besieged this very city so closely that these same girls, in their misery, ate the very hounds they had welcomed.

Then flashed forth that defying courage and sublime endurance which show how alike all races are when tried in the same furnace. The Roman wife, whose husband faltered when Nero ordered him to kill himself, seized the dagger, and, mortally wounding her own body, cried, "Poetus, it is not hard to die." The world records it with proud tears. Just in the same spirit, when a negro colonel was ordered to execution, and trembled, his wife seized his sword, and, giving herself a death-wound, said, "Husband, death is sweet when liberty is gone."

The war went on. Napoleon sent over thirty thousand more soldiers. But disaster still followed his efforts. What the sword did not devour, the fever ate up. Leclerc died. Pauline carried his body back to France. Napoleon met her at Bordeaux, saying, "Sister, I gave you an army, — you bring me back ashes." Rochambeau — the Rochambeau of our history — left in command of eight thousand troops, sent word to Dessalines: "When I take you, I will not shoot you like a soldier, or hang you like a white man; I will whip you to death like a slave." Dessalines chased him from battlefield to battlefield, from fort to fort, and finally shut him up in Samana. Heating cannon-balls to destroy his fleet, Dessalines learned that Rochambeau had begged of the British admiral to cover his troops with the English flag, and the generous negro suffered the boaster to embark undisturbed.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword. And if that does not satisfy you, go to France, to the splendid mausoleum of the Counts of Rochambeau, and to the eight thousand graves of Frenchmen who skulked home under the English flag, and ask them. And if that does not satisfy you, come home, and if it had been October, 1859, you might have come by way of quaking Virginia, and asked her what she thought of negro courage.

You may also remember this, — that we Saxons were slaves

about four hundred years, sold with the land, and our fathers never raised a finger to end that slavery. They waited till Christianity and civilization, till commerce and the discovery of America, melted away their chains. Spartacus in Italy led the slaves of Rome against the Empress of the world. She murdered him, and crucified them. There never was a slave rebellion successful but once, and that was in St. Domingo. Every race has been, some time or other, in chains. But there never was a race that, weakened and degraded by such chattel slavery, unaided, tore off its own fetters, forged them into swords, and won its liberty on the battlefield, but one, and that was the black race of St. Domingo. God grant that the wise vigor of our government may avert that necessity from our land, — may raise into peaceful liberty the four million committed to our care, and show under democratic institutions a statesmanship as far-sighted as that of England, as brave as the negro of Hayti!

So much for the courage of the negro. Now look at his endurance. In 1805 he said to the white men, "This island is ours; not a white foot shall touch it." Side by side with him stood the South American republics, planted by the best blood of the countrymen of Lope de Vega and Cervantes. They topple over so often that you could no more daguerrotype their crumbling fragments than you could the waves of the ocean. And yet, at their side, the negro has kept his island sacredly to himself. It is said that at first, with rare patriotism, the Haytien government ordered the destruction of all the sugar plantations remaining, and discouraged its culture, deeming that the temptation which lured the French back again to attempt their enslavement. Burn over New York to-night, fill up her canals, sink every ship, destroy her railroads, blot out every remnant of education from her sons, let her be ignorant and penniless, with nothing but her hands to begin the world again, — how much could she do in sixty years? And Europe, too, would lend you money, but she will not lend Hayti a dollar. Hayti, from the ruins of her colonial dependence, is become a civilized state, the seventh nation in the catalogue of commerce with this country, inferior in morals and education to none of the West Indian isles. Foreign merchants trust her courts as willingly as they do our own. Thus far, she has foiled the ambition of Spain, the greed of England, and the malicious statesmanship of Calhoun. Toussaint made her what she is. In this

work there was grouped around him a score of men, mostly of pure negro blood, who ably seconded his efforts. They were able in war and skillful in civil affairs, but not, like him, remarkable for that rare mingling of high qualities which alone makes true greatness, and insures a man leadership among those otherwise almost his equals. Toussaint was indisputably their chief. Courage, purpose, endurance, — these are the tests. He did plant a state so deep that all the world has not been able to root it up.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. "No Retaliation" was his great motto and the rule of his life; and the last words uttered to his son in France were these: "My boy, you will one day go back to St. Domingo; forget that France murdered your father." I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic to-night, for you read history, not with your eyes, but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of History will put Phocion for the Greek, and Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright, consummate flower of our earlier civilization, and John Brown the ripe fruit of our noonday, then dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture.

The Pilgrims.

Speech at the dinner of the Pilgrim Society, in Plymouth, Dec. 21, 1855.

Mr. President: History tells us that the Pilgrims at this season of the year 1622 were very hungry, almost starving; but certainly their descendants must be far more insatiable than they then were, if, after all the noble things they have heard to-day, they can ask for more. It seems to me we are in the condition of that man whom Oliver Wendell Holmes describes in one of his lectures. You remember he says the lyceum-lecturers held a meeting, and found, as a matter of universal experience, that

at a certain period in every lecture a man went out, and each one assigned a different reason for it. One thought it was business, another the heat, and a third fancied it was some offensive sentiment uttered by the speaker. But Holmes, being a physician, performed an autopsy, and found the man's brain was *full.* Now, Sir, I certainly think I may claim that reason for sitting down. After that eloquent and profound oration, and all we have listened to since, surely our brains must be full.

Why, who can do anything but repeat what we have heard? Do you not remember, Sir, when we were little boys, and followed the martial music, our steps keeping time, street after street, till we came to some broad way that our fears or our mothers forbade us to enter; and when the music turned away, our tiny feet kept time long afterwards? Can we get away from the spell which took possession of us in yonder church? I can only think in that channel. Who can get his mind away from the deep resounding march with which the speaker carried us from century to century, and held up the torch, and pointed out the significance of each age? All we can do is to utter some little reflection, — something suggested by that train of thought.

How true it is that the Puritans originated no new truth! How true it is, also, Mr. President, that it is not truth which agitates the world! Plato in the groves of the Academy sounded on and on to the utmost depth of philosophy, but Athens was quiet. Calling around him the choicest minds of Greece, he pointed out the worthlessness of their altars and the sham of public life, but Athens was quiet, — it was all *speculation.* When Socrates walked the streets of Athens, and, questioning every-day life, struck the altar till the faith of the passer-by faltered, it came close to *action*, and immediately they gave him hemlock, for the city was turned upside down. I might find a better illustration in the streets of Jerusalem. What the Puritans gave the world was not thought, but ACTION. Europe had ideas, but she was letting "*I dare not* wait upon *I would*," like the cat in the adage. The Puritans, with native pluck, launched out into the deep sea. Men, who called themselves thinkers, had been creeping along the Mediterranean, from headland to headland, in their timidity; the Pilgrims launched boldly out into the Atlantic, and trusted God. That is the claim they have upon posterity. It was ACTION that made them what they were.

No, they did not originate anything, but they planted; and the answer to all criticism upon them is to be — THE OAK. The *Edinburgh Reviewer* takes up that acorn, the good ship Mayflower, and says, "I do not see stalwart branches, I do not see a broad tree here." Mr. President, *we* are to show it to him. The glory of the fathers is the children. Mr. Winthrop says the pens of the Puritans are their best defense. No, the Winthrops of to-day are to be the best defense of the Winthrops of 1630; they are to write that defense in the broad, legible steps of a life whose polar star is Duty, whose goal is Liberty, and whose staff is Justice. The glory of men is often, not what they actually produce, so much as what they enable others to do. My Lord Bacon, as he takes his proud march down the centuries, may lay one hand on the telegraph and the other on the steamboat, and say, "These are mine, for I taught you to invent." And the Puritan, wherever he finds a free altar, free lips, ay, and a free family, may say, "These are mine!" No matter for the stain of bigotry which rests upon his memory, since he taught us these.

I think, Mr. President, that the error in judging of the Puritans has been that which the oration of to-day sets right. We are to regard them *in posse*, not *in esse*, — in the possibilities which were wrapped up in that day, 1620, not in what poor human bodies actually produced at that time. Men look back upon the Carvers and Bradfords of 1620, and seem to think, if they existed in 1855, they would be clad in the same garments, and walking in the same identical manner and round that they did in 1620. It is a mistake. The Pilgrims of 1620 would be, in 1855, not in Plymouth, but in Kansas. Solomon's Temple, they tell us, had the best system of lightning-rods ever invented, — he anticipated Franklin. Do you suppose, if Solomon lived now, he would stop at lightning-conductors? No, he would have telegraphs without wires, able to send messages both ways at the same time, and where only he who sent and he who received should know what the messages were.

Do you suppose that, if Elder Brewster could come up from his grave to-day, he would be contented with the Congregational Church and the five points of Calvin? No, Sir; he would add to his creed the Maine Liquor Law, the Underground Railroad, and the thousand Sharpe's Rifles, addressed "Kansas," and labeled "Books." My idea is, if he took his staff in his hand and went off to exchange pulpits, you might hear of him at the

Music Hall of Boston [where Rev. Theodore Parker preached] and the Plymouth Church at Brooklyn [Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's].

We should bear in mind development when we criticise the Pilgrims, — where they would be to-day. Indeed, to be as good as our fathers, we must be better. Imitation is not discipleship. When some one sent a cracked plate to China to have a set made, every piece in the new set had a crack in it. The copies of 1620 and 1787 you commonly see have the *crack*, and very large, too. Thee and thou, a stationary hat, bad grammar and worse manners, with an ugly coat, are not George Fox in 1855. You will recognize him in any one who arises from the lap of artificial life, flings away its softness, and startles you with the sight of a MAN. Neither do I acknowledge, Sir, the right of Plymouth to the whole rock. No, the rock underlies all America; it only crops out here. It has cropped out a great many times in our history. You may recognize it always. Old Putnam stood upon it at Bunker Hill, when he said to the Yankee boys, "Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes." Ingraham had it for ballast when he put his little sloop between two Austrian frigates, and threatened to blow them out of the water, if they did not respect the broad eagle of the United States, in the case of Koszta. Jefferson had it for a writing-desk when he drafted the Declaration of Independence and the "Statute of Religious Liberty" for Virginia. Lovejoy rested his musket upon it when they would not let him print at Alton, and he said, "Death or free speech!" I recognized the clink of it to-day, when the apostle of the "Higher Law" came to lay his garland of everlasting — none a better right than he — upon the monument of the Pilgrims. He says he is not a descendant of the Pilgrims. That is a mistake. There is a pedigree of the body and a pedigree of the mind. He knows so much about the Mayflower, that, as they say in the West, I know he was "*thar*." Ay, Sir, the rock cropped out again. Garrison had it for an imposing-stone when he looked in the faces of seventeen millions of angry men and printed his sublime pledge, "I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard."

Sir, you say you are going to raise a monument to the Pilgrims. I know where I would place it, if I had a vote. I should place one corner-stone on the rock, and the other on that level spot where fifty of the one hundred were buried before the winter was over. In that touching, eloquent, terrific picture of

what the Pilgrims passed through, rather than submit to compromise, which the orator sketched for us to-day, he omitted to mention that one half of their number went down into the grave; but the remainder closed up shoulder to shoulder, as firm, unflinching, hopeful as ever. Yes, *death* rather than the compromise of Elizabeth. I would write on their monument two mottoes: one, "The Right is more than our country!" and over the graves of the fifty, "Death, rather than Compromise!" Mr. President, I detest that word. It is so dangerous, I would not have it even in matters of expediency. As the Irishman said in Jefferson's day, when the "true-blue" Democrats took him from the emigrant ship, naturalized him at once, then hurried to the ballot-box, urging him to vote the true Democratic, *government* ticket, "The *government!* I never knew a government which was not the devil. Give me the opposition!" The very word is misleading, — out with it! I would never have a compromise for anything.

. . . . . .

What did the Pilgrims do? Why, Sir, it was a great question at that day which course to take. Cromwell and Hampden stood on one side, Carver and Bradford on the other. Which would best reform the English government, staying at home or going away? History answers which effected the most. Which has struck the heaviest blows at the English aristocracy, the efforts of those who stood nearest, or the sight and example of America, as she loomed up in gigantic proportions? Mr. President, they say that Michael Angelo once entered a palace at Rome where Raphael was ornamenting the ceiling, and as Angelo walked round, he saw that all the figures were too small for the room. Stopping a moment, he sketched on one side an immense head proportioned to the chamber; and when his friends asked him why, his reply was, "I criticise by creation, not by finding fault." Carver and Bradford did so. They came across the water, created a great model state, and bade England take warning. The *Edinburgh Reviewer* may be seen running up and down the sides of the Pilgrims, and taking their measure, — where does he get his yardstick? He gets it from the very institutions they made for him. He would never have known how to criticise, if their creations had not taught him.

Mr. President, I have already detained you much longer

than I would. Surely to-day the Puritans have received their fit interpreter. We know them. Their great principles we are to carry with us; that one idea, persistency, — that was their polar star, and it is the key to all their success. They never lost sight of it. They sometimes talked for Buncombe; they did it when they professed allegiance to Elizabeth. Our fathers did it when they professed allegiance to George III., — it was only for Buncombe! But, concealed under the velvet phrase, there was the stern Puritan muscle, which held on to individual right.

The Puritans believed that institutions were made for man. Europe established a civilization, which, like that of Greece, made the state everything, the man nothing. The man was made for the institutions; the man was made for the clothes. The Puritans said, "No, let us go out and make clothes for the man; let us make institutions for men!" That is the radical principle, it seems to me, which runs through all their history. You could not beguile them with the voice of the charmer, "charm he never so wisely;" but down through all the weary years of colonial history to the period of the Revolution, the Puritan pulse beat in unquailing, never-faltering allegiance to this principle of the sacredness of man. Let *us* hold on to it; it is to be *our* salvation.

Mr. President, the toast to which you called upon me to respond says our fathers have secured prosperity and peace. Yes, "secured" it. It is not here; we have not yet got it, but we shall have it. It is all "secured," for they planted so wisely, it will come. They planted their oak or pine tree in the broad lines of New England, and gave it room to grow. Their great care was, that it should grow, no matter at what cost. Goethe says, that, if you plant an oak in a flower-vase, either the oak must wither or the vase crack: some men go for saving the vase. Too many now-a-days have that anxiety: the Puritans would have let it crack. So say I. If there is anything that cannot bear free thought, let it crack. There is a class among us so conservative, that they are afraid the roof will come down if you sweep off the cobwebs. As Douglass Jerrold says, "They can never fully relish the new moon, out of respect for that venerable institution, the old one."

Why, Sir, the first constitution ever made was framed in the Mayflower. It was a very good constitution, parent of all that have been made since, — a goodly family, some bad and some

good. The parent was laid aside on the shelf the moment the progress of things required it. I hope none of the children have grown so strong that they can prevent the same event befalling themselves when necessity requires. Hold on to that idea with true New England persistency, — the sacredness of individual man, — and everything else will evolve from it. The Phillipses, Mr. President, did not come from Plymouth; they made their longest stay at Andover. Let me tell you an Andover story. One day, a man went into a store there, and began telling about a fire. "There had never been such a fire," he said, "in the county of Essex. A man going by Deacon Pettingill's barn saw an owl on the ridge-pole. He fired at the owl, and the wadding some how or other, getting into the shingles, set the hay on fire, and it was all destroyed, — ten tons of hay, six head of cattle, the finest horse in the country," etc. The Deacon was nearly crazed by it. The men in the store began exclaiming and commenting upon it. "What a loss!" says one. "Why, the Deacon will wellnigh break down under it," says another. And so they went on, speculating one after another, and the conversation drifted on in all sorts of conjectures. At last, a quiet man, who sat spitting in the fire, looked up, and asked, "Did he hit the owl?" That man was made for the sturdy reformer, of one idea, whom Mr. Seward described.

No matter what the name of the thing be; no matter what the sounding phrase is, what tub be thrown to the whale, always ask the politician and the divine, "Did he hit that owl?" Is liberty safe? Is man sacred? They say, Sir, I am a fanatic, and so I am. But, Sir, none of us have yet risen high enough. Afar off, I see Carver and Bradford, and I mean to get up to them.

PILPAY.

PILPAY, PILPAI, or BIDPAI, the supposed author of fables in India, which have been so extensively used by other Oriental countries and in Europe.

"Pilpay" is probably a changed form of an Indian word for "court-scholar," misunderstood as a proper name, and implying therefore neither personality nor specific date. In India, from early times the parable or "example" has been the recognized method of conveying moral instruction. In the didactic literature, some general truth or some rule of life is stated in the form of a maxim, and a beast fable or other story is then added as a concrete instance or "example." The folk-lore of which these tales are a reflex is not the exclusive property of any of the great religions of ancient India, but is common to Buddhism, Jainism, and Brahmanism alike. The sculptured representations of the stories upon the great Buddhist monuments of 250 B.C. make it certain that the stories themselves were familiar to the common people at that early date; and it is hardly less certain that they were so known long before that time. An account of the literary history of the fables of Pilpay may be found in Jacob's book, or in Keith-Falconer's "Kalilah and Dimnah" (Cambridge, 1885), or in Lanman's "Sanskrit Reader" (Boston, 1888).

THE GOLDEN GOOSE.

(From the "Jataka," No. 136.)

[This is interesting because traceable by literary documents from the "Jataka" down to La Fontaine (Book v., No. 13, "La Poule aux Œufs d'Or").]

"CONTENTED BE." — This story was told by the Master about a sister named Fat Nanda. A lay brother at Savatthi had offered the sisterhood a supply of garlic; and sending for his bailiff, had given orders that if they should come, each sister was to receive two or three handfuls. After that they made a practice of coming to his house or field for their garlic. Now one holiday the supply of garlic in the house ran out; and the sister Fat Nanda, coming with others to the house, was told,

when she said she wanted some garlic, that there was none left in the house, — it had all been used up out of hand, — and that she must go to the field for it. So away to the field she went, and carried off an excessive amount of garlic. The bailiff grew angry, and remarked what a greedy lot these sisters were! This piqued the more moderate sisters; and the brethren too were piqued at the taunt when the sisters repeated it to them, and they told the Blessed One. Rebuking the greed of Fat Nanda, the Master said, "Brethren, a greedy person is harsh and unkind even to the mother who bore him: a greedy person cannot convert the unconverted, or make the converted grow in grace, or cause alms to come in, or save them when come in; whereas the moderate person can do all these things." In such wise did the Master point the moral; ending by saying, "Brethren, as Fat Nanda is greedy now, so she was greedy in times gone by." And thereupon he told the following story of the past.

"Once upon a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Future Buddha was born a brahman, and growing up was married to a bride of his own rank, who bore him three daughters named Nanda, Nanda-vati, and Sundari-nanda. The Future Buddha dying, they were taken in by neighbors and friends, whilst he was born again into the world as a golden mallard endowed with consciousness of its former existences. Growing up, the bird viewed its own magnificent size and golden plumage, and remembered that previously it had been a human being. Discovering that his wife and daughters were living on the charity of others, the mallard bethought him of his plumage like hammered and beaten gold, and how by giving them a golden feather at a time he could enable his wife and daughters to live in comfort. So away he flew to where they dwelt, and alighted on the top of the ridge-pole. Seeing the Future Buddha, the wife and girls asked where he had come from; and he told them that he was their father, who had died and been born a golden mallard, and that he had come to visit them and put an end to their miserable necessity of working for hire. 'You shall have my feathers,' said he, 'one by one, and they will sell for enough to keep you all in ease and comfort.' So saying, he gave them one of his feathers and departed. And from time to time he returned to give them another feather, and with the proceeds of their sale these brahman women grew prosperous and quite well-to-do. But one day the mother said to her daughters, 'There's

no trusting animals, my children. Who's to say your father might not go away one of these days and never come back again? Let us use our time and pluck him clean next time he comes, so as to make sure of all his feathers.' Thinking this would pain him, the daughters refused. The mother in her greed called the golden mallard to her one day when he came, and then took him with both hands and plucked him. Now the Future Buddha's feathers had this property, that if they were plucked out against his wish, they ceased to be golden and became like a crane's feathers. And now the poor bird, though he stretched his wings, could not fly, and the woman flung him into a barrel and gave him food there. As time went on his feathers grew again (though they were plain white ones now), and he flew away to his own abode and never came back again."

At the close of this story the Master said, "Thus you see, brethren, how Fat Nanda was as greedy in times past as she is now. And her greed then lost her the gold, in the same way as her greed will now lose her the garlic. Observe, moreover, how her greed has deprived the whole sisterhood of their supply of garlic; and learn therefrom to be moderate in your desires, and to be content with what is given you, however small that may be." So saying, he uttered this stanza: —

"Contented be, nor itch for further store:
They seized the swan — but had its gold no more."

So saying, the Master soundly rebuked the erring sister, and laid down the precept that any sister who should eat garlic would have to do penance. Then, making the connection, he said: — "Fat Nanda was the brahman's wife of the story, her three sisters were the brahman's three daughters, and I myself the golden mallard."

The Gratitude of Animals.

(From the "Jataka," No. 124.)

"Toil on, my brother." — This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a good Brahman belonging to a noble Savatthi family who gave his heart to the Truth, and joining the Brotherhood, became constant in all duties. Blameless in his attendance on teachers; scrupulous in the matter of foods and drinks; zealous in the performance of the duties of

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the chapter-house, bath-house, and so forth; perfectly punctual in the observance of the fourteen major and of the eighty minor disciplines; he used to sweep the monastery, the cells, the cloisters, and the path leading to their monastery, and gave water to thirsty folk. And because of his great goodness, folk gave regularly five hundred meals a day to the brethren; and great gain and honor accrued to the monastery, the many prospering for the virtues of one. And one day in the Hall of Truth the brethren fell to talking of how that brother's goodness had brought them gain and honor, and filled many lives with joy. Entering the Hall, the Master asked, and was told, what their talk was about. "This is not the first time, brethren," said he, "that this brother has been regular in the fulfillment of duties. In days gone by, five hundred hermits going out to gather fruits were supported on the fruits that his goodness provided." So saying, he told this story of the past.

"Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Future Buddha was born a brahman in the North, and growing up, renounced the world and dwelt with a following of five hundred hermits at the foot of the mountains. In those days there came a great drought upon the Himalaya country, and everywhere the water was dried up, and sore distress fell upon all beasts. Seeing the poor creatures suffering from thirst, one of the hermits cut down a tree, which he hollowed into a trough; and this trough he filled with all the water he could find. In this way he gave the animals to drink. And they came in herds and drank and drank, till the hermit had no time left to go and gather fruits for himself. Heedless of his own hunger, he worked away to quench the animals' thirst. Thought they to themselves, 'So wrapt up is this hermit in ministering to our wants that he leaves himself no time to go in quest of fruits. He must be very hungry. Let us agree that every one of us who comes here to drink must bring such fruits as he can to the hermit.' This they agreed to do, every animal that came bringing mangoes, or rose-apples, or bread-fruits, or the like, till their offerings would have filled two hundred and fifty wagons; and there was food for the whole five hundred hermits, with abundance to spare. Seeing this, the Future Buddha exclaimed, 'Thus has one man's goodness been the means of supplying with food all these hermits. Truly, we should always be steadfast in right-doing.' So saying, he uttered this stanza: —

'Toil on, my brother; still in hope stand fast,
Nor let thy courage flag and tire:
Forget not him, who by his grievous fast
Reaped fruits beyond his heart's desire.'

"Such was the teaching of the Great Being to the band of hermits."

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying: "This brother was the good hermit of those days, and I the hermits' master."

The Dullard and the Plow-Shaft.

(From the "Jataka," No. 123.)

"For universal application." — This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the Elder, Laludayi, who is said to have had a knack of always saying the wrong thing. He never knew the proper occasion for the several teachings. For instance, if it was a festival, he would croak out the gloomy text,

"Without the walls they lurk, and where four cross-roads meet."

If it was a funeral, he would burst out with —

"Joy filled the hearts of gods and men,"

or with —

"Oh, may you see a hundred, nay, a thousand such glad days!"

Now one day the brethren in the Hall of Truth commented on his singular infelicity of subject, and his knack of always saying the wrong thing. As they sat talking, the Master entered, and in answer to his question was told the subject of their talk. "Brethren," said he, "this is not the first time that Laludayi's folly has made him say the wrong thing. He has always been as inept as now." So saying, he told this story of the past.

"Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Future Buddha was born into a rich brahman's family; and when he grew up, after acquiring all the liberal arts at Takkasila, he became a world-renowned professor at Benares, with five hundred young brahmans to instruct. At the time of our story there was among the young brahmans one who always had

foolish notions in his head and always said the wrong thing; he was engaged with the rest in learning the Scriptures as a pupil, but because of his folly could not master them. He was the devoted attendant of the Future Buddha, and ministered to him like a slave.

"Now one day after supper the Future Buddha laid himself on his bed, and there was washed and perfumed by the young brahman on hands, feet, and back. And as the youth turned to go away, the Future Buddha said to him, 'Prop up the feet of my bed before you go.' And the young brahman propped up the feet of the bed on one side all right, but could not find anything to prop it up with on the other side. Accordingly he used his leg as a prop, and passed the night so. When the Future Buddha got up in the morning and saw the young brahman, he asked why he was sitting there. 'Master,' said the young man, 'I could not find one of the bed supports; so I've got my leg under to prop it up instead.'

"Moved at these words, the Future Buddha thought, 'What devotion! And to think it should come from the veriest dullard of all my pupils. Yet how can I impart learning to him?' And the thought came to him that the best way was to question the young brahman on his return from gathering firewood and leaves, as to something he had seen or done that day; and then to ask what it was like. 'For,' thought the Master, 'this will lead him on to making comparisons and giving reasons, and the continuous practice of comparing and reasoning on his part will enable me to impart learning to him.'

"Accordingly he sent for the young man, and told him always on his return from picking up firewood and leaves, to say what he had seen or eaten or drunk. And the young man promised he would. So one day, having seen a snake when out with the other pupils picking up wood in the forest, he said, 'Master, I saw a snake.' — 'What did it look like?' — 'Oh, like the shaft of a plow.' — 'That is a very good comparison. Snakes are like the shafts of plows,' said the Future Buddha, who began to have hopes that he might at last succeed with his pupil.

"Another day the young brahman saw an elephant in the forest, and told his master. — 'And what is an elephant like?' — 'Oh, like the shaft of a plow.' His master said nothing; for he thought that as the elephant's trunk and tusks bore a certain resemblance to the shaft of a plow, perhaps his pupil's stupidity made him speak thus generally (though he was thinking of the

trunk in particular) because of his inability to go into accurate detail.

"A third day he was invited to eat sugar-cane, and duly told his master. — 'And what is a sugar-cane like?' — 'Oh, like the shaft of a plow.' — 'That is scarcely a good comparison,' thought his master, but said nothing.

"Another day, again, the pupils were invited to eat molasses with curds and milk, and this too was duly reported. — 'And what are curds and milk like?' — 'Oh, like the shaft of a plow.' Then the master thought to himself, 'This young man was perfectly right in saying a snake was like the shaft of a plow; and was more or less right, though not accurate, in saying an elephant and a sugar-cane had the same similitude. But milk and curds (which are always white in color) take the shape of whatever vessel they are placed in; and here he missed the comparison entirely. This dullard will never learn.' So saying he uttered this stanza: —

> 'For universal application he
> Employs a term of limited import.
> Plow-shaft and curds to him alike unknown,
> The fool asserts the two things are the same.'"

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying: — "Laludayi was the dullard of those days, and I the world-renowned professor."

The Widow's Mite.

(From the "Jataka," No. 109.)

"As fares his worshiper." — This story was told by the Master when at Savatthi, about a very poor man.

Now at Savatthi the Brotherhood, with the Buddha at their head, used to be entertained now by a single family, now by three or four families together. Or a body of people or a whole street would club together, or sometimes the whole city entertained them. But on the occasion now in question it was a street that was showing the hospitality. And the inhabitants had arranged to provide rice gruel, followed by cakes.

Now in that street there lived a very poor man, a hired laborer, who could not see how he could give the gruel, but resolved to give cakes. And he scraped out the red powder from

empty husks, and kneaded it with water into a round cake. This cake he wrapped in a leaf of swallow-wort and baked it in the embers. When it was done, he made up his mind that none but the Buddha should have it, and accordingly took his stand immediately by the Master. No sooner had the word been given to offer cakes, than he stepped forward quicker than anyone else and put his cake in the Master's alms-bowl. And the Master declined all other cakes offered him, and ate the poor man's cake. Forthwith the whole city talked of nothing but how the All-Enlightened One had not disdained to eat the poor man's bran-cake. And from porters to nobles and King, all classes flocked to the spot, saluted the Master, and crowded round the poor man, offering him food, or two to five hundred pieces of money, if he would make over to them the merit of his act.

Thinking he had better ask the Master first, he went to him and stated his case. "Take what they offer," said the Master, "and impute your righteousness to all living creatures." So the man set to work to collect the offerings. Some gave twice as much as others, some four times as much, others eight times as much, and so on, till nine crores of gold were contributed.

Returning thanks for the hospitality, the Master went back to the monastery, and after instructing the brethren and imparting his blessed teaching to them, retired to his perfumed chamber.

In the evening the King sent for the poor man, and created him Lord Treasurer.

Assembling in the Hall of Truth, the brethren spoke together of how the Master, not disdaining the poor man's bran-cake, had eaten it as though it were ambrosia; and how the poor man had been enriched and made Lord Treasurer, to his great good fortune. And when the Master entered the Hall and heard what they were talking of, he said, "Brethren, this is not the first time that I have not disdained to eat that poor man's cake of bran. I did the same when I was a Tree-sprite, and then too was the means of his being made Lord Treasurer." So saying, he told this story of the past.

"Once on a time when Brahmadatta was reigning in Benares, the Future Buddha was a Tree-sprite dwelling in a castor-oil plant. And the villagers of those days were superstitious about gods. A festival came round, and the villagers offered sacrifices

to their respective Tree-sprites. Seeing this, a poor man showed worship to the castor-oil tree. All the others had come with garlands, odors, perfumes, and cakes; but the poor man had only a cake of husk-powder and water in a cocoanut shell for his tree. Standing before it, he thought within himself, 'Tree-sprites are used to heavenly food, and my Tree-sprite will not eat this cake of husk-powder. Why then should I lose it outright? I will eat it myself.' And he turned to go away, when the Future Buddha from the fork of his tree exclaimed, 'My good man, if you were a great lord you would bring me dainty manchets; but as you are a poor man, what shall I have to eat if not that cake? Rob me not of my portion.' And he uttered this stanza: —

'As fares his worshiper, a Sprite must fare:
Bring me the cake, nor rob me of my share.'

"Then the man turned again, and seeing the Future Buddha, offered up his sacrifice. The Future Buddha fed on the savor and said, 'Why do you worship me?' — 'I am a poor man, my lord, and I worship you to be eased of my poverty.' — 'Have no more care for that. You have sacrificed to one who is grateful and mindful of kindly deeds. Round this tree, neck to neck, are buried pots of treasure. Go tell the King, and take the treasure away in wagons to the King's court-yard. There pile it in a heap, and the King shall be so well pleased that he will make you Lord Treasurer.' So saying, the Future Buddha vanished from sight. The man did as he was bidden, and the King made him Lord Treasurer. Thus did the poor man by the aid of the Future Buddha come to great fortune; and when he died, he passed away to fare according to his deserts."

His lesson ended, the Master identified the Birth by saying: — "The poor man of to-day was also the poor man of those times, and I the Tree-sprite who dwelt in the castor-oil tree."

What's in a Name?

(From the "Jakata," No. 97.)

"Seeing Quick dead." — This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about a brother who thought luck went by names. For we hear that a young man of good family, named "Base," had given his heart to the Faith, and joined the

Brotherhood. And the brethren used to call him, "Here, brother Base!" and "Stay, brother Base;" till he resolved that as "Base" gave the idea of incarnate wickedness and ill luck, he would change his name to one of better omen. Accordingly he asked his teachers and preceptors to give him a new name. But they said that the name only served to denote, and did not impute qualities; and they bade him rest content with the name he had. Time after time he renewed his request, till the whole Brotherhood knew what importance he attached to a mere name. And as they sat discussing the matter in the Hall of Truth, the Master entered and asked what it was they were speaking about. Being told, he said: "This is not the first time this brother has believed luck went by names: he was equally dissatisfied with the name he bore in a former age." So saying, he told this story of the past.

"Once on a time the Future Buddha was a world-renowned professor at Takkasila, and five hundred young brahmans learned the Vedas from his lips. One of these young men was named Base. And from continually hearing his fellows say, 'Go, Base,' and 'Come, Base,' he longed to get rid of his name, and to take one that had a less ill-omened ring about it. So he went to his master and asked that a new name of a respectable character might be given him. Said his master, 'Go, my son, and travel through the land till you have found a name you fancy. Then come back and I will change your name for you.'

"The young man did as he was bidden; and taking provisions for the journey, wandered from village to village till he came to a certain town. Here a man named Quick had died, and the young brahman, seeing him borne to the cemetery, asked what his name was.

"'Quick,' was the reply. — 'What, can Quick be dead?' — 'Yes, Quick is dead: both Quick and Dead die just the same. A name only serves to mark who's who. You seem a fool.'

"Hearing this he went on into the city, feeling neither satisfied nor dissatisfied with his own name.

"Now a slave-girl had been thrown down at the door of a house, while her master and mistress beat her with rope-ends because she had not brought home her wages. And the girl's name was Rich. Seeing the girl being beaten, as he walked along the street, he asked the reason, and was told in reply that it was because she had no wages to show.

"'And what is the girl's name?'

"'Rich,' said they. — 'And cannot Rich make good a paltry day's pay?' — 'Be she called Rich or Poor, the money's not forthcoming any the more. A name only serves to mark who's who. You seem a fool.'

"More reconciled to his own name, the young brahman left the city, and on the road found a man who had lost his way. Having learnt that he had lost his way, the young man asked what his name was. 'Guide,' was the reply. — 'And has Guide lost his way?' — 'Guide or Misguide, you can lose your way just the same. A name only serves to mark who's who. You seem a fool.'

"Quite reconciled now to his name, the young brahman came back to his master.

"'Well, what name have you chosen?' asked the Future Buddha. — 'Master,' said he, 'I find that death comes to "Quick" and "Dead" alike, that "Rich" and "Poor" may be poor together, and that "Guide" and "Misguide" alike miss their way. I know now that a name serves only to tell who is who, and does not govern its owner's destiny. So I am satisfied with my own name, and do not want to change it for any other.'

"Then the Future Buddha uttered this stanza, combining what the young brahman had done with the sights he had seen: —

> 'Seeing Quick dead, Guide lost, Rich poor,
> Base learned content, nor traveled more.'"

His story told, the Master said, "So you see, brethren, that in former days as now this brother imagined there was a great deal in a name." And he identified the Birth by saying: — "This brother who is discontented with his name was the discontented young brahman of those days; the Buddha's disciples were the pupils; and I myself their master."

The Buddhist Duty of Courtesy to Animals.

(From the "Jataka," No. 28.)

"Speak only words of kindness." — This story was told by the Master while at Jetavana, about the bitter words spoken by the Six. For in those days the Six, when they dis-

agreed with respectable brethren, used to taunt, revile, and jeer them, and load them with the ten kinds of abuse. This the brethren reported to the Blessed One, who sent for the Six and asked whether this charge was true. On their admitting its truth, he rebuked them, saying, "Brethren, hard words gall even animals: in bygone days an animal made a man who had used harsh language to him lose a thousand pieces." And so saying, he told this story of the past.

"Once on a time, at Takkasila in the land of Gandhara, there was a king reigning there, and the Future Buddha came to life as a bull. When he was quite a tiny calf, he was presented by his owners to a brahman who came in, they being known to give away presents of oxen to such-like holy men. The brahman called it Nandi-Visala (Great-Joy), and treated it like his own child, feeding the young creature on rice gruel and rice. When the Future Buddha grew up, he thought thus to himself: 'I have been brought up by this brahman with great pains, and all India cannot show the bull which can draw what I can. How if I were to repay the brahman the cost of my nurture by making proof of my strength?' Accordingly, one day he said to the brahman, 'Go, brahman, to some merchant rich in herds, and wager him a thousand pieces that your bull can draw a hundred loaded carts.'

"The brahman went his way to a merchant, and got into a discussion with him as to whose oxen in the town were strong. 'Oh, so-and-so's, or so-and-so's,' said the merchant. 'But,' added he, 'there are no oxen in the town which can compare with mine for real strength.' Said the brahman, 'I have a bull who can pull a hundred loaded carts.' 'Where's such a bull to be found?' laughed the merchant. 'I've got him at home,' said the brahman. — 'Make it a wager.' — 'Certainly,' said the brahman, and staked a thousand pieces. Then he loaded a hundred carts with sand, gravel, and stones, and leashed the lot together, one behind the other, by cords from the axle-tree of the one in front to the trace-bar of its successor. This done, he bathed Nandi-Visala, gave him a measure of perfumed rice to eat, hung a garland round his neck, and harnessed him all alone to the leading cart. The brahman in person took his seat upon the pole, and flourished his goad in the air, shouting, 'Now then, you rascal! pull them along, you rascal!'

"'I'm not the rascal he calls me,' thought the Future

Buddha to himself; and so he planted his four feet like so many posts, and budged not an inch.

"Straightway the merchant made the brahman pay over the thousand pieces. His money gone, the brahman took his bull out of the cart and went home, where he lay down on his bed in an agony of grief. When Nandi-Visala strolled in and found the brahman a prey to such grief, he went up to him and inquired if the brahman were taking a nap. 'How should I be taking a nap, when I have had a thousand pieces won of me?' 'Brahman, all the time I have lived in your house, have I ever broken a pot, or squeezed up against anybody, or made messes about?' — 'Never, my child.' — 'Then why did you call me a rascal? It's you who are to blame, not I. Go and bet him two thousand this time. Only remember not to miscall me rascal again.'

"When he heard this, the brahman went off to the merchant and laid a wager of two thousand. Just as before, he leashed the hundred carts to one another, and harnessed Nandi-Visala, very spruce and fine, to the leading cart. If you ask how he harnessed him, well, he did it in this way: first he fastened the cross-yoke on to the pole; then he put the bull in on one side, and made the other fast by fastening a smooth piece of wood from the cross-yoke on to the axle-tree, so that the yoke was taut and could not skew around either way. Thus a single bull could draw a cart made to be drawn by two. So now seated on the pole, the brahman stroked Nandi-Visala on the back, and called on him in this style: 'Now then, my fine fellow! pull them along, my fine fellow!' With a single pull the Future Buddha tugged along the whole string of the hundred carts, till the hindermost stood where the foremost had started. The merchant rich in herds paid up the two thousand pieces he had lost to the brahman. Other folks, too, gave large sums to the Future Buddha, and the whole passed into the hands of the brahman. Thus did he gain greatly by reason of the Future Buddha."

Thus laying down, by way of rebuke to the Six, the rule that hard words please no one, the Master, as Buddha, uttered this stanza: —

> "Speak only words of kindness, never words
> Unkind. For him who spoke him fair, he moved
> A heavy load, and brought him wealth, for love."

When he had thus ended his lesson as to speaking only words of kindness, the Master identified the Birth by saying: — "Ananda was the brahman of those days, and I myself Nandi-Visala."

Monkeys in the Garden.

(From the "Jataka," No. 268.)

"Best of all," etc. — This story the Master told whilst dwelling in the country near South Mountain, about a gardener's son.

After the rains, the Master left Jetavana, and went on alms-pilgrimage in the district about South Mountain. A layman invited the Buddha and his company, and made them sit down in his grounds till he gave them of rice and cakes. Then he said, "If any of the holy Fathers care to see over the grounds, they might go along with the gardener;" and he ordered the gardener to supply them with any fruit they might fancy.

By and by they came upon a bare spot. "What is the reason," they asked, "that this spot is bare and treeless?" "The reason is," answered the gardener, "that a certain gardener's son, who had to water the saplings, thought he had better give them water in proportion to the length of the roots; so he pulled them all up to see, and watered them accordingly. The result was that the place became bare."

The brethren returned, and told this to their Master. Said he, "Not now only has the lad destroyed a plantation: he did just the same before;" and then he told them an old-world tale.

"Once upon a time, when a king named Vissasena was reigning over Benares, proclamation was made of a holiday. The park keeper thought he would go and keep holiday; so calling the monkeys that lived in the park, he said: —

"'This park is a great blessing to you. I want to take a week's holiday. Will you water the saplings on the seventh day?' 'Oh, yes,' said they. So he gave them the watering-skins, and went his way.

"The monkeys drew water, and began to water the roots.

"The eldest monkey cried out: 'Wait, now! It's hard to get water always. We must husband it. Let us pull up the plants, and notice the length of their roots: if they have long roots, they need plenty of water; but short ones need only a

little.' 'True, true,' they agreed; and then some of them pulled up the plants, while others put them in again and watered them.

"The Future Buddha at the time was a young gentleman living in Benares. Something or other took him to this park, and he saw what the monkeys were doing.

"'Who bids you do that?' asked he.

"'Our chief,' they replied.

"'If that is the wisdom of the chief, what must the rest of you be like!' said he; and to explain the matter, he uttered the first stanza: —

'Best of all the troop is this:
What intelligence is his!
If he was chosen as the best,
What sort of creatures are the rest!'

Hearing this remark, the monkeys rejoined with the second stanza: —

'Brahman, you know not what you say,
Blaming us in such a way!
If the root we do not know,
How can we tell the trees that grow?'

To which the Future Buddha replied by the third, as follows: —

'Monkeys, I have no blame for you,
Nor those who range the woodland through.
The monarch is a fool, to say
"Please tend my trees while I'm away."'"

When this discourse was ended, the Master identified the Birth: — "The lad who destroyed the park was the monkey chief, and I was the wise man."

The Antelope, the Woodpecker, and the Tortoise.

(From the "Jataka," No. 206.)

[This story is found sculptured upon an ancient Hindu monument of the greatest archæological interest, the Stupa of Bharhut. The history of the tale may accordingly be traced by actual records — in stone and in books — from 250 B.C. through Buddhist, Mohammedan, Jewish, and Christian literature, down to La Fontaine ("Fables," xii. 15) and later.]

"Come, tortoise," etc. — This story the Master told at Veluvana, about Devadatta. News came to the Master that

Devadatta was plotting his death. "Ah, Brethren," said he, "it was just the same long ago: Devadatta tried then to kill me, as he is trying now." And he told them this story.

"Once upon a time, when Brahmadatta was King of Benares, the Future Buddha became an antelope, and lived within a forest, in a thicket near a certain lake. Not far from the same lake sat a woodpecker perched at the top of a tree; and in the lake dwelt a tortoise. And the three became friends, and lived together in amity.

"A hunter, wandering about in the wood, observed the Future Buddha's footprint at the going down into the water; and he set a trap of leather, strong, like an iron chain, and went his way. In the first watch of the night the Future Buddha went down to drink, and got caught in the noose; whereat he cried loud and long. Thereupon the woodpecker flew down from her tree-top, and the tortoise came out of the water, and consulted what was to be done.

"Said the woodpecker to the tortoise, 'Friend, you have teeth, — bite this snare through: I will go and see to it that the hunter keeps away; and if we both do our best, our friend will not lose his life.' To make this clear, he uttered the first stanza: —

'Come, tortoise, tear the leathern snare,
And bite it through and through,
And of the hunter I'll take care,
And keep him off from you.'

"The tortoise began to gnaw the leather thong; the woodpecker made his way to the hunter's dwelling. At dawn of day the hunter went out, knife in hand. As soon as the bird saw him start, he uttered a cry, flapped his wings, and struck him in the face as he left the front door. 'Some bird of ill omen has struck me!' thought the hunter; he turned back, and lay down for a little while. Then he rose up again, and took his knife. The bird reasoned within himself, 'The first time he went out by the front door, so now he will leave by the back:' and he sat him down behind the house. The hunter too reasoned in the same way: 'When I went out by the front door, I saw a bad omen: now will I go out by the back!' and so he did. But the bird cried out again, and struck him in the face. Finding that he was again struck by a bird of

ill omen, the hunter exclaimed, 'This creature will not let me go!' and turning back he lay down until sunrise, and when the sun was risen he took his knife and started.

"The woodpecker made all haste back to his friends. 'Here comes the hunter!' he cried. By this time the tortoise had gnawed through all the thongs but one tough thong; his teeth seemed as though they would fall out, and his mouth was all smeared with blood. The Future Buddha saw the young hunter coming on like lightning, knife in hand: he burst the thong, and fled into the woods. The woodpecker perched upon his tree-top. But the tortoise was so weak that he lay where he was. The hunter threw him into a bag, and tied it to a tree.

"The Future Buddha observed that the tortoise was taken, and determined to save his friend's life. So he let the hunter see him, and made as though he were weak. The hunter saw him, and thinking him to be weak, seized his knife and set out in pursuit. The Future Buddha, keeping just out of his reach, led him into the forest; and when he saw that they had come far away, gave him the slip and returned swift as the wind by another way. He lifted the bag with his horns, threw it upon the ground, ripped it open, and let the tortoise out. And the woodpecker came down from the tree.

"Then the Future Buddha thus addressed them both: 'My life has been saved by you, and you have done a friend's part to me. Now the hunter will come and take you; so do you, friend woodpecker, migrate elsewhere with your brood, and you, friend tortoise, dive into the water.' They did so."

The Master, becoming perfectly enlightened, uttered the second stanza: —

> "The tortoise went into the pond, the deer into the wood,
> And from the tree the woodpecker carried away his brood.

"The hunter returned, and saw none of them. He found his bag torn; picked it up, and went home sorrowful. And the three friends lived all their life long in unbroken amity, and then passed away to fare according to their deeds."

When the Master had ended this discourse, he identified the Birth: — "Devadatta was the huntsman, Sariputta the woodpecker, Moggallana the tortoise, and I was the antelope."

PINDAR.

PINDAR (Greek, Πίνδαρος), the most celebrated lyric poet of ancient Greece, born at Cynoscephalæ, near Thebes, in Bœotia, about 520 B.C.; died at Argos about 440 B.C. Little is known of his early history. It is said that he studied poetry and music at Athens, under Lasus, and that he was a pupil of the celebrated Corinna, who advised him to choose themes for his muse from mythology. He became a professional composer of choral odes, and was employed by various states and princes of Greece to write odes for special occasions. He was a great favorite of the Athenians, whose city he praised in an ode. The remains of Pindar's works that have come down to us entire are forty-four Epicinia, or triumphal odes, which were written in honor of victories won in the great national public games; and there are fragments consisting of hymns, pæans, choral dithyrambs, processional songs, choral songs for maidens, choral dance-songs, encomia (songs in praise of men), scolia (to be sung by a chorus at a banquet), and dirges.

THIRD OLYMPIAN ODE.

FOR THERON OF AKRAGAS, WINNER OF THE CHARIOT RACE.

[This ode celebrates the same victory as the preceding one. It was sung at the feast of the Theoxenia, given by Theron in the name of Kastor and Polydeukes to the other gods. The clan of the Emmenidai, to which Theron belonged, was especially devoted to the worship of the Twins.]

TYNDAREUS'S hospitable sons and lovely-haired Helen shall
I please assuredly, in doing honor to renowned Akragas by a
hymn upraised for Theron's Olympian crown; for hereunto hath
the Muse been present with me that I should find out a fair new
device, fitting to feet that move in Dorian time the Komos-
voices' splendid strain.

For crowns intwined about his hair demand from me this
god-appointed debt, that for Ainesidamos's son I join in seemly
sort the lyre of various tones with the flute's cry and ordering
of words.

And Pisa bids me speak aloud; for from her come to men

songs of divine assignment, when the just judge of games, the Aitolian man, fulfilling Herakles's behests of old, hath laid upon one's hair above his brows pale-gleaming glory of olive.

That three from Ister's shadowy springs did the son of Amphitryon bear, to be a memorial most glorious of Olympian triumphs, when that by his words he had won the Hyperborean folk, who serve Apollo. In loyal temper he besought for the precinct of Zeus, whereto all men go up, a plant that should be a shadow of all folk in common, and withal a crown for valorous deeds.

For already when the altars had been sanctified to his sire, the midmonth Moon, riding her golden car, lit full the counter-flame of the eye of Even, and just judgment of great games did he ordain, and the fifth year's feast beside the holy steeps of Alpheos.

But no fair trees were nursed upon that place in Kronian Pelops's glens; whereof being naked, his garden seemed to him to be given over to the keen rays of the sun.

Then was it that his soul stirred to urge him into the land of Ister; where Leto's horse-loving daughter received him erst, when he was come from the ridged hills and winding dells of Arcady, what time his father laid constraint upon him to go at Eurystheus's bidding, to fetch the golden-hornèd hind which once Taygete vowed to her of Orthion, and made a sign thereon of consecration. For in that chase he saw also the land that lieth behind the blast of the cold North-wind: there he halted and marveled at the trees; and sweet desire thereof possessed him that he might plant them at the end of the course which the race-horses should run twelve times round.

So now to this feast cometh he in good-will in company with the Twins Divine, deep-girdled children. For to them he gave charge when he ascended into Olympus to order the spectacle of the games, both the struggle of man with man, and the driving of the nimble car.

Me anywise my soul stirreth to declare, that to the Emmenidai and to Theron hath glory come by gift of the Tyndaridai of goodly steeds, for that beyond all mortals they do honor to them with tables of hospitality, keeping with pious spirit the rite of blessed gods.

Now if Water be the Best, and of possessions Gold be the most precious, so now to the furthest bound doth Theron by his fair deeds attain, and from his own home touch the pillars of

CHARIOT RACE

(Circus Maximus)

From a Painting by Alex. Wagner

Herakles. Pathless the things beyond, pathless alike to the unwise and the wise. Here I will search no more; the quest were vain.

Seventh Olympian Ode.

For Diagoras of Rhodes, Winner in the Boxing-Match.

[Diagoras of Rhodes, most famous of great boxers, won the victory here celebrated in 404 B.C.

Rhodes is said to have been colonized at the time of the Dorian migrations, by Argive Dorians from Epidauros, who were Herakleidai of the family of Tlepolemos. They founded a confederacy of three cities,—Kameiros, Lindos, and Ialysos. Ialysos was then ruled by the dynasty of the Eratidai. Their kingly power had now been extinct two hundred years, but the family was still preëminent in the State. Of this family was Diagoras, and probably the ode was sung at a family festival; but it commemorates the glories of the island generally. The Rhodians caused it to be engraved in letters of gold in the temple of Athene at Lindos.]

As when from a wealthy hand one lifting a cup, made glad within with the dew of the vine, maketh gift thereof to a youth, his daughter's spouse, a largess of the feast from home to home, an all-golden choicest treasure, that the banquet may have grace, and that he may glorify his kin; and therewith he maketh him envied in the eyes of the friends around him for a wedlock wherein hearts are wedded, —

So also I, my liquid nectar sending, the Muses' gift, the sweet fruit of my soul, to men that are winners in the games at Pytho or Olympia make holy offering. Happy is he whom good report encompasseth; now on one man, now on another doth the Grace that quickeneth look favorably, and tune for him the lyre and the pipe's stops of music manifold.

Thus to the sound of the twain am I come with Diagoras sailing home to sing the sea-girt Rhodes, child of Aphrodite and bride of Helios, that to a mighty and fair-fighting man, who by Alpheos's stream and by Kastalia's hath won him crowns, I may for his boxing make award of glory, and to his father Demegetos in whom Justice hath her delight, dwellers in the isle of three cities with an Argive host, nigh to a promontory of spacious Asia.

Fain would I truly tell from the beginning from Tlepolemos the message of my word, the common right of this puissant seed of Herakles. For on the father's side they claim from Zeus, and on the mother's from Astydameia, sons of Amyntor.

Now round the minds of men hang follies unnumbered: this

is the unachievable thing, to find what shall be best hap for a man both presently and also at the last. Yea, for the very founder of this country once on a time struck with his staff of tough wild-olive-wood Alkmene's bastard brother Likymnios, in Tiryns, as he came forth from Midea's chamber, and slew him in the kindling of his wrath. So even the wise man's feet are turned astray by tumult of the soul.

Then he came to inquire of the oracle of God. And he of the golden hair, from his sweet-incensed shrine, spake unto him of a sailing of ships that should be from the shore of Lerna unto a pasture ringed with sea, where sometime the great king of gods rained on the city golden snow, what time by Hephaistos's handicraft, beneath the bronze-wrought ax, from the crown of her father's head Athene leaped to light, and cried aloud with an exceeding cry; and Heaven trembled at her coming, and Earth, the Mother.

Then also the god who giveth light to men, Hyperion, bade his beloved sons see that they guard the payment of the debt, that they should build first for the goddess an altar in the sight of all men, and laying thereon a holy offering they should make glad the hearts of the father, and of his daughter of the sounding spear. Now Reverence, Forethought's child, putteth valor and the joy of battle into the hearts of men; yet withal there cometh upon them bafflingly the cloud of forgetfulness, and maketh the mind to swerve from the straight path of action. For they, though they had brands burning, yet kindled not the seed of flame, but with fireless rites they made a grove on the hill of the citadel. For them Zeus brought a yellow cloud into the sky, and rained much gold upon the land; and Glaukopis herself gave them to excel the dwellers upon earth in every art of handicraft. For on their roads ran the semblances of beasts and creeping things, whereof they have great glory; for to him that hath knowledge the subtlety that is without deceit is the greater altogether.

Now the ancient story of men saith that when Zeus and the other gods made division of the earth among them, not yet was island Rhodes apparent in the open sea, but in the briny depths lay hid. And for that Helios was otherwhere, none drew a lot for him; so they left him portionless of land, that holy god. And when he spake thereof Zeus would cast lots afresh; but he suffered him not, for that he said that beneath the hoary sea he saw a certain land waxing from its root in earth, that should

bring forth food for many men, and rejoice in flocks. And straightway he bade her of the golden fillet, Lachesis, to stretch her hands on high, nor violate the gods' great oath, but with the son of Kronos promise him that the isle sent up to the light of heaven should be thenceforth a title of himself alone.

And in the end of the matter his speech had fulfillment; there sprang up from the watery main an island, and the father who begetteth the keen rays of day hath the dominion thereof, even the lord of fire-breathing steeds. There sometime, having lain with Rhodes, he begat seven sons, who had of him minds wiser than any among the men of old; and one begat Kameiros, and Ialysos his eldest, and Lindos: and they held each apart their shares of cities, making threefold division of their Father's land, and these men call their dwelling-places. There is a sweet amends for his piteous ill-hap ordained for Tlepolemos, leader of the Tirynthians at the beginning, as for a god, even the leading thither of sheep for a savory burnt-offering, and the award of honor in games.

Of garlands from these games hath Diagoras twice won him crowns, and four times he had good luck at famous Isthmos, and twice following at Nemea, and twice at Rocky Athens. And at Argos the bronze shield knoweth him, and the deeds of Arcadia and of Thebes and the yearly games Bœotian, and Pellene and Aigina, where six times he won; and the pillar of stone at Megara hath the same tale to tell.

But do thou, O Father Zeus, who holdest sway on the mountain ridges of Atabyrios, glorify the accustomed Olympian winner's hymn, and the man who hath done valiantly with his fists: give him honor at the hands of citizens and of strangers; for he walketh in the straight way that abhorreth insolence, having learnt well the lessons his true soul hath taught him, which hath come to him from his noble sires. Darken not thou the light of one who springeth from the same stock of Kallianax. Surely with the joys of Eratidai the whole city maketh mirth. But the varying breezes even at the same point of time speed each upon their various ways.

First Pythian Ode.

O golden lyre,
Apollo's, dark-haired Muses' joint heirloom,
Alert for whom
The dancer's footstep listens, and the choir

Of singers wait the sound,
Beginning of the round
Of festal joy, whene'er thy quivering string
Strike up a prelude to their carolings
Thou slakest the lancèd bolt of quenchless fire;
Yea, drooped each wing that through the æther sweeps,
Upon his scepter Zeus's eagle sleeps,

The bird-king crowned!
The while thou sheddest o'er his beaked head bowed,
A darkling cloud,
Sweet seal of the eyelids, — and in dreamful swound
His rippling back and sides
Heave with thy music's tides;
Thou bidst impetuous Ares lay apart
His keen-edged spear, and soothe with sleep his heart;
Thou launchest at the breasts of gods, and bound
As by a spell, they own thy lulling power,
Latoides's and the deep-zoned Muses' dower.

But all the unloved of Zeus, far otherwise,
Hearing the voice of the Pierides,
Or on the earth or on the restless seas,
Flee panic-stricken. One in Tartaros lies,
Typhon, the gods' great hundred-headed foe.
The famed Kilikian cavern cradled him;
But now the hill-crags, lo,
O'er Kymè, towering from their ocean-rim,
And Sicily press upon his shaggy breast;
Adds to the rest
The frost-crowned prop of heaven her weight of woe;
Aitna, the yearlong nurse of biting snow,

Whose founts of fire
Gush from her caves, most pure, untamable:
And all day well
The rivers, and the gleaming smoke-wreath's spire;
And in the gloom of night —
A lurid-purple light —
The flame upheaves vast rocks, and with a roar
Whirls them far out upon the ocean-floor.
It is yon monster makes outpour these dire
Volcanic torrents: wondrous to behold,
A wonder e'en to hear by others told

How, pinionèd
'Neath dark-leaved heights of Aitna and the plain,
He writhes in pain,
His back all grided by his craggy bed.
Thine, thine the grace we implore,
O Zeus, that rulest o'er
This mountain, forehead of the fruitful land,
Over whose namesake city near at hand
Her illustrious founder hath a glory shed,
Her name proclaiming in the herald's cries
What time his car at Pytho won the prize,

The car of Hieron. By sailors bound
On outward voyage is a favoring breeze
Held first of blessings, bearing prophecies
Of fair beginning with fair ending crowned.
Auspicious falls her fortune by that word,
For conquering steeds ordained to future fame,
And to an honored name
In many a song of festal joyance heard.
O Phoibos, Lykian and Delian king
That lovest the spring
Kastalian of Parnasos, hold this fast,
Make her a nurse of heroes to the last.

For lo, god-sprung
Are all the means to human high emprise:
Men are born wise,
And strong of hand and eloquent of tongue.
And fain to praise, I trust
I fling not as in joust
One whirls and hurls the bronze-cheeked javelin
Without the lists, yet, hurling far, to win
Over my rivals. Ah (the wish hath clung),
If Hieron's days but wealth and bliss bestow
As now, and add forgetfulness of woe, —

How they would lead
Back crowding memories of battles old
Wherein, stern-souled,
He stood what time the gods gave them a meed
Of honor such as ne'er
Hath fallen to Hellene's share,
Wealth's lordly crown. Yea, late he went to war

Like Philoktetes, while one fawned before —
A proud-souled suitor for a friend in need.
Well known is the old story how men came
To bear from Lemnos a sore-wounded frame,

E'en godlike heroes Poias's archer-son;
Who, sacking Priam's city, brought to close
The Danaoi's toils, himself still in the throes
Of body-sickness. But by fate 'twas done.
And such to Hieron be God's decrees,
Granting in season, as the years creep by,
All things wherefor he sigh.
Nor, Muse, shalt thou forget Deinomenes,
Chanting the four-horsed chariot's reward.
Hath he not shared
The triumph of his father? Up then, sing
A song out of our love to Aitna's king.

Hieron bestowed
On him that city, built on freedom's base
By the gods' grace
After the canons of the Hyllid code.
Glad are Pamphylos's seed,
And the Herakleidan breed
Beneath Taÿgetos, Dorians to remain
And keep the laws Aigimios did ordain,
Rich and renowned. Once Pindos their abode;
Amyklai then, where, the Tyndárids near
Of the white horses, flourished still their spear.

O Zeus supreme,
Such lot may human tongues fore'er award
In true accord,
Swayer and swayed by Amenanos's stream.
Beneath thy blessing hand
A hero in command,
Transmitting through his son his wise decrees,
Shall lead a people on the paths of peace.
Keep hushed at home, I pray, the battle scream
Of the Phœnician and Tyrrhenian host
Whose insolent ships went down off Kyme's coast:

Such fate they suffered at the conquering hands
Of Syracuse's lord, who plunged the pride
Of their swift galleys in the whelming tide,
Rescuing Hellas from her grievous bands.

For Athens's favor song of Salamis pleads,
In Sparta let me linger o'er the fight
Beneath Kithairon's height, —
Disastrous both unto the crooked-bow Medes;
And where the Himeras rolls his flood along,
Bides theme for song
Of triumph in Deinomenes's children's praise,
Whose valorous deeds cut short their foemen's days.

Time well thy rede.
Gather the many strands that loosely run,
And twist in one:
Less will the noise of censuring tongues succeed.
Once surfeit slips between,
Dulled are hope's edges keen.
And much do words in others' praise oppress
The souls of men in secret. Ne'ertheless,
Since envy better is than pity, speed
On thy fair course; be helmsman just among
Thy people; on truth's anvil forge thy tongue.

The slightest spark
Thy stroke sends glimmering past falls lustrous now:
High steward thou;
And many eyes thine every action mark.
But in thy spirit's flower
Biding from hour to hour,
If honeyed speech of men may gladden thee,
Count not the cost. Let thy sail belly free
Unto the wind, as master of a bark.
No juggling gains allure thee, O my friend!
The voice of fame, that outlives this life's end,

Alone reveals the lives of men that pass,
To song and story. Kroisos's kindly heart
Dies not; but Phalaris, that with cruel art
Burned men alive inside the bull of brass,
A hated bruit weighs down. Nor will the lyres,
Filling the vaulted halls with unison
Of sweet strains, make him one
Among names warbled in the young men's choirs.
Prosperity is first of fortune's meeds;
Glory succeeds.
Who hath won both and kept, wealth and renown
He hath attained unto the supreme crown.

From the Thirteenth Olympic Ode.

The powers of Heaven can lightly deign boons that Hope's self
despairs to gain:
And bold Bellerophon with speed won to his will the wingèd steed,
Binding that soothing spell his jaws around.
Mounting all mailed, his courser's pace the dance of war he taught
to trace,
And, borne of him, the Amazons he slew,
Nor feared the bows their woman-armies drew,
Chimæra breathing fire, and Solymi —
Swooping from frozen depths of lifeless sky.
Untold I leave his final fall!
His charger passed to Zeus's Olympian stall! . . .

Well, ere now, my song hath told
Of their Olympic victories;
And what shall be, must coming days unfold.
Yet hope have I — the future lies
With Fate — yet bless but Heaven still their line
Ares and Zeus shall all fulfill! For by Parnassus's frowning hill,
Argus, and Thebes, their fame how fair! And, oh, what witness
soon shall bear,
In Arcady, Lycæus's royal shrine!

Pellené, Sicyon, of them tell — Megara, and the hallowed dell
Of Æacids; Eleusis; Marathon bright;
And wealthy towns that bask near Ætna's height;
Eubœa's island. Nay, all Greece explore —
Than eye can see you'll find their glories more!
Through life, great Zeus, sustain their feet;
And bless with piety, and with triumphs sweet!

WILLIAM PITT.

WILLIAM PITT, a celebrated English statesman, second son of the Earl of Chatham, was born at Hayes, near Bromley, in Kent, May 28, 1759; died at Putney, Jan. 23, 1806. He chose law as his profession, and on leaving college he was called to the bar in 1780. The next year he entered Parliament and in 1782 he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer. In December, 1783, he was offered the premiership, which he accepted. He had to contend against a strong opposition, and was defeated in March, 1784, when Parliament was dissolved. He appealed to the people and was triumphantly sustained. In 1793 his administration having involved England in war with France, his popularity began to wane. He resigned office in 1801, and was succeeded by Addington; but a coalition of Whigs and Tories formed against Addington, and Pitt was again appointed Prime-Minister in 1804. But his health gave way under the cares, annoyances, and failures of office, and he died in January, 1806.

ON THE ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

(From a Speech delivered April 2, 1792.)

I HAVE shown how great is the enormity of this evil, even on the supposition that we take only convicts and prisoners of war. But take the subject in the other way; take it on the grounds stated by the right honorable gentleman over the way, and how does it stand? Think of EIGHTY THOUSAND persons carried away out of their country by we know not what means! for crimes imputed! for light or inconsiderable faults! for debt perhaps! for the crime of witchcraft! or a thousand other weak and scandalous pretexts! besides all the fraud and kidnaping, the villainies and perfidy, by which the slave-trade is supplied. Reflect on these eighty thousand persons annually taken off! There is something in the horror of it that surpasses all the bounds of imagination. Admitting that there exists in Africa something like to courts of justice; yet what an office of humiliation and meanness it is in us to take upon ourselves to

carry into execution the partial, the cruel, iniquitous sentences of such courts, as if we also were strangers to all religion, and to the first principles of justice! But that country, it is said, has been in some degree civilized, and civilized by us. It is said they have gained some knowledge of the principles of justice. What, sir, have they gained principles of justice from us? Their civilization brought about by us! Yes, we give them enough of our intercourse to convey to them the means, and to initiate them into the study, of mutual destruction. We give them just enough of the forms of justice to enable them to add the pretext of legal trials to their other modes of perpetrating the most atrocious iniquity.

Some evidences say that the Africans are addicted to the practice of gambling; that they even sell their wives and children, and ultimately themselves. Are these, then, the legitimate sources of slavery? Shall we pretend that we can thus acquire an honest right to exact the labor of these people? Can we pretend that we have a right to carry away to distant regions men of whom we know nothing by authentic inquiry, and of whom there is every reasonable presumption to think, that those who sell them to us have no right to do so? But the evil does not stop here. Do you think nothing of the ruin and the miseries in which so many other individuals, still remaining in Africa, are involved, in consequence of carrying off so many myriads of people? Do you think nothing of their families which are left behind? of the connections which are broken? of the friendships, attachments, and relationships that are burst asunder! Do you think nothing of the miseries in consequence that are felt from generation to generation? of the privation of that happiness which might be communicated to them by the introduction of civilization, and of mental and moral improvement? A happiness which you withhold from them so long as you permit the slave-trade to continue.

What do you know of the internal state of Africa? You have carried on a trade to that quarter of the globe from this civilized and enlightened country; but such a trade, that, instead of diffusing either knowledge or wealth, it has been the check to every laudable pursuit. Instead of any fair interchange of commodities; instead of conveying to them, from this highly favored land, any means of improvement; you carry with you that noxious plant by which everything is withered and blasted; under whose shade nothing that is useful or profitable to Africa

will ever flourish or take root. Long as that continent has been known to navigators, the extreme line and boundaries of its coasts is all with which Europe is yet become acquainted; while other countries in the same parallel of latitude, through a happier system of intercourse, have reaped the blessings of a mutually beneficial commerce. But as to the whole interior of that continent you are, by your own principles of commerce, as yet entirely shut out: Africa is known to you only in its skirts. Yet even there you are able to infuse a poison that spreads its contagious effects from one end of it to the other, which penetrates to its very center, corrupting every part to which it reaches. You there subvert the whole order of nature; you aggravate every natural barbarity, and furnish to every man there living motives for committing, under the name and pretext of commerce, acts of perpetual violence and perfidy against his neighbor.

There was a time, sir, which it may be fit sometimes to revive in the remembrance of our countrymen, when even human sacrifices are said to have been offered in this island. But I would peculiarly observe on this day, for it is a case precisely in point, that the very practice of the slave-trade once prevailed among us. Slaves, as we may read in Henry's "History of Great Britain," were formerly an established article of our export. "Great numbers," he says, "were exported like cattle, from the British coast, and were to be seen exposed for sale in the Roman market." It does not distinctly appear by what means they were procured; but there was unquestionably no small resemblance, in this particular point, between the case of our ancestors and that of the present wretched natives of Africa — for the historian tells you that "adultery, witchcraft, and debt were probably some of the chief sources of supplying the Roman market with British slaves — that prisoners taken in war were added to the number — and that there might be among them some unfortunate gamesters, who, after having lost all their goods, at length staked themselves, their wives, and their children." Every one of these sources of slavery has been stated, and almost precisely in the same terms, to be at this hour a source of slavery in Africa. And these circumstances, sir, with a solitary instance or two of human sacrifices, furnish the alleged proof, that Africa labors under a natural incapacity for civilization; that it is enthusiasm and fanaticism to think that she can ever enjoy the knowledge and the morals of Europe; that Providence never intended her to rise above a state of barbarism; that

Providence has irrevocably doomed her to be only a nursery for slaves for us free and civilized Europeans. Allow of this principle, as applied to Africa, and I should be glad to know why it might not also have been applied to ancient and uncivilized Britain. Why might not some Roman senator, reasoning on the principles of some honorable gentlemen, and pointing to *British barbarians*, have predicted with equal boldness, "*There* is a people that will never rise to civilization — *there* is a people destined never to be free — a people without the understanding necessary for the attainment of useful arts; depressed by the hand of nature below the level of the human species; and created to form a supply of slaves for the rest of the world." Might not this have been said, according to the principles which we now hear stated, in all respects as fairly and as truly of Britain herself, at that period of her history, as it can now be said by us of the inhabitants of Africa?

We, sir, have long since emerged from barbarism — we have almost forgotten that we were once barbarians — we are now raised to a situation which exhibits a striking contrast to every circumstance by which a Roman might have characterized us, and by which we now characterize Africa. There is, indeed, one thing wanting to complete the contrast, and to clear us altogether from the imputation of acting, even to this hour, as barbarians; for we continue to this hour a barbarous traffic in slaves; we continue it even yet in spite of all our great and undeniable pretensions to civilization. We were once as obscure among the nations of the earth, as savage in our manners, as debased in our morals, as degraded in our understanding, as these unhappy Africans are at present. But in the lapse of a long series of years, by a progression slow, and for a time almost imperceptible, we have become rich in a variety of acquirements, favored above measure in the gifts of Providence, unrivaled in commerce, preëminent in arts, foremost in the pursuits of philosophy and science, and established in all the blessings of civil society; we are in the possession of peace, of happiness, and of liberty; we are under the guidance of a mild and beneficent religion; and we are protected by impartial laws, and the purest administration of justice; we are living under a system of government which our own happy experience leads us to pronounce the best and the wisest which has ever yet been framed; a system which has become the admiration of the world.

From all these blessings we must forever have been shut out had there been any truth in those principles which some gentlemen have not hesitated to lay down as applicable to the case of Africa. Had those principles been true, we ourselves had languished to this hour in that miserable state of ignorance, brutality, and degradation, in which history proves our ancestors to have been immersed. Had other nations adopted these principles in their conduct toward us: had other nations applied to Great Britain the reasoning which some of the senators of this very island now apply to Africa, ages might have passed without our emerging from barbarism; and we, who are enjoying the blessings of British civilization, of British laws, and British liberty, might at this hour have been little superior, either in morals, in knowledge, or refinement, to the rude inhabitants of the coast of Guinea.

If, then, we feel that this perpetual confinement in the fetters of brutal ignorance would have been the greatest calamity which could have befallen us; if we view with gratitude and exultation the contrast between the peculiar blessings we enjoy and the wretchedness of the ancient inhabitants of Britain; if we shudder to think of the misery which would still have overwhelmed us, had Great Britain continued to the present times to be the mart for slaves to the more civilized nations of the world, through some cruel policy of theirs, God forbid that we should any longer subject Africa to the same dreadful scourge, and preclude the light of knowledge, which has reached every other quarter of the globe, from having access to her coasts!

PLATO.

PLATO (Gr., Πλάτων), a famous Greek philosopher, born at Aegina about 429; died at Athens about 347 B.C. His original name was Aristocles; but this in time was changed to PLATON ("Broad"), possibly on account of the unusual breadth of his shoulders. While a young man he wrote epic, lyric, and dramatic poems, all of which he destroyed, only a few fragments, and those of doubtful authenticity, remaining. He was a pupil of Socrates during the last eight or nine years of that philosopher's life, and became thoroughly conversant with the Socratic system of dialectics. After the death of Socrates, in 399 B.C., Plato traveled for some years in the Grecian states, also visiting Egypt. Returning to Athens, he established a kind of open-air school in a grove which had belonged to a man named Academos, and was hence styled the *Academeia*. Here he orally expounded his philosophy, and composed the numerous works which have come down to us. These are mainly in the form of dialogues, Socrates being made one of the interlocutors, usually as the exponent of Plato's own views. The works of Plato have found many translators into all languages.

THE VISION OF ER.

(From "The Republic.")

I WILL not, said I, tell you a tale like the apologue of Alcinous; but that, indeed, of a brave man, of Er, the son of Armenius, by descent a Pamphylian; who happened on a time to die in battle. When the dead were on the tenth day carried off, already corrupted, he was taken up and found still fresh; and being carried home, as he was about to be buried on the twelfth day, when laid on the funeral pile, he revived; and being revived, he told what he saw in the other world, and said: That after his soul left the body, it went with many others, and that they came to a certain mysterious place, where there were two chasms in the earth, near to each other, and two other openings in the heavens opposite to them, and that the judges sat between these. That when they gave judgment, they commanded the

just to go to the right hand, and upwards through the heaven, fixing before them symbols of the judgment pronounced; but the unjust they commanded to the left, and downwards, and these, likewise, had behind them the evidences of all they had done. But on his coming before the judges, they said it behooved him to be a messenger to men concerning things there, and they commanded him to hear, and to contemplate everything in the place. And he saw the souls departing through the two openings, some through the one in the heaven, and some through the one in the earth, after they were judged; and through the other two openings he saw, rising through the one out of the earth, souls full of squalidness and dust; and through the other, he saw other souls descending pure from heaven; and always on their arrival they seemed as if they came from a long journey, and gladly went to rest themselves in the meadow, as in a public assembly, and saluted one another, such as were acquainted, and those who rose out of the earth asked the others concerning the things above, and those from heaven asked them concerning the things below, and they told one another; the one wailing and weeping whilst they called to mind what and how many things they suffered and saw in their journey under the earth (for it was a journey of a thousand years); and the others from heaven explained their enjoyments, and spectacles of immense beauty. To narrate many of them, Glauco, would take much time; but this, he said, was the sum, that whatever unjust actions any had committed, and how many soever any one had injured, they were punished for all these separately tenfold, and that they began to suffer again every hundred years, the life of man being considered as so long, that they might suffer tenfold punishment for the injustice they had done. So that if any had been the cause of many deaths, either by betraying cities or armies, or bringing men into slavery, or being confederates in any other wickedness, for each of all these they reaped tenfold sufferings; and if, again, they had benefited any by good deeds, and had been just and holy, they were rewarded according to their deserts. Of those who died very young, and lived but a little time, he told what is not worth relating. But of impiety and piety towards the Gods and parents, and of the murder of relations, he told the more remarkable retributions. For he said he was present when one was asked by another, where the great Aridæus was? This Aridæus had been tyrant in a certain city of Pamphylia

a thousand years before that time, and had killed his aged father, and his elder brother, and had done many other unhallowed deeds, as it was reported: and he said, the one who was asked replied: "He neither comes," said he, "nor ever will come hither. For we saw this likewise among other dreadful spectacles. When we were near the mouth of the opening, and were about to ascend after having suffered everything else, we beheld both him on a sudden, and others likewise, most of whom were tyrants, and some private persons who had committed great iniquity, whom, when they imagined they were to ascend, the mouth of the opening did not admit, but bellowed when any of those who were so polluted with wickedness, or who had not been sufficiently punished, attempted to ascend. And then, said he, fierce men, and fiery to the view, standing by, and understanding the bellowing, took them and led them apart, Aridæus and the rest, binding their hands and their feet, and, thrusting them down, and flaying off their skin, dragged them to an outer road, tearing them on thorns; declaring always to those who passed by, on what accounts they suffered these things, and that they were carrying them to be thrown into Tartarus. And hence, he said, that amidst all their various terrors, this terror surpassed, lest the mouth should bellow when we went up, and when it was silent every one most gladly ascended." And the punishments and torments were such as these, and their rewards were the reverse of these.

He also added, that every one, after they had been seven days in the meadow, arising thence, it was requisite for them to depart on the eighth day, and arrive at another place on the fourth day after, whence they perceived from above through the whole heaven and earth, a light extended as a pillar, mostly resembling the rainbow, but more splendid and pure; at which they arrived in one day's journey; and they perceived, being in the middle of the light from heaven, that its extremities were fastened to the sky. For this light was the belt of heaven, like the transverse beams of ships, and kept the whole circumference united. To the extremities the distaff of Necessity is fastened, by which all the revolutions of the world were made, and its spindle and point were both of adamant, but its whirl mixed of this and of other things; and that the nature of the whirl was of such a kind, as to its figure, as is any one we see here. But you must conceive it, from what he said, to be of such a kind as this: as if in some great hollow whirl, carved

throughout, there was such another, but lesser, within it, adapted to it, like casks fitted one within another; and in the same manner a third, and a fourth, and four others, for that the whirls were eight in all, as circles one within another, each having its rim appearing above the next; the whole forming round the spindle the united solidity of one whirl. The spindle was driven through the middle of the eight; and the first and outmost whirl had the widest circumference, the sixth had the next greatest width; the fourth the third width; then the eighth; the seventh; the fifth; the third; and the second. Likewise the circle of the largest is variegated in color: the seventh is the brightest, and that of the eighth hath its color from the shining of the seventh; that of the second and fifth resemble each other, but are more yellow than the rest. But the third hath the whitest color, the fourth is reddish; the second in whiteness surpasses the sixth. The distaff must turn round in a circle with the whole it carries; and whilst the whole is turning round, the seven inner circles are gently turned round in a contrary direction to the whole. Again, the eighth moves the swiftest; and next to it, and equal to one another, the seventh, the sixth, and the fifth; and the third went in a motion which as appeared to them completed its circle in the same way as the fourth, which in swiftness was the third, and the fifth was the second in speed. The distaff was turned round on the knees of Necessity. And on each of its circles there was seated a Siren on the upper side, carried round, and uttering one note in one tone. But that the whole of them, being eight, composed one harmony. There were other three sitting round at equal distances one from another, each on a throne, the daughters of Necessity, the Fates, in white vestments, and having crowns on their heads; Lachesis, and Clotho, and Atropos, singing to the harmony of the Sirens; Lachesis singing the past, Clotho the present, and Atropos the future. And Clotho, at certain intervals, with her right hand laid hold of the spindle, and along with her mother turned about the outer circle. And Atropos, in like manner, turned the inner ones with her left hand. And Lachesis touched both of these, severally, with either hand. Now after the souls arrive here, it is necessary for them to go directly to Lachesis, and then an herald first of all ranges them in order, and afterwards taking the lots, and the models of lives, from the knees of Lachesis, and ascending a lofty tribunal, he says: —

"The speech of the virgin Lachesis, the daughter of Necessity. Souls of a day! This is the beginning of another period of men of mortal race. Your destiny shall not be given you by lot, but you shall choose it yourselves. He who draws the first, let him first make choice of a life, to which he must of necessity adhere. Virtue is independent, which every one shall partake of, more or less, according as he honors or dishonors her. The cause is in him who makes the choice, and God is blameless!" When he had said these things, he threw on all of them the lots, and that each took up the one which fell beside him, but Er was allowed to take none. And that when each had taken it, he knew what number he had drawn. After this the herald placed on the ground before them the models of lives, many more than those we see at present. And they were all various. For there were lives of all sorts of animals, and human lives of every kind. And among these there were tyrannies, some of them perpetual, and others destroyed in the midst of their greatness, and ending in poverty, banishment, and want. There were also lives of men renowned, some for their appearance as to beauty, strength, and agility; and others for their descent, and the virtues of their ancestors. There were the lives of renowned women in the same manner. But there was no disposition of soul among these models, because of necessity, on choosing a different life, it becomes different itself. As to other things, riches and poverty, sickness and health, they were mixed with one another, and some were in a middle station between these. There then, as appears, friend Glauco, is the whole danger of man. And hence this of all things is most to be studied, in what manner every one of us, omitting other disciplines, shall become an inquirer and learner in this study, if, by any means, he be able to learn and find out who will make him expert and intelligent to discern a good life and a bad; and to choose everywhere, and at all times, the best of what is possible, considering all the things now mentioned, both compounded and separated from one another, what they are with respect to the virtue of life. And to understand what good or evil is created by beauty when mixed with poverty, or riches, and with this or the other habit of soul; and what is effected by noble and ignoble descent, by privacy and by public station, by strength and weakness, docility and indocility, and everything else of the kind which naturally pertains to the soul, and likewise of what is acquired, when blended one with another; so as to be able from all these

THE FATES

(Lachesis, Clotho, Atropos)

From a Painting by Paul Thumann

things to compute, and, having an eye to the nature of the soul, to comprehend both the worse and the better life, pronouncing that to be the worse which shall lead the soul to become more unjust, and that to be the better life which shall lead it to become more just, and to dismiss every other consideration. For we have seen, that in life, and in death, this is the best choice. But it is necessary that a man should have this opinion firm as an adamant in him, when he departs to Hades, that there also he may be unmoved by riches, or any such evils, and may not, falling into tyrannies, and other such practices, do many and incurable mischiefs, and himself suffer still greater: but may know how to choose always the middle life, as to these things, and to shun the extremes on either hand, both in this life as far as is possible, and in the whole of the hereafter. For thus man becomes most happy.

To return: the messenger from the other world further told that the herald spoke thus: "Even to him who comes last, choosing with judgment, and living consistently, there is prepared a desirable life; not bad. Let neither him who is first be negligent in his choice, nor let him who is last despair!" He said, that when the herald had spoken these things, the first who drew a lot ran instantly and chose the greatest tyranny, but through folly and insatiableness had not sufficiently examined all things on making his choice, but was ignorant that in this life there was this destiny, the devouring of his own children, and other evils; and that afterwards, when he had considered it at leisure he wailed and lamented his choice, not having observed the admonitions of the herald above mentioned. For he did not accuse himself, as the author of his misfortunes, but fortune and destiny, and everything instead of himself. He added, that he was one of those who came from heaven, who had in his former life lived in a regulated republic, and had been virtuous by custom without philosophy. And that, in short, among these there were not a few who came from heaven, as being unexercised in trials. But that the most of those who came from earth, as they had endured hardships themselves, and had seen others in hardships, did not precipitantly make their choice. And hence, and through the fortune of the lot, to most souls there was an exchange of good and evil things. Since, if one should always, whenever he comes into this life, soundly philosophize, and the lot of election should not fall on him the very last, it would seem, from what has been told us from thence, that he shall be

happy not only here, but when he goes hence, and his journey hither back again shall not be earthly, and rugged, but smooth and heavenly.

This spectacle, he said, was worthy to behold, in what manner the several souls made choice of their lives. For it was pitiful and ridiculous and wonderful to behold, as each for the most part chose according to the habit of their former life. For he told, that he saw the soul which was formerly the soul of Orpheus making choice of the life of a swan, through hatred of womankind, being unwilling to be born of woman on account of the death he suffered from them. He saw likewise the soul of Thamyris making choice of the life of a nightingale. And he saw also a swan turning to the choice of human life; and other musical animals in a similar manner, as is likely. And he saw one soul, in making its choice, choosing the life of a lion; and it was the soul of Ajax, the son of Telemon, shunning to become a man, remembering the judgment given with reference to the armor of Achilles. That after this he saw the soul of Agamemnon, which, in hatred also of the human kind, on account of his misfortunes, exchanged it for the life of an eagle. And that he saw the soul of Atalanta choosing her lot amidst the rest, and, having attentively observed the great honors paid to an athlete, was unable to pass by this lot, but took it. Next, he saw the soul of Epæus the son of Panopeus going into the nature of a skillful workwoman. And far off, among the last, he saw the soul of the buffoon Thersites assuming the ape. And by chance he saw the soul of Ulysses, who had drawn its lot last of all, going to make its choice: and in remembrance of its former toils, and tired of ambition, it went about a long time, seeking the life of a private man of no business, and with difficulty found it lying somewhere, neglected by the rest. And that on seeing this life, it said, that it would have made the same choice even if it had obtained the first lot, — and joyfully chose it. In like manner the souls of wild beasts went into men, and men again into beasts: the unjust changing into wild beasts, and the just into tame; and that they were blended by all sorts of mixtures.

After, therefore, all the souls had chosen their lives according as they drew their lots, they all went in order to Lachesis, and that she gave to every one the fate he chose, and sent it along with him to be the guardian of his life, and the accomplisher of what he had chosen. First of all, he conducts the

soul to Clotho, to ratify under her hand, and by the whirl of the vortex of her spindle, the destiny it had chosen by lot: and after being with her, he leads it back again to the spinning of Atropos, who makes the destinies irreversible. And from hence they proceed directly under the throne of Necessity; and after the others had passed by it, Er also passed, and they all of them marched into the plain of Lethe amidst dreadful heat and scorching, for he said that it is void of trees and everything that the earth produces. That when night came on, they encamped beside the river Amelete, whose water no vessel can contain. Of this water all of them must necessarily drink a certain measure, and such of them as are not preserved by prudence drink more than the measure, and that he who drinks always forgets everything. But after they were laid asleep, and it became midnight, there was thunder, and an earthquake, and they were thence on a sudden carried upwards, some one way, and some another, approaching to generation like stars. But that Er himself was forbidden to drink of the water. Where, however, and in what manner, he came into his body, he was entirely ignorant; but suddenly looking up in the morning, he saw himself already laid on the funeral pile.

And this fable, Glauco, hath been preserved, and is not lost, and it may preserve us, if we are persuaded by it; and thus we shall happily pass over the river Lethe, and shall not contaminate the soul. But if the company will be persuaded by me; considering the soul to be immortal, and able to bear all evil, and all good, we shall always persevere in the road which leads above; and shall by all means pursue justice in conjunction with prudence, in order that we may be friends both to ourselves, and to the Gods, both whilst we remain here, and when we receive its rewards, like victors assembled together; and we shall, both here, and in that journey of a thousand years which we have described, enjoy a happy life.

Mythic Description of the Soul.

(From the "Phædrus.")

Enough of the Soul's immortality.

Her form is a theme of divine and large discourse; human language may however speak of this briefly, and in a figure. Let our figure be of a composite nature, — a pair of winged horses

and a charioteer. Now the winged horses and the charioteer of the gods are all of them noble, and of noble breed, while ours are mixed: and we have a charioteer who drives them in a pair, and one of them is noble and of noble origin, and the other is ignoble and of ignoble origin; and as might be expected, there is a great deal of trouble in managing them. I will endeavor to explain to you in what way the mortal differs from the immortal creature. The soul or animate being has the care of the inanimate, and traverses the whole heaven in divers forms appearing; when perfect and fully winged she soars upward, and is the ruler of the universe: while the imperfect soul loses her feathers, and drooping in her flight, at last settles on the solid ground; there, finding a home, she receives an earthly frame which appears to be self-moved, but is really moved by her power: and this composition of soul and body is called a living and mortal creature. For no such union can be reasonably believed, or at all proved, to be other than mortal; although fancy may imagine a god, whom, not having seen nor surely known, we invent, —such a one, an immortal creature having a body and having also a soul, which have been united in all time. Let that, however, be as God wills, and be spoken of acceptably to him. But the reason why the soul loses her feathers should be explained, and is as follows: —

The wing is intended to soar aloft and carry that which gravitates downward, into the upper region which is the dwelling of the gods; and this is that element of the body which is most akin to the divine. Now the divine is beauty, wisdom, goodness, and the like: and by these the wing of the soul is nourished, and grows apace; but when fed upon evil and foulness, and the like, wastes and falls away. Zeus, the mighty lord holding the reins of a winged chariot, leads the way in heaven, ordering all and caring for all; and there follows him the heavenly array of gods and demigods, divided into eleven bands: for only Hestia is left at home in the house of heaven; but the rest of the twelve greater deities march in their appointed order. And they see in the interior of heaven many blessed sights: and there are ways to and fro, along which the happy gods are passing, each one fulfilling his own work; and any one may follow who pleases, for jealousy has no place in the heavenly choir. This is within the heaven. But when they go to feast and festival, then they move right up the steep ascent, and mount the top of the dome of heaven. Now the chariots of the gods, self-balanced, upward

glide in obedience to the rein; but the others have a difficulty, for the steed who has evil in him, if he has not been properly trained by the charioteer, gravitates and inclines and sinks towards the earth; and this is the hour of agony and extremest conflict of the soul. For the immortal souls, when they are at the end of their course, go out and stand upon the back of heaven, and the revolution of the spheres carries them round, and they behold the world beyond. Now of the heaven which is above the heavens, no earthly poet has sung or ever will sing in a worthy manner. But I must tell, for I am bound to speak truly when speaking of the truth. The colorless and formless and intangible essence is visible to the mind, which is the only lord of the soul. Circling around this in the region above the heavens is the place of true knowledge. And as the divine intelligence, and that of every other soul which is rightly nourished, is fed upon mind and pure knowledge, such an intelligent soul is glad at once more beholding Being; and feeding on the sight of truth, is replenished, until the revolution of the worlds brings her round again to the same place. During the revolution she beholds justice, temperance, and knowledge absolute, not in the form of generation or of relation, which men call existence, but knowledge absolute in existence absolute; and beholding other existences in like manner, and feeding upon them, she passes down into the interior of the heavens and returns home; and there the charioteer, putting up his horses at the stall, gives them ambrosia to eat and nectar to drink.

This is the life of the gods: but of the other souls, that which follows God best and is likest to him lifts the head of the charioteer into the outer world, and is carried round in the revolution, troubled indeed by the steeds, and beholding true being, but hardly; another rises and falls, and sees, and again fails to see by reason of the unruliness of the steeds. The rest of the souls are also longing after the upper world, and they all follow, but not being strong enough, they sink into the gulf as they are carried round, plunging, treading on one another, striving to be first; and there is confusion and the extremity of effort, and many of them are lamed or have their wings broken through the ill driving of the charioteers; and all of them after a fruitless toil go away without being initiated into the mysteries of being, and are nursed with the food of opinion. The reason of their great desire to behold the plain of truth is, that the food which is suited to the highest part of the soul comes out of that

meadow; and the wing on which the soul soars is nourished with this. And there is a law of the goddess Retribution, that the soul which attains any vision of truth in company with the god is preserved from harm until the next period, and he who always attains is always unharmed. But when she is unable to follow, and fails to behold the vision of truth, and through some ill-hap sinks beneath the double load of forgetfulness and vice, and her feathers fall from her, and she drops to earth, — then the law ordains that this soul shall in the first generation pass, not into that of any other animal, but only of man; and the soul which has seen most of truth shall come to the birth as a philosopher or artist, or musician or lover; that which has seen truth in the second degree shall be a righteous king or warrior or lord; the soul which is of the third class shall be a politician or economist or trader; the fourth shall be a lover of gymnastic toils or a physician; the fifth a prophet or hierophant; to the sixth a poet or imitator will be appropriate; to the seventh the life of an artisan or husbandman; to the eighth that of a sophist or demagogue; to the ninth that of a tyrant: all these are states of probation, in which he who lives righteously improves, and he who lives unrighteously deteriorates his lot.

Ten thousand years must elapse before the soul can return to the place from whence she came, for she cannot grow her wings in less: only the soul of a philosopher, guileless and true, or the soul of a love, who is not without philosophy, may acquire wings in the third recurring period of a thousand years; and if they choose this life three times in succession, then they have their wings given them, and go away at the end of three thousand years. But the others receive judgment when they have completed their first life: and after the judgment they go, some of them to the houses of correction which are under the earth, and are punished; others to some place in heaven whither they are lightly borne by justice, and there they live in a manner worthy of the life which they led here when in the form of men. And at the end of the first thousand years, the good souls and also the evil souls both come to cast lots and choose their second life, and they may take any that they like. And then the soul of the man may pass into the life of a beast, or from the beast again into the man. But the soul of him who has never seen the truth will not pass into the human form, for man ought to have intelligence, as they say, "secundum speciem," proceeding from many particulars of sense to one conception or reason;

and this is the recollection of those things which our soul once saw when in company with God — when looking down from above on that which we now call Being, and upwards towards the true Being. And therefore the mind of the philosopher alone has wings: and this is just; for he is always, according to the measure of his abilities, clinging in recollection to those things in which God abides, and in beholding which he is what he is. And he who employs aright these memories is ever being initiated into perfect mysteries, and alone becomes truly perfect. But as he forgets earthly interests, and is rapt in the divine, the vulgar deem him mad, and rebuke him: they do not see that he is inspired.

Myth of the Judgment of the Dead.

(From the "Gorgias.")

Listen then, as story-tellers say, to a very pretty tale, which I daresay that you may be disposed to regard as a fable only, but which, as I believe, is a true tale; for I mean, in what I am going to tell you, to speak the truth. Homer tells us how Zeus and Poseidon and Pluto divided the empire which they inherited from their father. Now in the days of Cronos there was this law respecting the destiny of man, which has always existed, and still continues in heaven: that he who has lived all his life in justice and holiness shall go, when he dies, to the islands of the blest, and dwell there in perfect happiness out of the reach of evil; but that he who has lived unjustly and impiously shall go to the house of vengeance and punishment, which is called Tartarus. And in the time of Cronos, and even later in the reign of Zeus, the judgment was given on the very day on which the men were to die; the judges were alive, and the men were alive: and the consequence was that the judgments were not well given. Then Pluto and the authorities from the islands of the blest came to Zeus, and said that the souls found their way to the wrong places. Zeus said: — "I shall put a stop to this: the judgments are not well given, and the reason is that the judged have their clothes on, for they are alive; and there are many having evil souls who are appareled in fair bodies, or wrapt round in wealth and rank, and when the day of judgment arrives, many witnesses come forward and witness on their behalf that they have lived righteously. The

judges are awed by them, and they themselves too have their clothes on when judging: their eyes and ears and their whole bodies are interposed as a veil before their own souls. This all stands in the way: there are the clothes of the judges and the clothes of the judged. What is to be done? I will tell you: In the first place, I will deprive men of the foreknowledge of death, which they at present possess; that is a commission the execution of which I have already intrusted to Prometheus. In the second place, they shall be entirely stripped before they are judged, for they shall be judged when they are dead: and the judge too shall be naked, that is to say, dead; he with his naked soul shall pierce into the other naked soul as soon as each man dies, he knows not when, and is deprived of his kindred, and hath left his brave attire in the world above: and then judgment will be just. I knew all about this before you did, and therefore I have made my sons judges: two from Asia, — Minos and Rhadamanthus; and one from Europe, — Æacus. And these, when they are dead, shall judge in the meadow where three ways meet, and out of which two roads lead: one to the islands of the blessed, and the other to Tartarus. Rhadamanthus shall judge those who come from Asia, and Æacus those who come from Europe. And to Minos I shall give the primacy, and he shall hold a court of appeal in case either of the two others are in doubt: in this way the judgment respecting the last journey of men will be as just as possible."

This is a tale, Callicles, which I have heard and believed, and from which I draw the following inferences: Death, if I am right, is in the first place the separation from one another of two things, soul and body; this, and nothing else. And after they are separated they retain their several characteristics, which are much the same as in life; the body has the same nature and ways and affections, all clearly discernible. For example, he who by nature or training or both was a tall man while he was alive, will remain as he was after he is dead, and the fat man will remain fat, and so on; and the dead man who in life has a fancy to have flowing hair, will have flowing hair. And if he was marked with the whip and had the prints of the scourge or of wounds in him when he was alive, you might see the same in the dead body; and if his limbs were broken or misshapen when he was alive, the same appearance would be visible in the dead. And in a word, whatever was the habit of the body during life would be distinguishable after death,

either perfectly, or in a great measure and for a time. And I should infer that this is equally true of the soul, Callicles: when a man is stripped of the body, all the natural or acquired affections of the soul are laid open to view. And when they come to the judge, as those from Asia came to Rhadamanthus, he places them near him and inspects them quite impartially, not knowing whose the soul is: perhaps he may lay hands on the soul of the great king, or of some other king or potentate, who has no soundness in him; but his soul is marked with the whip, and is full of the prints and scars of perjuries, and of wrongs which have been plastered into him by each action, and he is all crooked with falsehood and imposture, and has no straightness, because he has lived without truth. Him Rhadamanthus beholds, full of deformity and disproportion, which is caused by license and luxury and insolence and incontinence, and dispatches him ignominiously to his prison, and there he undergoes the punishment which he deserves.

Now the proper office of punishment is twofold: he who is rightly punished ought either to become better and profit by it, or he ought to be made an example to his fellows, that they may see what he suffers, and fear and become better. Those who are punished by gods and men, and improved, are those whose sins are curable: still the way of improving them, as in this world so also in another, is by pain and suffering; for there is no other way in which they can be delivered from their evil. But they who have been guilty of the worst crimes, and are incurable by reason of their crimes, are made examples; for, as they are incurable, the time is passed at which they can receive any benefit themselves. But others get good when they behold them forever enduring the most terrible and painful and fearful sufferings as the penalty of their sins; there they are, hanging up as examples, in the prison-house of the world below, — a spectacle and a warning to all unrighteous men who come thither. And most of those fearful examples, as I believe, are taken from the class of tyrants and kings and potentates and public men; for they are the authors of the greatest and most impious crimes, because they have the power. And Homer witnesses to the truth of this; for those whom he has described as suffering everlasting punishment in the world below are always kings and potentates; — there are Tantalus, and Sisyphus, and Tityus. But no one ever described Thersites, or any private person who was a villain, as suffering everlasting punishment

because he was incurable. For to do as they did was, as I am inclined to think, not in his power; and he was happier than those who had the power. Yes, Callicles, the very bad men come from the class of those who have power. And yet, in that very class there may arise good men, and worthy of all admiration they are; for where there is great power to do wrong, to live and die justly is a hard thing, and greatly to be praised, and few there are who attain this. Such good and true men, however, there have been, and will be again, in this and other States, who have fulfilled their trust righteously; and there is one who is quite famous all over Hellas, — Aristides the son of Lysimachus. But in general, great men are also bad, my friend.

And as I was saying, Rhadamanthus, when he gets a soul of this kind, knows nothing about him, neither who he is nor who his parents are: he knows only that he has got hold of a villain; and seeing this, he stamps him as curable or incurable, and sends him away to Tartarus, whither he goes and receives his recompense! Or again, he looks with admiration on the soul of some just one who has lived in holiness and truth: he may have been a private man or not; and I should say, Callicles, that he is most likely to have been a philosopher who has done his own work, and not troubled himself with the doings of other men in his lifetime: him Rhadamanthus sends to the islands of the blest. Æacus does the same; and they both have scepters, and judge; and Minos is seated, looking on, as Odysseus in Homer declares that he saw him, —

"Holding a scepter of gold, and giving laws to the dead."

Now I, Callicles, am persuaded of the truth of these things; and I consider how I shall present my soul whole and undefiled before the judge in that day. Renouncing the honors at which the world aims, I desire only to know the truth, and to live as well as I can; and when the time comes, to die. And to the utmost of my power, I exhort all other men to do the same. And in return for your exhortation of me, I exhort you also to take part in the great combat, which is the combat of life, and greater than every other earthly conflict. And I retort your reproach of me, and say that you will not be able to help yourself when the day of trial and judgment, of which I was speaking, comes upon you: you will go before the judge, the son of Ægina, and when you are in the hands of justice you will gape and your head will

swim round, just as mine would in the courts of this world; and very likely some one will shamefully box you on the ears, and put upon you every sort of insult.

Perhaps this may appear to you to be only an old wife's tale, which you contemn. And there might be reason in your contemning such tales, if by searching we could find out anything better or truer: but now you see that you and Polus and Gorgias, who are the three wisest of the Greeks of our day, are not able to show that we ought to live any life which does not profit in another world as well as in this. And of all that has been said, nothing remains unshaken but the saying, that to do injustice is more to be avoided than to suffer injustice, and that the reality and not the appearance of virtue is to be followed above all things, as well in public as in private life; and that when any one has been wrong in anything, he is to be chastised; and that the next best thing to a man being just is, that he should become just, and be chastised and punished; also that he should avoid all flattery of himself as well as of others, of the few as of the many; and rhetoric and any other art should be used by him, and all his actions should be done, always with a view to justice.

Extract from "The Statesman."

Stranger. — When we praise quickness and energy and acuteness, whether of mind or body or speech, we express our praise of the quality which we admire, by one word; and that one word is manliness or courage.

Young Socrates. — How is that?

Stranger. — We speak of an action as energetic and manly, quick and manly, or vigorous and manly; this is the common epithet which we apply to all persons of this class.

Young Socrates. — True.

Stranger. — And do we not often praise the quiet strain of action also?

Young Socrates. — To be sure.

Stranger. — And do we not then say the opposite of what we said of the other?

Young Socrates. — How do you mean?

Stranger. — In speaking of the mind, we say, How calm! How temperate! These are the terms in which we describe the working of the intellect; and again we speak of actions as

deliberate and gentle, and of the voice as smooth and deep, and of all rhythmical movement and of music in general as having a proper solemnity. To all these we attribute not courage, but a name indicative of order.

Young Socrates. — Very true.

Stranger. — But when, on the other hand, either of these is out of place, the names of either are changed into terms of censure.

Young Socrates. — How is that?

Stranger. — Too great sharpness or quickness or hardness is termed violence or madness; too great slowness or gentleness is called cowardice or sluggishness: and we may observe that these qualities, and in general the temperance of one class of characters and the manliness of another, are arrayed as enemies on opposite sides, and do not mingle with one another in their respective actions; and if we pursue the inquiry, we shall find that the men who have these qualities are at variance with one another.

Young Socrates. — How do you mean?

Stranger. — In the instant which I mentioned, and very likely in many others, there are some things which they praise as being like themselves, and other things which they blame as belonging to the opposite characters; and out of this, many quarrels and occasions of quarrels arise among them.

Young Socrates. — True.

Stranger. — The difference between the two classes is amusing enough at times; but when affecting really important matters becomes a most utterly hateful disorder in the State.

Young Socrates. — What part of the State is thus affected?

Stranger. — The whole course of life suffers from the disorder. For the orderly class are always ready to lead a peaceful life, and do their own business; this is their way of living with all men at home, and they are equally ready to keep the peace with foreign States. And on account of this fondness of theirs for peace, which is often out of season where their influence prevails, they become by degrees unwarlike, and bring up their young men to be like themselves; they are at the command of others: and hence in a few years they and their children and the whole city often pass imperceptibly from the condition of freemen into that of slaves.

Young Socrates. — That is a hard, cruel fate.

Stranger. — What now is the case with the more courageous

natures? Are they not always inciting their country to go to war, owing to their excessive love of the military life? Their enemies are many and mighty; and if they do not ruin their cities, they enslave and subject them to their enemies.

Young Socrates. — That, again, is true.

Stranger. — Must we not admit, then, that these two classes are always in the greatest antipathy and antagonism to one another?

Young Socrates. — We cannot deny that. . . .

Stranger. — I want to know whether any constructive art will make any, even the smallest thing, out of bad and good materials indifferently, if this can be avoided? whether all art does not rather reject the bad as far as possible, and accept the good and fit materials, and out of these like and unlike elements, gathering all into one, work out some form or idea?

Young Socrates. — To be sure.

Stranger. — Then the true natural art of statesmanship will never allow any State to be formed by a combination of good and bad men, if this can be avoided; but will begin by testing human natures in play, and after testing them, will intrust them to proper teachers who are her ministers: she will herself give orders and maintain authority, — like weaving, which continually gives orders and maintains authority over the carders and all the others who prepare the material for the work; showing to the subsidiary arts the works which she deems necessary for making the web.

Young Socrates. — Quite true.

Stranger. — In like manner, the royal science appears to me to be the mistress of all careful educators and instructors; and having this queenly power, will not allow any of them to train characters unsuited to the political constitution which she desires to create, but such as are suitable only. Other natures, which have no part in manliness and temperance or any other virtuous inclination, and from the necessity of an evil nature are violently carried away to godlessness and injustice and violence, she exterminates by death, and punishes them by exile and the greatest of disgraces.

Young Socrates. — That is commonly said.

Stranger. — But those who are wallowing in ignorance and baseness she bows under the yoke of slavery.

Young Socrates. — Quite right.

Stranger. — The rest of the citizens — of whom, if they

have education, something noble may be made, and who are capable of social science — the kingly art blends and weaves together; taking on the one hand those whose natures tend rather to courage, which is the stronger element and may be regarded as the warp, and on the other hand those which incline to order and gentleness, and which are represented in the figure as spun thick and soft after the manner of the woof, — these, which are naturally opposed, she seeks to bind and weave together. . . . This, then, according to our view, is the perfection of the web of political action. There is a direct intertexture of the brave and temperate natures, when the kingly science has drawn the two sorts of lives into communion by unanimity and kindness; and having completed the noblest and best of all webs of which a common life admits, and enveloping therein all other inhabitants of cities, whether slaves or freemen, binds them in one fabric and governs and presides over them, omitting no element of a city's happiness.

Young Socrates. — You have completed, Stranger, a very perfect image of the King and of the Statesman.

PLAUTUS.

Plautus (Titus Maccius), a Roman comic dramatist, born at Sarcina, Umbria, about 254 B.C.; died, probably at Rome, about 184 B.C. The name "Plautus," by which he is known, was a mere nickname, meaning "flat foot." He was of humble origin, some say a slave by birth. He went to Rome at an early age, made a little fortune, which he soon lost in trade, after which he is said to have supported himself for a while by turning a hand-mill. While thus engaged he produced three comedies which proved successful, and for the forty remaining years of his life he was a popular playwright. Varro, who lived a century and a half after Plautus, says that in his time there were extant one hundred and thirty plays attributed to Plautus, though there were only twenty-one which he considered to be unquestionably authentic. The existing comedies of Plautus (all more or less corrupt) number about a score.

Prologue of "Casina."

The men who drink old wine I count as wise,
And those that gladly hear an ancient play.
Since antique words and phrases please you well,
An old-time drama should delight you more.
For the new comedies that now appear
Are even more debased than these new coins.
Now we have hearkened to the people's cry,
That you desire to hear the Plautine plays,
And so bring out this ancient comedy,
Which you approved; — that is, you elder men:
The younger sort, I am sure, have known it not;
But that you may, we earnestly shall strive.
All dramas it surpassed, when acted first.
The flower of poets still were living then,
Though now departed whither all must pass, —
In absence helpful still to those that are.
And with full earnestness we beg you all
Kindly to give attention to our troop.

Cast from your minds your cares and debts away.
Let no one stand in terror of his dun.
'Tis holiday. The banks keep holiday.
'Tis peace! The forum has its halcyon days.

Prologue of "Trinummus."

Enter two Female Figures.

Mother — Follow, my daughter, to fulfill your task.
Daughter — I follow, ignorant what the end may be.
Mother — 'Tis here: lo, yonder house; go straightway in.

[*Exit daughter.*

[*To the audience.*]

Now, lest you err, I'll give you guidance brief, —
At least if you will promise to attend.
Who then I am, and she who passed from here
Within, if you but hearken, I will tell.
First, Plautus made my name Extravagance,
And called my daughter yonder, Poverty.
But why impelled by me she entered there,
Hearken and lend your ears while I explain.
A certain youth, who in that house abides,
Has squandered, with my aid, his heritage.
And seeing he can no longer nourish me,
I have given my daughter to abide with him. —
Do not expect the argument of our play.
The old men coming yonder will make clear
The story. In Greek "Thesaurus" was it called.
Philemon wrote it. Plautus rendering it
In barbarous speech, called it "Trinummus": now
He begs the drama may retain the name.
That's all. Farewell. In silence now attend.

[As these characters do not appear again, Plautus "made their names" here only. That is, this passage claims at least to be from the dramatist's own hand.]

Prologue of "Rudens."

Arcturus *speaks, as Prologue.*

With him who moves all races, seas, and lands,
In the celestial city I abide.
Such am I as you see, — a glorious star
That rises ever at the fitting time,
Here and in heaven. Arcturus is my name.

Shining by night in heaven amid the gods,
By day I walk on earth among mankind.
And other stars to earth from heaven descend:
Jupiter, ruler over gods and men,
Among the several nations sends us forth,
To know the deeds, ways, piety, and faith
Of men, according to the means of each.

[Such poetic passages are rare. Equally characteristic of Roman Comedy are the Epilogues. We give two very brief examples, illustrating the two extremes of moral pretentiousness.]

Epilogue of the "Captives."

This our comedy, spectators, is for honest morals made.
No love-making is there in it, nor a love intrigue at all.
No false fathering of children, nor embezzlement of money.
Rarely do the poets fashion such a comedy as this,
Where the good are rendered better. . . .

Epilogue of the "Asinaria."

If behind his goodwife's back this old man had a little fun,
Nothing new or strange he did, nor different from the common run!
If you wish to beg him off and save him from his cudgeling,
This by loud applause you'll have no trouble in accomplishing.

[A few miscellaneous passages will indicate the various tones struck in these rollicking comedies. Of course we rarely know how much is translation from the Greek, how much original invention.]

Busybodies.

Who, knowing nothing, claim to know it all.
What each intends, or will intend, they know.
What in the queen's ear the king said, they know.
They know what Juno chatted of with Jove.
What never was or is, — they know it, though!

Unpopularity of Tragedy.

Mercury *speaks, in the Prologue of the "Amphitruo."*

The plot of this our tragedy next I'll tell —
Why did you knit your brows? Because I said
'Twould be a tragedy? I'm a god, I'll change it.
From tragedy I'll make it, if you will,
A comedy, — with every verse the same.

Will you, or not? — Why! stupid that I am,
As if, a god, I knew not your desire!
Upon this point I understand your minds.
I'll make a mixture, tragicomedy.

Mixture of Greek and Roman Manners.

(From Prologue to "Casina.")

Some here, methinks, will say among themselves,
"Prithee, what's this? A wedding among slaves?
A strange thing this to play, that's nowhere done!"
I say, in Carthage this *is* done, and Greece,
And of our country, in Apulia too.
Yes, servile marriages more carefully
Are celebrated than a freeman's there.

Rewards of Heroism.

[From the "Captives." Tyndarus, a slave, captured in war with the young master who has been his lifelong comrade, exchanges name and station with him, and the supposed slave has been sent off to secure the ransom. The trick has just been discovered and acknowledged.]

Hegio — To your own utter misery this was done.
Tyndarus — Since for no sin I fall, little I reck.
If he who promised comes not, and I die,
This will be counted honor still, in death,
That I from servitude and hostile hands
Restored my master to his home and father;
And here I rather chose to put my life
In peril, than that he should be destroyed.
Hegio — Enjoy that glory, then, in Acheron!
Tyndarus — I saved my lord; I exult that he is free,
Whom my old master trusted to my charge:
This you account ill done?
Hegio — Most wickedly.
Tyndarus — But I, opposing you, say — righteously:
Bethink you, if a slave of yours had wrought
For *your* son this, what thanks you'd render him.
Would you release him from his servitude?
Would he be in your eyes a slave most dear?
Answer.
Hegio — I think so.
Tyndarus — Why then wroth at me?

[In one note of sad defiance we seem to hear an echo of Antigone's voice: it occurs a little later in the same scene.]

Beyond my death no ill have I to fear.
And though I live to utmost age, the time
Of suffering what you threaten still is brief.

Fishermen's Luck.

[This passage is of unique interest as the one notable choral ode in Plautus. Its dramatic purpose is not very evident; and indeed, the fishermen do little more than add "local color" to the scene of shipwreck.]

Most wretched in every way is the life of men that are poverty-stricken;
And especially those who have learnt no trade, who are destitute of employment.
Whatever they happen to have in the house, they perforce therewith are contented.
But as for ourselves, how wealthy we are you may judge pretty well from our costume.
These hooks that you see, and bamboo poles, are our means for attaining a living;
And every day from the city we come to secure a subsistence hither.
Instead of gymnastics and boyish games, this toil is our exercise only.
Sea-urchins and limpets we strive to secure, with oysters and scallops and cockles;
The nettles as well, in the sea that dwell, and the striped crabs and the mussels.
And among the rocks after that with our hooks and lines we go a-fishing,
To capture our food from out of the sea. But if no luck is our portion,
And we catch no fish, then, salted ourselves, well drenched in the briny water,
To our homes we go, and slink out of sight, and to bed without any supper.
And unless we have eaten the cockles we caught, our dinner has been no better.

[Lastly, we may echo the epitaph, in rather awkward hexameters, which is said to have been composed by Plautus on himself. Gellius, who transmits it, evidently doubts its authenticity, but cites it on the high authority of Varro: —]

Since he has passed to the grave, for Plautus Comedy sorrows;
Now is the stage deserted; and Play, and Jesting, and Laughter,
Dirges, though written in numbers yet numberless, join in lamenting.

PLINY, THE ELDER.

Pliny (Gaius Plinius Secundus), usually styled "Pliny, the Elder," a Roman scientific writer, born A.D. 23, probably at Como; died in 79. At the age of twenty-three he entered the army, and served until the year 52, when he returned to Rome and became a pleader in the law-courts. Not succeeding in this capacity, he returned to his native town, and applied himself to authorship. Several works were the fruit of his retirement, among them a grammatical treatise in eight books, entitled "Dubius Sermo." Toward the close of Nero's reign he was a procurator in Spain. He returned to Rome in 73, and, being in favor with Vespasian, divided his life between his duties to the Emperor and his studies, which he prosecuted often in hours stolen from sleep. During the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 he set out from Misenum with a fleet of galleys to relieve the sufferers from the eruption. His desire to study the phenomena of that mighty outburst led him to land at Stabiæ, where he was suffocated by the poisonous vapors from the volcano.

Two years before his death he published the work by which he is best known, the "Historia Naturalis," in thirty-seven books, embracing many subjects now not included as a part of natural history — as astronomy, mineralogy, botany, and the fine arts. Though a compilation rather than the result of original investigation, the work is of great value as a storehouse of facts and speculations of which we have no other record.

So industrious was Pliny that he left at his death a collection of notes filling one hundred and sixty volumes.

The Earth — Its Form and Motion.

(From the "Natural History.")

That the earth is a perfect globe we learn from the name which has been uniformly given to it, as well as numerous natural arguments. For not only does a figure of this kind return everywhere into itself, requiring no adjustments, not sensible of either end or beginning in any of its parts, and is best

fitted for that motion with which, as will appear hereafter, it is continually traveling round; but still more because we perceive it, by the evidence of sight, to be in every part convex and central, which could not be the case were it of any other figure.

The rising and setting of the sun clearly prove that this globe is carried round in the space of twenty-four hours in an eternal and never-ending circuit, and with incredible swiftness. I am not able to say whether the sound caused by the whirling about of so great a mass be excessive, and therefore far beyond what our eyes can perceive; nor, indeed, whether the resounding of so many stars, all carried on at the same time, and revolving in their orbits may not produce a delightful harmony of incredible sweetness. To us, who are in the interior, the world appears to glide silently along both by day and by night.

Position and Size of the Earth.

It is evident from undoubted arguments that the earth is in the middle of the universe; but it is most clearly proved by the equality of the days and the nights at the equinox. It is demonstrated by the quadrant, which affords the most decisive confirmation of the fact, that unless the earth was in the middle, the days and the nights could not be equal; for, at the time of the equinox, the rising and the setting of the sun are seen on the same line; and at the winter solstice, its rising is on the same line with its setting at the summer solstice; but this could not happen if the earth were not situated in the center. . . .

Some geometricians have estimated that the earth is 252,000 stadia in circumference. That harmonical proportion which compels Nature to be always consistent with itself, obliges us to add to the above measure 12,000 stadia, and thus makes the earth one ninety-sixth part of the whole universe.

On Man.

Our first attention is justly due to Man, for whose sake all other things appear to have been produced by Nature; though, on the other hand, with so great and so severe penalties for the

enjoyment of her bounteous gifts that it is far from easy to determine whether she has proved to him a kind parent or a merciless step-mother.

In the first place, she obliges him, alone of all animated creatures, to clothe himself with the spoils of the others; while to all the rest she has given various kinds of coverings — such as shells, crusts, spines, hides, furs, bristles, hair, down, feathers, scales, and fleeces. Man, alone, at the very moment of his birth cast naked upon the naked earth, does she abandon to cries, to lamentations, and — a thing that is the case with no other animal — to tears; this, too, from the very moment that he enters upon existence. But as for laughter, why, by Hercules! to laugh, if but for an instant only, has never been granted to any man before the fortieth day from his birth, and then it is looked upon as a miracle of precocity.

Introduced thus to the light, man has fetters and swathings instantly placed upon all his limbs — a thing that falls to the lot of none of the brutes even that are born among us. Born to such singular good-fortune, there lies the animal which is bound to command all the others: lies fast bound hand and foot, and weeping aloud: such being the penalty which he must pay on beginning life, and that for the sole fault of having been born.

The earliest presage of future strength, the earliest bounty of time, confers upon him naught but the resemblance to a quadruped. How soon does he gain the faculty of speech? How soon is his mouth fitted for mastication? How long are the pulsations of the crown of his head to proclaim him the weakest of all animated beings? And then the diseases to which he is subject, the numerous remedies which he is obliged to devise against his maladies — and those thwarted every now and then by new forms and features of disease.

While other animals have an instinctive knowledge of their natural powers: some of their swiftness of pace, some of their rapidity of flight, and some of their power of swimming — man is the only one that knows nothing, that can learn nothing, without being taught. He can neither speak, nor walk, nor eat; and, in short, he can do nothing, at the prompting of Nature only, but to weep. For this it is that many have been of opinion that it were better not to have been born, or, if born, to have been annihilated at the earliest possible moment.

Anecdotes of Artists.

(From the "Natural History.")

APELLES.

A circumstance that happened to him in connection with Protogenes is worthy of notice. The latter was living at Rhodes, when Apelles disembarked there, desirous of seeing the works of a man whom he had hitherto only known by reputation. Accordingly, he repaired at once to the studio; Protogenes was not at home, but there happened to be a large panel upon the easel ready for painting, with an old woman who was left in charge. To his inquiries she made answer that Protogenes was not at home; and then asked whom she should name as the visitor. "Here he is," was the reply of Apelles; and seizing a brush, he traced with color upon the panel an outline of a singularly minute fineness. Upon his return the old woman mentioned to Protogenes what had happened. The artist, it is said, upon remarking the delicacy of the touch, instantly exclaimed that Apelles must have been the visitor, for that no other person was capable of executing anything so exquisitely perfect. So saying, he traced within the same outline a still finer outline, but with another color; and then took his departure, with instructions to the woman to show it to the stranger if he returned, and to let him know that this was the person whom he had come to see. It happened as he anticipated, — Apelles returned; and vexed at finding himself thus surpassed, he took up another color and split both of the outlines, leaving no possibility of anything finer being executed. Upon seeing this, Protogenes admitted that he was defeated, and at once flew to the harbor to look for his guest. He thought proper, too, to transmit the panel to posterity, just as it was; and it always continued to be held in the highest admiration by all, — artists in particular. I am told that it was burnt in the first fire which took place at Cæsar's palace on the Palatine Hill; but in former times I have often stopped to admire it. Upon its vast surface it contained nothing whatever except the three outlines, so remarkably fine as to escape the sight: among the most elaborate works of numerous other artists it had all the appearance of a blank space; and yet by that very fact it attracted the notice of every one, and was held in higher estimation than any other painting there.

It was a custom with Apelles, to which he most tenaciously

adhered, never to let any day pass, however busy he might be, without exercising himself by tracing some outline or other; a practice which has now passed into a proverb. It was also a practice with him, when he had completed a work, to exhibit it to the view of the passers-by in some exposed place; while he himself, concealed behind the picture, would listen to the criticisms that were passed upon it: it being his opinion that the judgment of the public was preferable to his own, as being the more discerning of the two. It was under these circumstances, they say, that he was censured by a shoemaker for having represented the shoes with one shoe-string too little. The next day, the shoemaker, quite proud at seeing the former error corrected, thanks to his advice, began to criticise the leg; upon which Apelles, full of indignation, popped his head out, and reminded him that a shoemaker should give no opinion beyond the shoes, — a piece of advice which has equally passed into a proverbial saying. In fact, Apelles was a person of great amenity of manners, — a circumstance which rendered him particularly agreeable to Alexander the Great, who would often come to his studio. He had forbidden himself by public edict, as already stated, to be represented by any other artist. On one occasion, however, when the prince was in his studio, talking a great deal about painting without knowing anything about it, Apelles quietly begged that he would quit the subject, telling him that he would get laughed at by the boys who were there grinding the colors: so great was the influence which he rightfully possessed over a monarch who was otherwise of an irascible temperament. And yet, irascible as he was, Alexander conferred upon him a very signal mark of the high estimation in which he held him: for having, in his admiration of her extraordinary beauty, engaged Apelles to paint Pancaste undraped, — the most beloved of all his concubines, — the artist while so engaged fell in love with her; upon which, Alexander, perceiving this to be the case, made him a present of her: thus showing himself, though a great king in courage, a still greater one in self-command, — this action redounding no less to his honor than any of his victories.

PRAXITELES.

Superior to all the statues not only of Praxiteles, but of any other artist that ever existed, is his Cnidian Venus; for

the inspection of which, many persons before now have purposely undertaken a voyage to Cnidos. The artist made two statues of the goddess, and offered them both for sale: one of them was represented with drapery, and for this reason was preferred by the people of Cos, who had the choice; the second was offered them at the same price, but on the grounds of propriety and modesty they thought fit to choose the other. Upon this, the Cnidians purchased the rejected statue, and immensely superior has it always been held in general estimation. At a later period, King Nicomedes wished to purchase this statue of the Cnidians, and made them an offer to pay off the whole of their public debt, which was very large. They preferred, however, to submit to any extremity rather than part with it; and with good reason, for by this statue Praxiteles has perpetuated the glory of Cnidos. The little temple in which it is placed is open on all sides, so that the beauties of the statue admit of being seen from every point of view, — an arrangement which was favored by the goddess herself, it is generally believed.

PHIDIAS.

Among all nations which the fame of the Olympian Jupiter has reached, Phidias is looked upon, beyond all doubt, as the most famous of artists; but to let those who have never seen his works know how deservedly he is esteemed, we will take this opportunity of adducing a few slight proofs of the genius which he displayed. In doing this we shall not appeal to the beauty of his Olympian Jupiter, nor yet to the vast proportions of his Athenian Minerva, six-and-twenty cubits in height, and composed of ivory and gold: but it is to the shield of this last statue that we shall draw attention; upon the convex face of which he has chased a combat of the Amazons, while upon the concave side of it he has represented the battle between the gods and the giants. Upon the sandals, again, we see the wars of the Lapithæ and Centaurs; so careful has he been to fill every smallest portion of his work with some proof or other of his artistic skill. To the story chased upon the pedestal of the statue, the name of the "Birth of Pandora" has been given; and the figures of new-born gods to be seen upon it are no less than twenty in number. The figure of Victory, in particular, is most admirable; and connoisseurs are greatly struck with the serpent and the sphinx in bronze lying beneath the point of

the spear. Let thus much be said incidentally in reference to an artist who can never be sufficiently praised.

The Most Perfect Works of Nature.

(Peroration to the "Natural History.")

Having now treated of all the works of Nature, it will be as well to take a sort of comparative view of her several productions, as well as of the countries which supply them. Throughout the whole earth, then, and wherever the vault of heaven extends, there is no country so beautiful, or which for the productions of nature merits so high a rank, as Italy, that ruler and second parent of the world; recommended as she is by her men, her women, her generals, her soldiers, her slaves, her superiority in the arts, and the illustrious examples of genius which she has produced. Her situation, too, is equally in her favor: the salubrity and mildness of her climate; the easy access which she offers to all nations; her coasts indented with so many harbors; the propitious breezes, too, that always prevail on her shores; — advantages, all of them due to her situation, lying as she does midway between the East and the West, and extended in the most favorable of all positions. Add to this the abundant supply of her waters, the salubrity of her groves, the repeated intersections of her mountain ranges, the comparative innocuousness of her wild animals, the fertility of her soil, and the singular richness of her pastures.

Whatever there is that the life of man ought not to feel in want of, is nowhere to be found in greater perfection than here; the cereals, for example, wine, oil, wool, flax, tissues, and oxen. As to horses, there are none I find preferred to those of Italy for the course; while for mines of gold, silver, copper, and iron, so long as it was deemed lawful to work them, Italy was held inferior to no country whatsoever. At the present day, teeming as she is with these treasures, she contents herself with lavishing upon us, as the whole of her bounties, her various liquids, and the numerous flavors yielded by her cereals and her fruits.

Next to Italy, if we except the fabulous regions of India, I would rank Spain, for my own part; those districts at least that lie in the vicinity of the sea. She is parched and sterile in one part, it is true; but where she is at all productive, she yields the cereals in abundance, oil, wine, horses, and metals of every

kind. In all these respects, Gaul is her equal, no doubt; but Spain, on the other hand, outdoes the Gallic provinces in her spartium and her specular stone, in the products of her desert tracts, in her pigments that minister to our luxuries, in the ardor displayed by her people in laborious employments, in the perfect training of her slaves, in the robustness of body of her men, and in their general resoluteness of character.

As to the productions themselves, the greatest value of all, among the products of the sea, is attached to pearls; of objects that lie upon the surface of the earth, it is crystals that are most highly esteemed; and of those derived from the interior, adamas, smaragdus, precious stones, and murrhine, are the things upon which the highest value is placed. The most costly things that are matured by the earth are the kermes-berry and laser; that are gathered from trees, — nard and Seric tissues; that are derived from the trunks of trees, — logs of citrus-wood; that are produced by shrubs, — cinnamon, cassia, and amomum; that are yielded by the juices of trees or of shrubs, — amber, opobalsamum, myrrh, and frankincense; that are found in the roots of trees, — the perfumes derived from costus. The most valuable products furnished by living animals on land are the teeth of elephants; by animals in the sea, tortoise-shell; by the coverings of animals, the skins which the Seres dye, and the substance gathered from the hair of the she-goats of Arabia, which we have spoken of under the name of "ladanum;" by creatures that are common to both land and sea, the purple of the murex. With reference to the birds, beyond plumes for warriors' helmets, and the grease that is derived from the geese of Commagene, I find no remarkable product mentioned. We must not omit, too, to observe that gold, for which there is such a mania with all mankind, hardly holds the tenth rank as an object of value, and silver, with which we purchase gold, hardly the twentieth!

Hail to thee, Nature, thou parent of all things! and do thou deign to show thy favor unto me, who, alone of all the citizens of Rome, have in thy every department thus made known thy praise.

PLINY, THE YOUNGER.

Pliny (Gaius Plinius Cæcilius Secundus), a Roman chronicler, styled "Pliny, the Younger," to distinguish him from his maternal uncle and adopted father, "Pliny, the Elder." He was born at Como, A.D. 62; died about 114. He was carefully educated under the best teachers, among whom was Quintilian. At the age of fourteen he composed a tragedy in Greek; at nineteen he began to practice in the Roman courts; passed through high civic offices, and was made Consul at thirty-eight. In 103 he was sent by Trajan as Proprætor to the important province of Pontus and Bithynia. He held this position for two years, after which he returned to Italy. His principal work consists of a series of epistles, written at various times to various persons. Some of these letters give a graphic account of the daily life of a Roman gentleman of good estate and devoted to literary pursuits. Pliny wrote, besides several works that are lost, a "Panegyric on Trajan," which is greatly admired.

To Nepos: of Arria.

(From the "Letters.")

I have constantly observed that amongst the deeds and sayings of illustrious persons of either sex, some have made more noise in the world, whilst others have been really greater, although less talked about; and I am confirmed in this opinion by a conversation I had yesterday with Fannia. This lady is granddaughter to that celebrated Arria, who animated her husband to meet death by her own glorious example. She informed me of several particulars relating to Arria, no less heroic than this applauded action of hers, though taken less notice of; and I think you will be as surprised to read the account of them as I was to hear it. Her husband Cæcinna Pætus, and her son, were both attacked at the same time with a fatal illness, as was supposed; of which the son died, — a youth of remarkable beauty, and as modest as he was comely, endeared indeed to his parents no less by his many graces than from the fact of

his being their son. His mother prepared his funeral and conducted the usual ceremonies so privately that Pætus did not know of his death. Whenever she came into his room, she pretended her son was alive and actually better; and as often as he inquired after his health, would answer, "He has had a good rest, and eaten his food with quite an appetite." Then when she found the tears she had so long kept back gushing forth in spite of herself, she would leave the room, and having given vent to her grief, return with dry eyes and a serene countenance, as though she had dismissed every feeling of bereavement at the door of her husband's chamber. I must confess it was a brave action in her to draw the steel, plunge it into her breast, pluck out the dagger and present it to her husband with that ever memorable, I had almost said that divine, expression, "Pætus, it is not painful." But when she spoke and acted thus, she had the prospect of glory and immortality before her; how far greater, without the support of any such animating motives, to hide her tears, to conceal her grief, and cheerfully to act the mother when a mother no more!

Scribonianus had taken up arms against Claudius in Illyria, where he lost his life; and Pætus, who was of his party, was brought prisoner to Rome. When they were going to put him on board ship, Arria besought the soldiers that she might be permitted to attend him: "For surely," she urged, "you will allow a man of consular rank some servants to dress him, attend on him at meals, and put on his shoes for him; but if you will take me, I alone will perform all these offices." Her request was refused; upon which she hired a fishing-boat, and in that small vessel followed the ship. On her return to Rome, meeting the wife of Scribonianus in the emperor's palace, at the time when this woman voluntarily gave evidence against the conspirators — "What," she exclaimed, "shall I hear you even speak to me? you, on whose bosom Scribonianus was murdered, and yet you survive him!" — an expression which plainly shows that the noble manner in which she put an end to her life was no unpremeditated effect of sudden passion. Moreover, when Thrasea, her son-in-law, was endeavoring to dissuade her from her purpose of destroying herself, and amongst other arguments which he used, said to her, "Would you then advise your daughter to die with me if my life were to be taken from me?" "Most certainly I would," she replied, "if she had lived as long and in as much harmony with you, as I have

with my Pætus." This answer greatly increased the alarm of her family, and made them watch her for the future more narrowly; which when she perceived, "It is of no use," she said: "you may oblige me to effect my death in a more painful way, but it is impossible you should prevent it." Saying this, she sprang from her chair, and running her head with the utmost violence against the wall, fell down, to all appearance dead; but being brought to herself again, "I told you," she said, "if you would not suffer me to take an easy path to death, I should find a way to it, however hard." Now, is there not, my friend, something much greater in all this than in the so-much-talked-of "Pætus, it is not painful," to which these led the way? And yet this last is the favorite topic of fame, while all the former are passed over in silence. Whence I cannot but infer, what I observed at the beginning of my letter, that some actions are more celebrated, whilst others are really greater.

To Marcellinus: Death of Fundanus's Daughter.

(From the "Letters.")

I WRITE this to you in the deepest sorrow: the youngest daughter of my friend Fundanus is dead! I have never seen a more cheerful and more lovable girl, or one who better deserved to have enjoyed a long — I had almost said an immortal — life! She was scarcely fourteen, and yet there was in her a wisdom far beyond her years, a matronly gravity united with girlish sweetness and virgin bashfulness. With what an endearing fondness did she hang on her father's neck! How affectionately and modestly she used to greet us his friends! With what a tender and deferential regard she used to treat her nurses, tutors, teachers, each in their respective offices! What an eager, industrious, intelligent reader she was! She took few amusements, and those with caution. How self-controlled, how patient, how brave she was, under her last illness! She complied with all the directions of her physicians; she spoke cheerful, comforting words to her sister and her father; and when all her bodily strength was exhausted, the vigor of her mind sustained her. That indeed continued even to her last moments, unbroken by the pain of a long illness, or the terrors of approaching death; and it is a reflection which makes us miss her, and grieve that she has gone from us, the more. Oh,

melancholy, untimely loss, too truly! She was engaged to an excellent young man; the wedding-day was fixed, and we were all invited. How our joy has been turned into sorrow! I cannot express in words the inward pain I felt when I heard Fundanus himself (as grief is ever finding out fresh circumstances to aggravate its affliction) ordering the money he had intended laying out upon clothes, pearls, and jewels for her marriage, to be employed in frankincense, ointments, and perfumes for her funeral. He is a man of great learning and good sense, who has applied himself from his earliest youth to the deeper studies and the fine arts; but all the maxims of fortitude which he has received from books, or advanced himself, he now absolutely rejects, and every other virtue of his heart gives place to all a parent's tenderness. You will excuse, you will even approve, his grief, when you consider what he has lost. He has lost a daughter who resembled him in his manners, as well as his person, and exactly copied out all her father. So, if you should think proper to write to him upon the subject of so reasonable a grief, let me remind you not to use the rougher arguments of consolation, and such as seem to carry a sort of reproof with them, but those of a kind and sympathizing humanity. Time will render him more open to the dictates of reason; for as a fresh wound shrinks back from the hand of the surgeon, but by degrees submits to, and even seeks of its own accord, the means of its cure, so a mind under the first impression of a misfortune shuns and rejects all consolations, but at length desires and is lulled by their gentle application. Farewell.

To Tacitus: the Eruption of Vesuvius.

(From the "Letters.")

Your request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments; for if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered forever illustrious. And notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune which, as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance; notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works: yet I am persuaded the mentioning of him

in your immortal writings will greatly contribute to render his name immortal. Happy I esteem those to be to whom by provision of the gods has been granted the ability either to do such actions as are worthy of being related or to relate them in a manner worthy of being read: but peculiarly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon talents; in the number of which my uncle, as his own writings and your history will evidently prove, may justly be ranked. It is with extreme willingness, therefore, that I execute your commands; and should indeed have claimed the task if you had not enjoined it. He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just taken a turn in the sun, and after bathing himself in cold water, and making a light luncheon, gone back to his books: he immediately arose and went out upon a rising ground, from whence he might get a better sight of this very uncommon appearance. A cloud, from which mountain was uncertain at this distance (but it was found afterwards to come from Mount Vesuvius), was ascending, the appearance of which I cannot give you a more exact description of than by likening it to that of a pine-tree; for it shot up to a great height in the form of a very tall trunk, which spread itself out at the top into a sort of branches, — occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards, or the cloud itself being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in the manner I have mentioned; it appeared sometimes bright and sometimes dark and spotted, according as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This phenomenon seemed, to a man of such learning and research as my uncle, extraordinary and worth further looking into. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me leave, if I liked, to accompany him. I said I had rather go on with my work; and it so happened he had himself given me something to write out. As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for, her villa lying at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there was no way of escape but by sea; she earnestly entreated him therefore to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first intention, and what he had begun from a philosophical, he now carried out in

VESUVIUS IN ERUPTION

a noble and generous spirit. He ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board with an intention of assisting not only Rectina, but the several other towns which lay thickly strewn along that beautiful coast. Hastening then to the place from whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his course direct to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and all the phenomena of that dreadful scene. He was now so close to the mountain that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stones and black pieces of burning rock; they were in danger too not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should turn back again; to which the pilot advising him, "Fortune," said he, "favors the brave: steer to where Pomponianus is." Pomponianus was then at Stabiæ, separated by a bay which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms with the shore. He had already sent his baggage on board; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within sight of it, and indeed extremely near if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind, which was blowing dead in-shore, should go down. It was favorable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation: he embraced him tenderly, encouraging and urging him to keep up his spirits; and the more effectually to soothe his fears by seeming unconcerned himself, ordered a bath to be got ready, and then, after having bathed, sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is just as heroic) with every appearance of it.

Meanwhile broad flames shone out in several places from Mount Vesuvius, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still brighter and clearer. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages, which the country people had abandoned to the flames: after this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little disquieted as to fall into a sound sleep; for his breathing, which on account of his corpulence was rather heavy and sonorous, was heard by the attendants outside. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer it

would have been impossible for him to make his way out. So he was awoke and got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were feeling too anxious to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses — which now rocked from side to side with frequent and violent concussions, as though shaken from their very foundations — or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers and threatened destruction. In this choice of dangers they resolved for the fields; a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into it by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defense against the storm of stones that fell round them. It was now day everywhere else, but *there* a deeper darkness prevailed than in the thickest night; which however was in some degree alleviated by torches and other lights of various kinds. They thought proper to go farther down upon the shore to see if they might safely put out to sea, but found the waves still running extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle, laying himself down upon a sail-cloth, which was spread for him, called twice for some cold water, which he drank; when immediately the flames, preceded by a strong whiff of sulphur, dispersed the rest of the party and obliged him to rise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapor; having always had a weak throat, which was often inflamed. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, in the dress in which he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead. . . . Farewell.

To Maximus: Pliny's Success as an Author.

(From the "Letters.")

It has frequently happened, as I have been pleading before the Court of the Hundred, that those venerable judges, after having preserved for a long period the gravity and solemnity suitable to their character, have suddenly, as though urged by irresistible impulse, risen up to a man and applauded me. I have

often likewise gained as much glory in the Senate as my utmost wishes could desire; but I never felt a more sensible pleasure than by an account which I lately received from Cornelius Tacitus. He informed me that at the last Circensian games he sat next to a Roman knight, who, after conversation had passed between them upon various points of learning, asked him, "Are you an Italian, or a provincial?" Tacitus replied, "Your acquaintance with literature must surely have informed you who I am." "Pray, then, is it Tacitus or Pliny I am talking with?" I cannot express how highly I am pleased to find that our names are not so much the proper appellatives of men as a kind of distinction for learning herself; and that eloquence renders us known to those who would otherwise be ignorant of us. An accident of the same kind happened to me a few days ago. Fabius Rufinus, a person of distinguished merit, was placed next to me at table; and below him a countryman of his, who had just then come to Rome for the first time. Rufinus, calling his friend's attention to me, said to him, "You see this man?" and entered into a conversation upon the subject of my pursuits; to whom the other immediately replied, "This must undoubtedly be Pliny." To confess the truth, I look upon those instances as a very considerable recompense of my labors. If Demosthenes had reason to be pleased with the old woman of Athens crying out, "This is Demosthenes!" may not I, then, be allowed to congratulate myself upon the celebrity my name has acquired? Yes, my friend, I will rejoice in it, and without scruple admit that I do. As I only mention the judgment of others, not my own, I am not afraid of incurring the censure of vanity; especially from you, who, whilst envying no man's reputation, are particularly zealous for mine. Farewell.

To Fuscus: A Day in the Country.

(From the "Letters.")

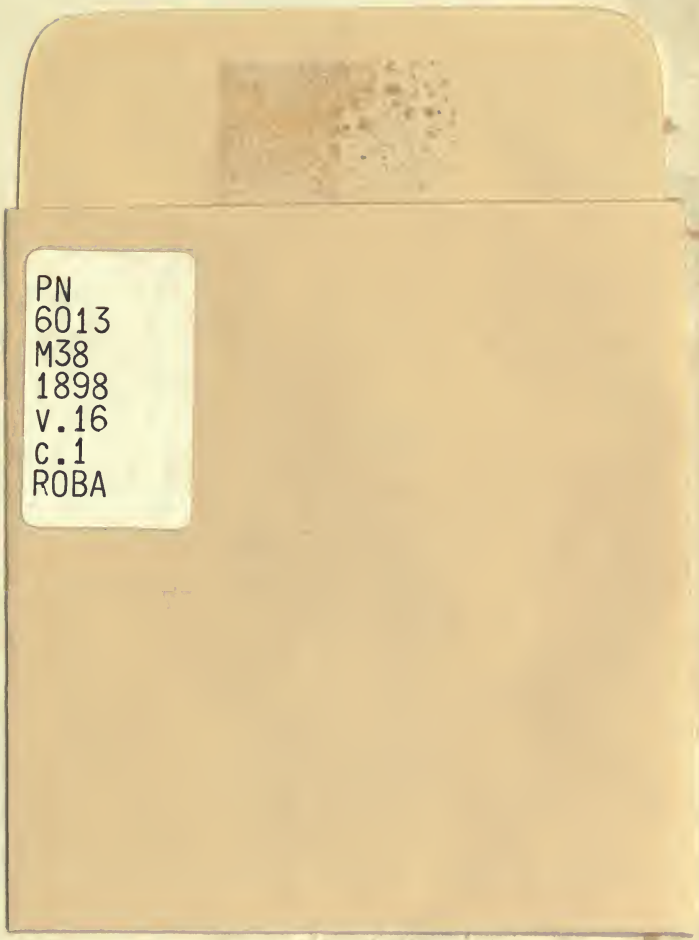
You want to know how I portion out my day in my summer villa at Tuscum? I get up just when I please; generally about sunrise, often earlier, but seldom later than this. I keep the shutters closed, as darkness and silence wonderfully promote meditation. Thus free and abstracted from those outward objects which dissipate attention, I am left to my own thoughts; nor suffer my mind to wander with my eyes, but keep my eyes

in subjection to my mind, which, when they are not distracted by a multiplicity of external objects, see nothing but what the imagination represents to them. If I have any work in hand, this is the time I choose for thinking it out, word for word even to the minutest accuracy of expression. In this way I compose more or less, according as the subject is more or less difficult and I find myself able to retain it. I then call my secretary, and opening the shutters, dictate to him what I have put into shape; after which I dismiss him, then call him in again and again dismiss him. About ten or eleven o'clock (for I do not observe one fixed hour), according to the weather, I either walk upon my terrace or in the covered portico, and there I continue to meditate or dictate what remains upon the subject in which I am engaged. This completed, I get into my chariot, where I employ myself as before, when I was walking or in my study; and find this change of scene refreshes and keeps up my attention. On my return home I take a little nap, then a walk, and after that repeat out loud and distinctly some Greek or Latin speech, not so much for the sake of strengthening my voice as my digestion; though indeed the voice at the same time is strengthened by this practice. I then take another walk, am anointed, do my exercises, and go into the bath. At supper, if I have only my wife or a few friends with me, some author is read to us; and after supper we are entertained either with music or an interlude. When that is finished I take my walk with my family, among whom I am not without some scholars. Thus we pass our evenings in varied conversation; and the day, even when at the longest, steals imperceptibly away. Upon some occasions I change the order in certain of the articles above mentioned. For instance, if I have studied longer or walked more than usual, after my second sleep and reading a speech or two aloud, instead of using my chariot I get on horseback; by which means I insure as much exercise and lose less time. The visits of my friends from the neighboring villages claim some part of the day; and sometimes, by an agreeable interruption, they come in very seasonably to relieve me when I am feeling tired. I now and then amuse myself with hunting; but always take my tablets into the field, that if I should meet with no game, I may at least bring home something. Part of my time, too (though not so much as they desire), is allotted to my tenants; whose rustic complaints, along with these city occupations, make my literary studies still more delightful to me. Farewell.

To the Emperor Trajan: of the Christians.

(From the "Letters.")

It is my invariable rule, sir, to refer to you in all matters where I feel doubtful; for who is more capable of removing my scruples, or informing my ignorance? Having never been present at any trials concerning those who profess Christianity, I am unacquainted not only with the nature of their crimes, or the measure of their punishment, but how far it is proper to enter into an examination concerning them. Whether, therefore, any difference is usually made with respect to ages, or no distinction is to be observed between the young and the adult; whether repentance entitles them to a pardon, or if a man has been once a Christian it avails nothing to desist from his error; whether the very profession of Christianity, unattended with any criminal act, or only the crimes themselves inherent in the profession, are punishable, — on all these points I am in great doubt. In the mean while, the method I have observed towards those who have been brought before me as Christians is this: I asked them whether they were Christians: if they admitted it, I repeated the question twice and threatened them with punishment; if they persisted, I ordered them to be at once punished, — for I was persuaded, whatever the nature of their opinions might be, a contumacious and inflexible obstinacy certainly deserved correction. There were others also brought before me possessed with the same infatuation; but being Roman citizens, I directed them to be sent to Rome. But this crime spreading (as is usually the case), while it was actually under prosecution several instances of the same nature occurred. An anonymous information was laid before me, containing a charge against several persons, who upon examination denied they were Christians, or had ever been so. They repeated after me an invocation to the gods, and offered religious rites with wine and incense before your statue (which for that purpose I had ordered to be brought, together with those of the gods), and even reviled the name of Christ; whereas there is no forcing, it is said, those who are really Christians into any of these compliances: I thought it proper, therefore, to discharge them. Some among those who were accused by a witness in person at first confessed themselves Christians, but immediately after denied it; the rest owned indeed that they had been of that number formerly,

but had now (some above three, others more, and a few above twenty years ago) renounced that error. They all worshiped your statue and the images of the gods, uttering imprecations at the same time against the name of Christ. They affirmed that the whole of their guilt, or their error, was, that they met on a stated day before it was light, and addressed a form of prayer to Christ as to a divinity, binding themselves by a solemn oath, not for the purpose of any wicked design, but never to commit any fraud, theft, or adultery, never to falsify their word, nor deny a trust when they should be called on to deliver it up; after which it was their custom to separate, and then reassemble, to eat in common a harmless meal. From this custom, however, they desisted after the publication of my edict, by which, according to your commands, I forbade the meeting of any assemblies. After receiving this account I judged it so much the more necessary to endeavor to extort the real truth, by putting two female slaves to the torture, who were said to officiate in their religious rites; but all I could discover was evidence of an absurd and extravagant superstition. I deemed it expedient therefore to adjourn all further proceedings, in order to consult you. For it appears to be a matter highly deserving your consideration, more especially as great numbers must be involved in the danger of these prosecutions, which have already extended, and are still likely to extend, to persons of all ranks and ages, and even of both sexes. In fact, this contagious superstition is not confined to the cities only, but has spread its infection among the neighboring villages and country. Nevertheless, it still seems possible to restrain its progress. The temples, at least, which were once almost deserted, begin now to be frequented; and the sacred rites, after a long intermission, are again revived; while there is a general demand for the victims, which till lately found very few purchasers. From all this it is easy to conjecture what numbers might be reclaimed if a general pardon were granted to those who shall repent of their error.

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